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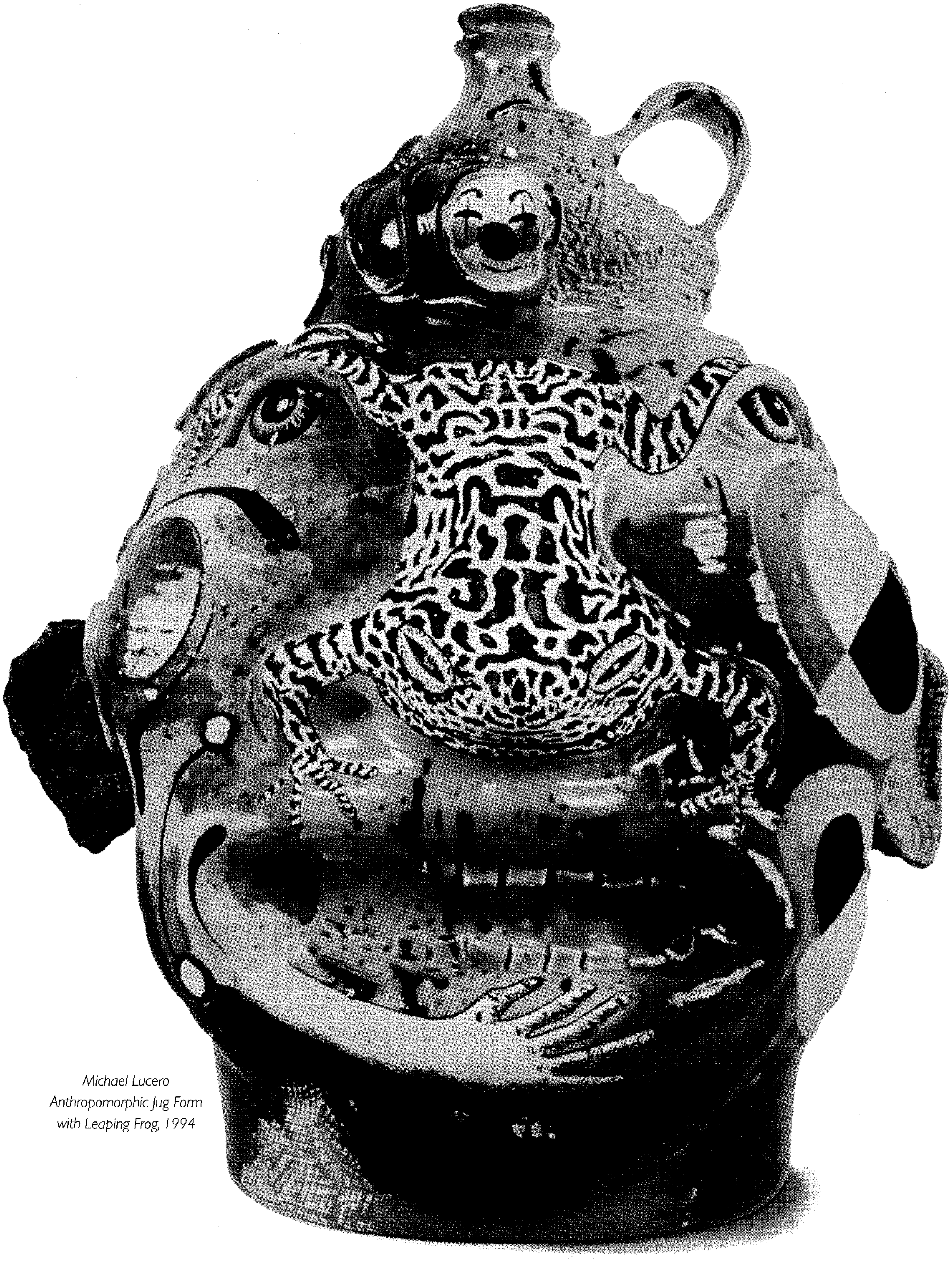
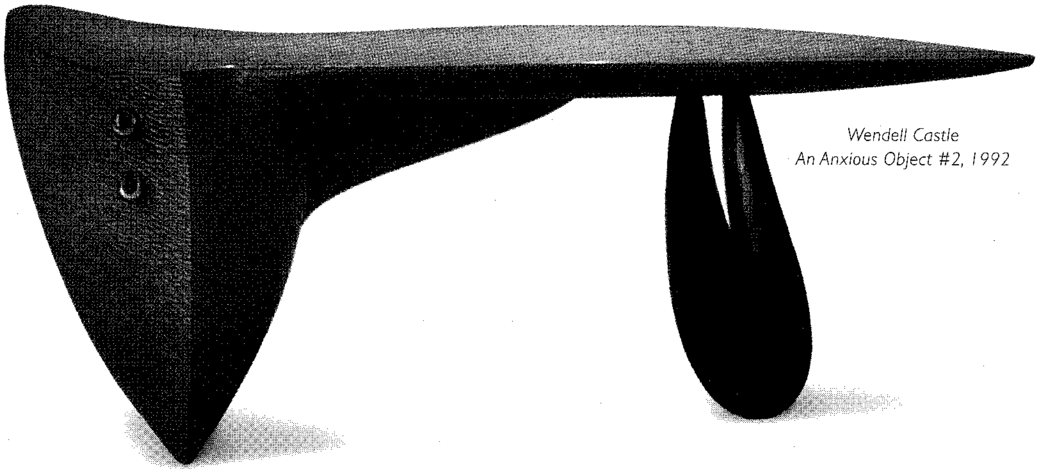


Michael Lucero
Anthropomorphic Jug Form
with Leaping Frog, 1994

artist was required to break something.



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Contents Aug. 5, 1996

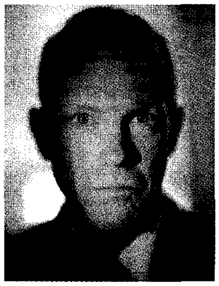
> *"I am just Mr. Pitch, or something.*
> *Hired help. I am the muscle."*
>
> ANDREW WYLIE, PAGE 40

24 A Weekend in the Hamptons

Leisure-time destination for literally hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers—plus an increasing number of super-tanned swells in from the West Coast and more and more people who look like they took the wrong turn on their way out of St. Tropez—the South Fork these days bears little resemblance to the sometimes snooty, sometimes arty retreat of yore. Never boring, in no way relaxing, the Hamptons have become a kind of ultra-vivid version of the city itself. Earlier this month, we sent a team of writers and photographers to describe 48 hours inside the maelstrom of wealth, class, sex, and power that is the New Hamptons. Did somebody say *beach*?

40 Mister Pitch

By Rebecca Mead



As a student, Andrew Wylie tried his hand at poetry. When that failed, he started work on a more extravagant invention: a cartoon villain of a literary agent, scourge of publishers, kidnapper of other agents' clients, ruthlessly loyal bagman for writers. Now his clients (Salman Rushdie, Martin Amis, Saul Bellow, et al.) are the most famous writers in the world, and Wylie, having parted company with his partners, is hunting alone.

48 Live and Learn

By Maureen Callahan and Linda Hall

When it comes to choosing adult-education classes, New Yorkers are in an enviable position: There are scads of courses on offer, on every imaginable topic. Still, too many options can be just as frustrating as too few. And as so many of us find out the hard way, the photography class or pastry workshop that sounded so good in the catalogue can be a deadly bore—and worse, a waste of both money and time—if the teacher's anything less than great. *New York* quizzed teachers, students, and administrators to come up with a selection of 30 classes—taught by teachers who actually care about teaching!—that won't have you grumbling into your composition book.

Gotham

17 The imaginary killer of a Brooklyn lesbian becomes real; inside baseball in the lawyers' league

Departments

22 The National Interest
Jacob Weisberg

Bob Dole's failure to finesse abortion reflects his misunderstanding of how "choice" has become a wedge issue . . . for Democrats

71 Restaurants
Corby Kummer

Back after a break, La Colombe d'Or's founders offer distressingly uneven cuisine Provençal

Marketplace

66 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Bauhaus housewares, a better stapler, and a pantheon of pigments

68 Inconspicuous Consumption
Paul Lukas

Weird stuff from Down Under: What's leaping off the shelves in Australia and New Zealand

69 Dress Code
Jade Hobson Charnin

The coolest fashion magazine of the season; summer scarves

70 Sales & Bargains
Dany Levy

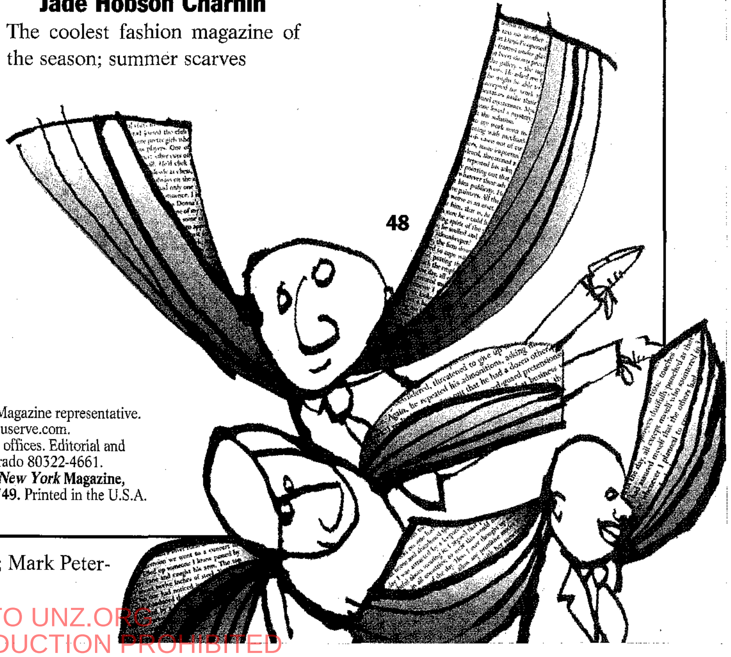
Suits from Italy; sausages in Yorkville; pampering on Madison

Cue

73 Jazz singer-pianist Diana Krall at the Algonquin; *Four Saints in Three Acts*

Misc.

Letters 9
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11
***Guardian* Crossword** 114
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 114
Classified 103
Strictly Personals 111



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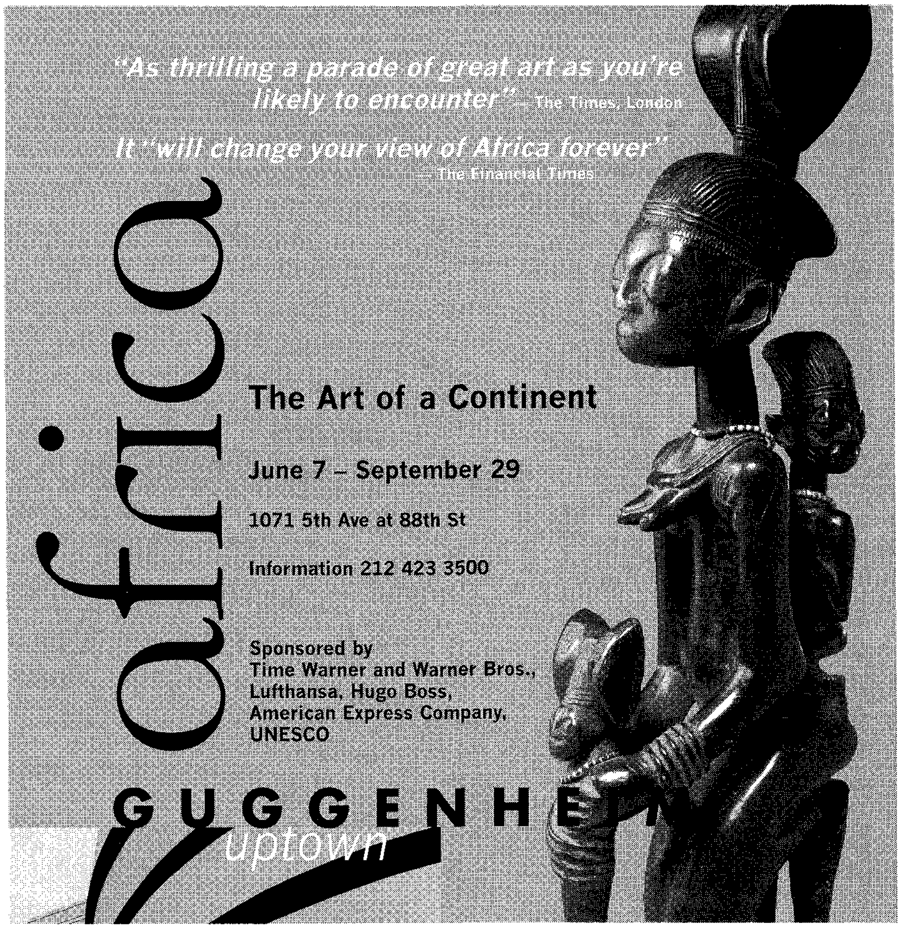
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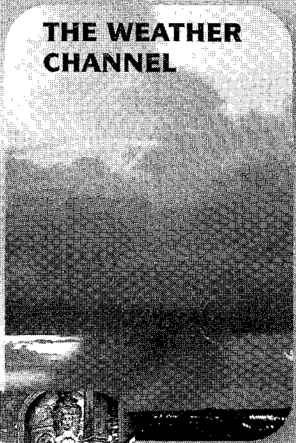
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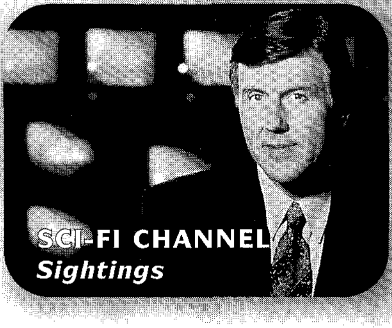
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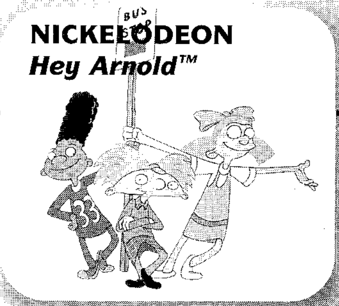
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BETWEEN THE LINES

Road Trip

***New York* Magazine—and Hurricane Bertha—storm the Hamptons beachhead.**

THREE FRIDAYS AGO, TWENTY-odd *New York* writers and photographers left Manhattan in a convoy heading out to sea on the Long Island Expressway. The mission? To chart the social ecology of the new, ever-more-turbo-charged Hamptons.

These days, the city's renowned summer camp for the stupendously wealthy—and those who would pay thousands for a couple of time-share weekends just to feel that way—has undergone changes that would make it unrecognizable to both the impecunious artists and literati who homesteaded it a generation ago and the plutocrats who looked down their noses at them from posh redoubts in Southampton. No longer useful to think about as a moderately convenient weekend retreat for lolling in earshot of the surf and (only occasionally) Jerry Della Femina, the South Fork has evolved into a high-profile stage where New York's Type A's play out fantasy power scenarios deliriously free of the pesky intrusions of the city itself. And as the region struggles to absorb refugee Hollywoodites into its existing matrix of movers and shakers, the once casual resort has taken on the air of a Tom Wolfe novel in kinesis. (Or does that make it an Altman movie?)

From its forward base camp in Quogue, *New York* set out to conquer the Hamptons, forced to weather only the occasional unwelcoming hostess and the almost completely inhospitable gusts of Hurricane Bertha. The result appears on pages 24 to 39.

FOLLOWING THE 1994 REPUBLICAN ROUT in Washington, it was baldly apparent that progressive politics, as least as practiced in the 30 years since the New Left flourished in the sixties, was becoming extinct. Over at the left-leaning *Village Voice,* Michael Tomasky, then one of the paper's political columnists and now the occasionally Republican-abiding "City Politic" columnist for *New York,* swallowed hard and asked: What happened? *Left for Dead: The Life, Death, and Possible Resurrection of Progressive Politics in America,* based on Tomasky's analysis of the triumph of Newt and Co. and recently published by the Free Press, takes a meat-ax to his comrades' two most sacred cows: identity politics and rights-based activism. ("And it was *not* written anonymously," Tomasky points out.) But *Left for Dead*'s most radical suggestion to Tomasky's liberal friends is also its simplest: Trust the people—they just might surprise you. ▬

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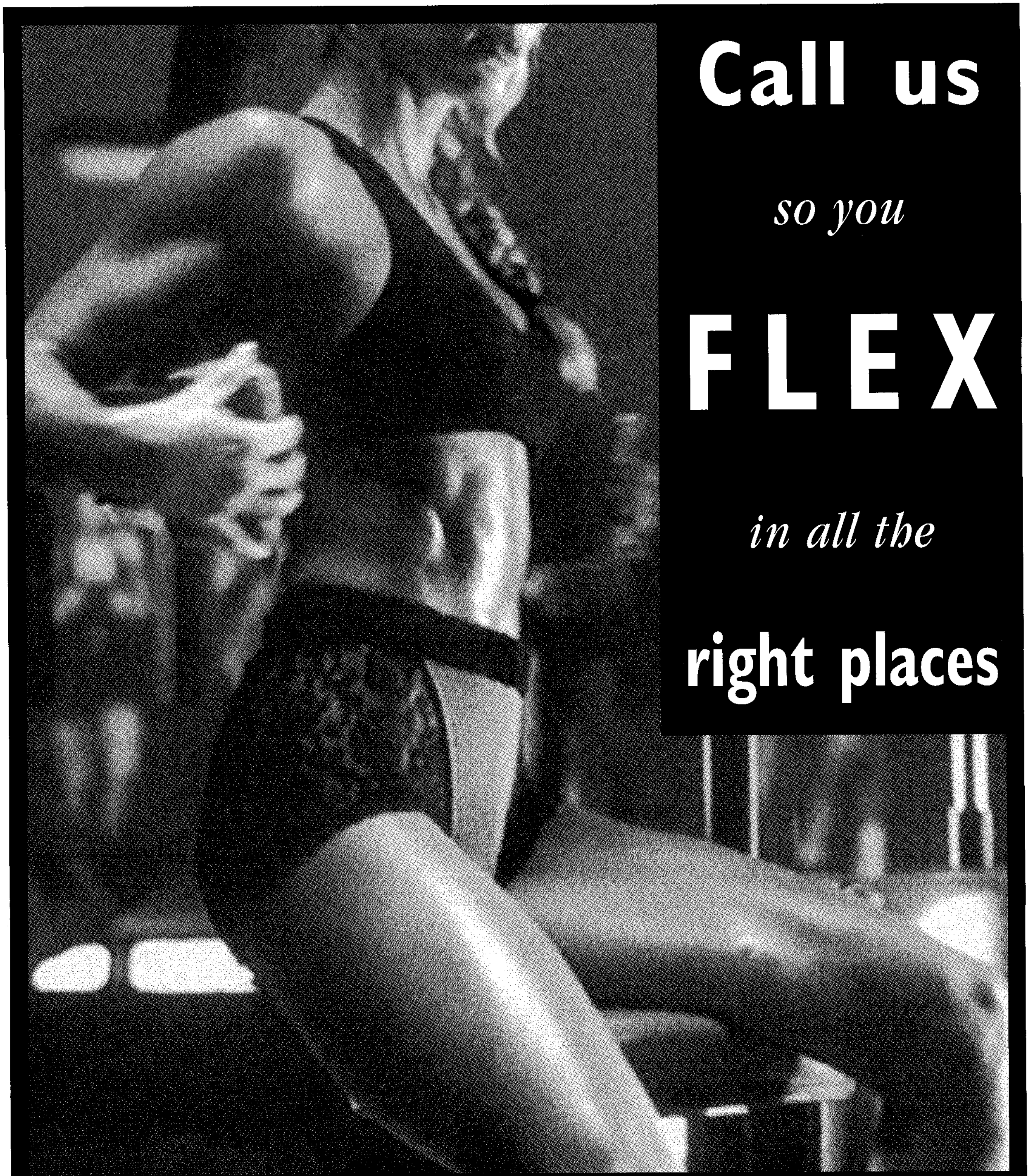

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Gilding Lily

Horror at the prospect of our author's considering surgical enhancements; readers who are really mad about the movies.

WHILE READING YOUR COVER ARTICLE "Bend Me, Shape Me" [by Lily Burana, July 15], I began to wonder what our society would be like if kind hearts and strong minds were respected, revered, and a turn-on. Obsessing about beauty and thinness is a luxury that only wealthy countries can afford. We worship the media and the false idols they provide us while in our own cities and elsewhere in the world, people are starving. Yet we are the slaves. Vanity is a disease, and we Americans are infected. But hey, what a slammin' opportunity to get some glossy flesh on the cover and sell some mags!

Melissa Schaffer
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LILY BURANA, YOU'RE GORGEOUS. DON'T change the color of your hair. We love you just the way you are.

Barry A. Popik
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AT AGE 28, LILY BURANA NEEDS THERAPY, not surgery (save it for when you're 45, if you still find yourself in need of a man).

Jean Cho
MANHATTAN

BEFORE I BECAME A CHRISTIAN, OVER A span of almost 30 years, I went out with an awful lot of men. I even married a couple of them. Only one ever suggested that there was something wrong with my face, and he was a plastic surgeon. I remember thinking at the time, *I wonder whether a surgeon gets off on cutting into people . . .* What a bizarre, sick thought. But if five licensed plastic surgeons are willing to cut up a person as healthy and beautiful as your investigator, then there is nothing macabre about my speculation.

Vivian Senungetuk
MANHATTAN

I'M SURE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO IS appalled to find that Lily Burana needs so much cosmetic surgery. I can only see that she is very beautiful already; why anyone would want to tamper with such a fine woman is beyond me. (It's a slap in the face of God.) Fuller lips? Those lips on page 34 are so kissable that if I weren't already married, I'd be writing Ms. Burana mash notes.

Raymond Griffith
BANGOR, MAINE

I WAS TRULY FLABBERGASTED THAT OUT OF six cosmetic surgeons interviewed by your incognito reporter, only one—Dr. James Reardon—demonstrated having any real ethics when it came to recommending surgical procedures to a prospective client. Lily Burana's body is obviously fit, trim, and beautiful, and if her story is in any way typical, the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons had better take a good hard look at itself and resolve to strengthen and enforce its member code of ethics—if in fact it has any.

Robin Kovary
MANHATTAN

HOW ODD THAT THE PLASTIC SURGEONS Lily Burana visited did not include any of those on *New York* Magazine's holy "Best Doctors" list [May 20]!

Barbara Breinin
MANHATTAN

LILY BURANA, AT 28, IS "PRETTY COMfortable" with her appearance (no one who isn't is likely to pose naked for a magazine cover). Yet she's unsatisfied; she wants "perfection." Unless you die before the age of 21 or so, you're going to witness your physical decline. Far better for Ms. Burana to strive to maintain a healthy lifestyle and to accept with good grace the inevitabilities of aging—some of which can be quite winsome—than to end up like the old woman in the film *Brazil* who undergoes perpetual cosmetic surgery yet looks ghastly. Cary Grant, admittedly a grand-prize winner in the genetics sweepstakes, put it well when he said it was unseemly to fret about growing older, considering the millions who've been denied the privilege.

David English
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Screen Writing

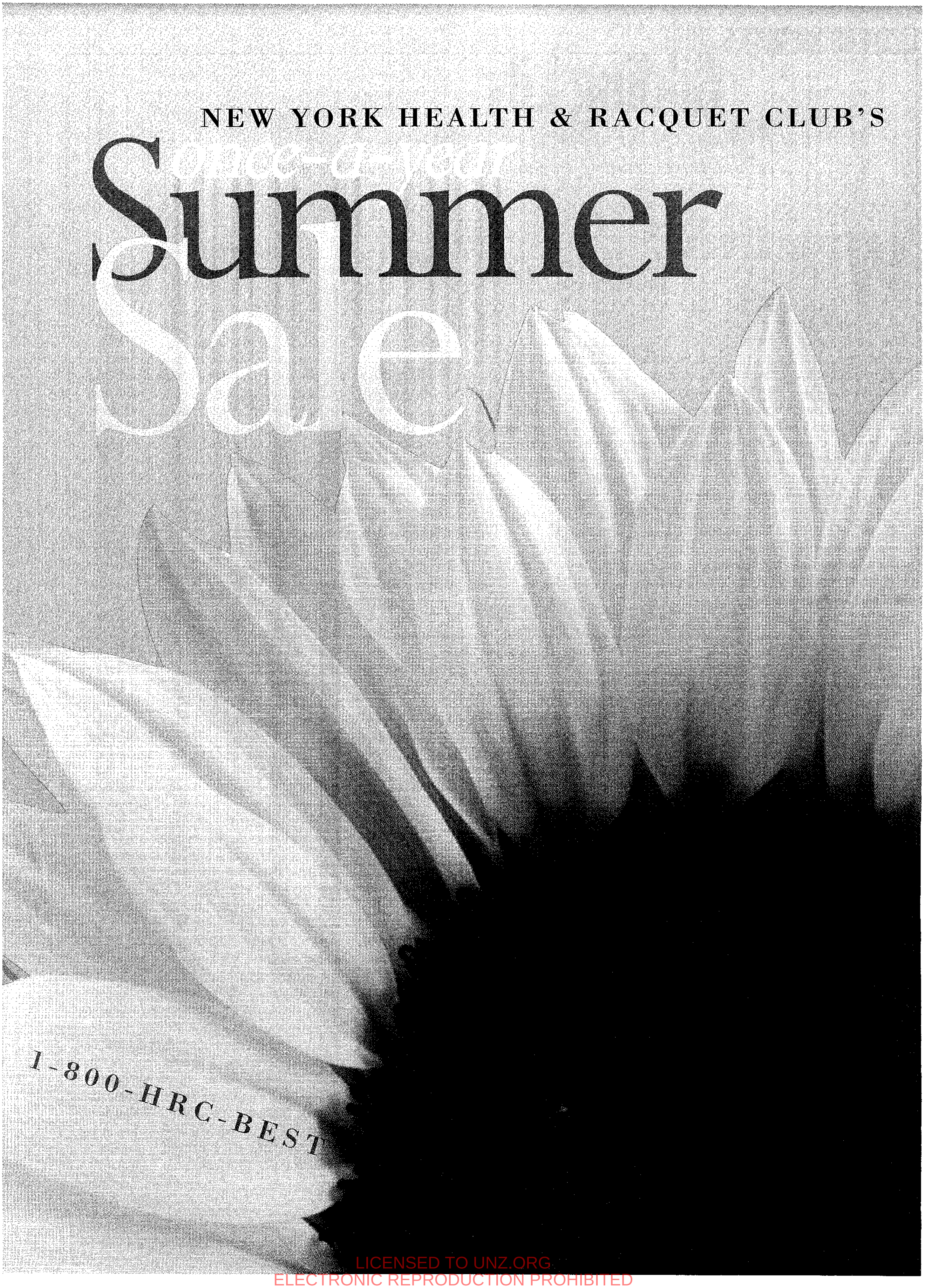
YOU KNOW WHAT BUGS ME ABOUT REVERential articles such as Maureen Callahan's "The Scottish Invasion" [July 15]? There's no real analysis of the content of the movie in question, *Trainspotting*. By the end of the article, I had no feel for the movie's *mise en scène*, the quality of its cinematography, the brilliance, or lack thereof, of its pacing and plot. I did gather, however, that if I decide I like it, I'll be *in*, but if I don't—or if I object to any aspect of the tale—I'll be (horrors!) bourgeois and out. If you analyze the movie, you're a middle-class slug; if you revere it, you're in. Hogwash! This perspective is the kind of intellectual straitjacket we're increasingly being asked to wear by those who are supposed to be the free-thinking outsiders, those who will save us from our hopelessly bourgeois, middle-class selves and culture. As Eudora Welty—a hopelessly middle-class writer and one of the great minds of the twentieth century—once wrote: "A sheltered life can be a daring life as well. For all serious daring starts from within."

Miranda Worman
BROOKLYN

REGARDING DAVID DENBY'S CLOSING statement in his review of *Striptease* ["Movies: Curious George," July 15], that "this may be the first feminist, family-values striptease movie; it makes sex so repulsive that I'm sure no one in America will ever have a dirty thought again": Could we please get something straight once and for all? The word *feminist* does not automatically describe women who are against sexual joy and expression! That Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin coopted the term in their crusade against sexually explicit images does not discount the fact that the feminist movement of the late sixties and early seventies—in which I was an active participant—had as one of its platforms the sexual liberation of women. How long must the media insist on perpetuating their annoying depiction of feminists as tight-lipped schoolmarms?

Candida Royalle
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

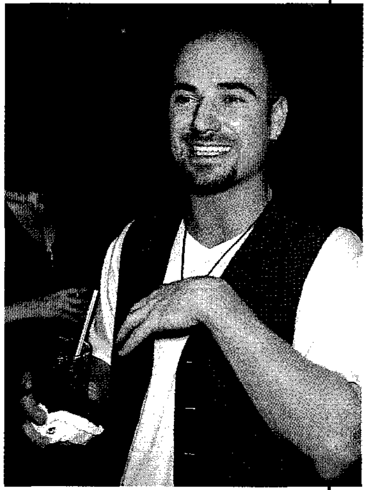
INTELLIGENCER

CNBC STAFF NOT TOO KEEN ON TERRY?

When then–CNBC head **Roger Ailes** hired pert Wall Street heartthrob **Terry Keenan** away from CNN late last year, it was considered something of a coup. However, now that Ailes has decamped to **Rupert Murdoch**'s Fox News Channel, CNBC staffers are starting to grumble about what they see as Keenan's uninspired performance and super-lucrative contract. According to high-ranking sources on both sides, Keenan defected to the network after a heavy bidding war between Ailes and her old boss, *Moneyline*'s **Lou Dobbs**. Ailes apparently wanted to avenge Dobbs's hiring of blow-dried anchor **Mark Van De Mark** away from CNBC a year ago. "It was a pissing contest," says the source. "Ailes decided that he wanted to take one of [Dobbs's] young, pretty people, but he stuck us with Terry and she can't handle it. . . . She's a ten-ton gorilla." Sources say producers installed Keenan in the network's 4 P.M. *Market Wrap* slot as a consolation prize after scrapping plans to award the anchor her own evening show. For her part, Keenan concedes, "I was supposed to have a show in the 6-to-8-P.M. time period," but maintains that she is, nonetheless, "very happy here at CNBC."

ANDRE AGASSI HITS THE HIGHBALL

Memo to **Andre Agassi:** You might have an easier time hitting the ball if you stopped hitting the bottle. The hirsute tennis heartthrob—in the nation's capital for the Legg Mason Classic—wasn't exactly in training mode the night before his big match last Wednesday. Regulars at D.C.'s trendiest spot, Cafe Milano, were surprised to see **Brooke Shields's** betrothed up past 1:30 A.M. at a table with two women and two men, including his trainer, **Brad Gilbert.** "We were wondering how this guy could play tennis at all the next day," said one bewildered observer. In fact, he almost couldn't: The Associated Press called his defeat at the hands of fifteenth seed **Patrick Rafter** a "startling sight" and observed that he "stopped being aggressive and merely went through the motions, barely moving his legs."



Andre Agassi: Mixed doubles?

CRYSTAL CHAOS FOR KARAN

Those groovy necklaces Donna Karan unveiled during her recent fall collections might stir up some very bad karma if **Angela Pintaldi** has her way. Pintaldi, a designer known for her New Age jewelry, was until recently a close friend of Karan's. In fact, the high-spirited fashion queen wore Pintaldi's jewels almost exclusively and was even planning to install a Pintaldi boutique in her London store. But the loving vibes between the two began to dissipate after Karan asked to use the Italian designer's chunky jewelry in her upcoming **Demi Moore** ad campaign and then—according to the Pintaldi camp—changed her mind when the jeweler demanded a credit. Then last Monday, an almost exact replica of a Pintaldi necklace appeared on the cover of *WWD* accompanied by a two-page spread showcasing Karan's new line of jewelry. "Maybe their spiritual guiders guided them to design the same thing," sniffs Pintaldi vice-president **Jill Castiglioni.** "More than anything, Angela feels taken advantage of. She is surprised and depressed. She believed she and Donna were friends." **Patti Cohen,** a spokeswoman for Donna Karan, admits that her company's jewelry was "similar" but insists that "it is completely Donna's own." At press time, Pintaldi was waiting to meet with a Donna Karan official in Milan before deciding what to do next.

Donna Karan: Crimes of fashion

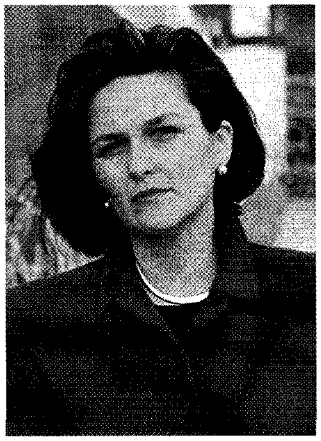
THE REAL BUTCHER OF BROADWAY

Jeffrey Richards, the cranky publicist-pugilist of Broadway, isn't going down without a fight. Recently fined $10,000 by the Association of Theatrical Press Agents and Managers (ATPAM) for physically attacking his then-assistant, Richards is now thinking of appealing the verdict. Union sources say Richards would have a chance to make his case at the October meeting of the organization, open to all 500 or so members. But is he *really* ready to face his peers? "It could be the best drama on Broadway this fall," snickers one of Richards's rivals. "The horror stories [about Richards] are legion. He once chased an employee down the street with a stapler." Richards's attorney, **Daniel Gildin,** says he and his client "strongly disagree" with the association's ruling and are "currently exploring all of our options."

CHRIS LYNN'S DRESSING DOWN

In a move certain to do wonders for labor relations at the Department of Transportation, the manic **Christopher Lynn** roared into his first management meeting as department head last week, instituting a dress code for all office employees and a prohibition on eating breakfast at desks. Needless to say, Lynn's dictum didn't go over so well

Photographs: top, Dominick Conde/Star File; bottom, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.



Cynthia McFadden: High on the Hoge

CYNTHIA MCFADDEN'S DOMESTIC AFFAIR

It's the liaison that has the Upper East Side abuzz—the burgeoning romance between *Foreign Affairs* editor **Jim Hoge** and ABC's *Primetime Live* correspondent **Cynthia McFadden.** The glamorous couple first got serious when they sat next to each other at a dinner party at La Grenouille given by **Barbara Walters** at the end of May. Then, the Blackstone Group's **Pete Peterson** and his wife, **Joan Ganz Cooney** of the Children's Television Workshop, hosted a dinner. "I sat them next to each other because I thought they were two nice single people who might like each other," reports Cooney, dispelling the rumor that Hoge had specifically asked to sit next to the pretty reporter. "I did it all on my own." Since then, the couple has spent romantic weekends in Connecticut, having dinner with Debevoise & Plimpton lawyer **James Goodale** and his wife, the fund-raiser **Toni Goodale.** "We've spent time with them," says Toni, "and we think she's terrific, and seeing him so happy makes me happy." Hoge seems to have a thing for brunette anchorwomen; his soon-to-be-ex-wife, **Sharon King Hoge,** had a TV show in Boston before hooking up with Jim. McFadden, who is known for her close friendships with **Katharine Hepburn** and **Liz Smith,** was divorced from journalist **Michael Davies** several years ago. "I think it's very serious," says Smith, who calls McFadden "my best friend in the world." So why didn't she write the item? "They asked me not to," says Liz. Neither Hoge nor McFadden returned calls.

Marianne Williamson: Greek tragedy

with the staff, but the combative former taxi czar remains unfazed. "City managers should not look like they're going to work in the garden," sniffs a DOT spokesman, "and we don't want people sitting at their desks at 10 A.M. with a bagel, egg, and cheese and reading the daily newspaper."

MARY FLIES; NO MORE MR. BIG GUY

SCHIAVO'S CENTS: The most contrary Mary inside the Beltway—controversial former Department of Transportation official **Mary Schiavo,** who had bitterly questioned the FAA's safety record before she departed three weeks ago—is writing an insider's account of the airline industry for Avon Books. Word is that Schiavo and her agent, ICM's **Suzanne Gluck,** were close to signing with **David Rosenthal** at Villard. But sources say that when the price got too steep—*Business Week* speculated that Schiavo could fetch more than $300,000—Random House chief **Alberto Vitale** grounded the deal. Avon's **Lou Aronica,** who reportedly signed Schiavo to a six-figure contract, says the book—expected late next year—"will provide crucial, never-before-published information."

HIDING HER CANDY: What will become of **Candace Bushnell**'s leading male character, "Mr. Big" (a pseudonym for her former boyfriend, *Vogue* publisher **Ron Galotti**), in future "Sex and the City" columns for the *Observer* now that she and his real-life inspiration have split? "There may be one more chapter about Mr. Big," says Bushnell. "I told Ron, if he didn't behave, Mr. Big would get his head cut off with a helicopter blade. He was a great boyfriend, but we just didn't have what you need to get married." Galotti insists there are no hard feelings. "Candace is a doll. Life just changes." But he admits he won't miss having his love life chronicled for public consumption: "I was a private person before, and I hope to return to being one again." Sadly, Bushnell's opus ends with the words "Carrie and Mr. Big are still together."

Candace: Big split

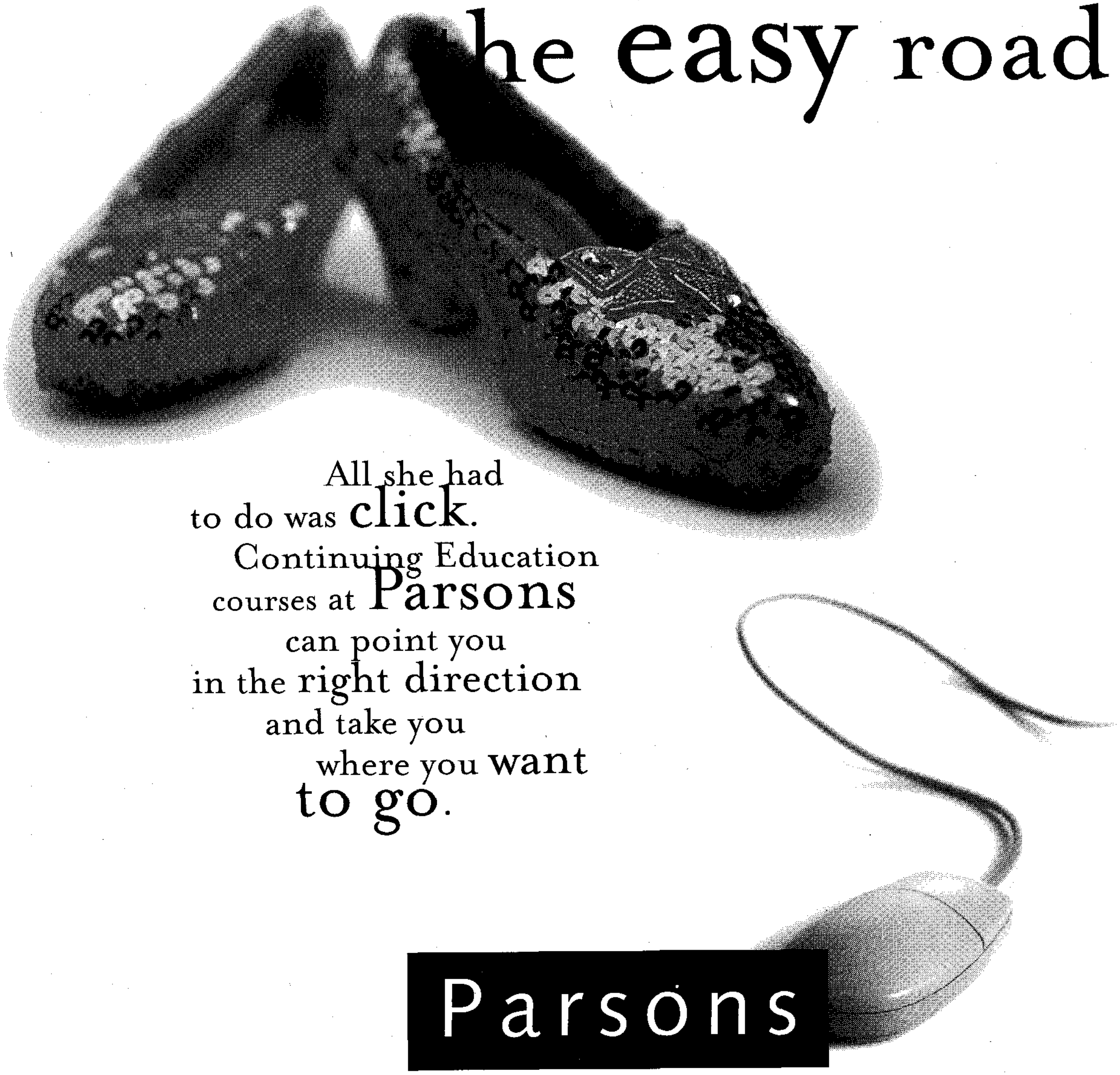
GROUNDING CHELSEA: The First Lady certainly keeps her daughter on a short leash. A protective **Hillary Clinton** confided at a White House dinner last week that she doesn't want the college-bound **Chelsea** to attend an institution more than an hour's drive from the family. "I don't deny that she said it, but she may have been kidding," says Hillary's press secretary, **Neel Lattimore.** Until the elections, however, poor Chelsea won't be sure whether to look outside Washington or Little Rock.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Mark Jacobs.

OVERBOARD GURU MISSED THE BOAT

Marianne Williamson's course in miracles evidently works better at Camp David than on the Aegean. The Hollywood mystic—who presided over the ill-fated Elizabeth Taylor–Larry Fortensky marriage ceremony and was fingered as one of the Clintons' New Age gurus in Bob Woodward's *The Choice*—went on a cruise with **Arianna Huffington** last summer. But things didn't go altogether swimmingly. Here's what happened: **Michael** and **Shakira Caine** and the Huffingtons had been invited to tour the Greek Isles on the *Rasselas,* a $20 million yacht built by San Francisco businessman **Ken Rainin.** The spiritual Mrs. Huffington brought along Williamson, who apparently turned out not to be a popular guest. "She was quite obnoxious, and very opinionated," reports one source. Another source says that Williamson proselytized constantly, left suntan oil all over the deck chairs, and even argued politics with the guests. But when Williamson got into a fight over dinner with **Michael Caine** (who evidently dressed her down quite effectively), **Michael Huffington** insisted she had to go. Rainin's guests very democratically took a vote and decided to dump Williamson on shore that night at Mykonos. Michael Huffington gave her the kiss-off, and Arianna made her hotel reservation ashore. The *Rasselas* then moved peacefully on to other Grecian isles and to Turkey. Williamson and Huffington did not return calls.

Photographs: top left, Donna Svennevik/ABC; top right, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; bottom left, B. Bereuson Perkins/Sygma.



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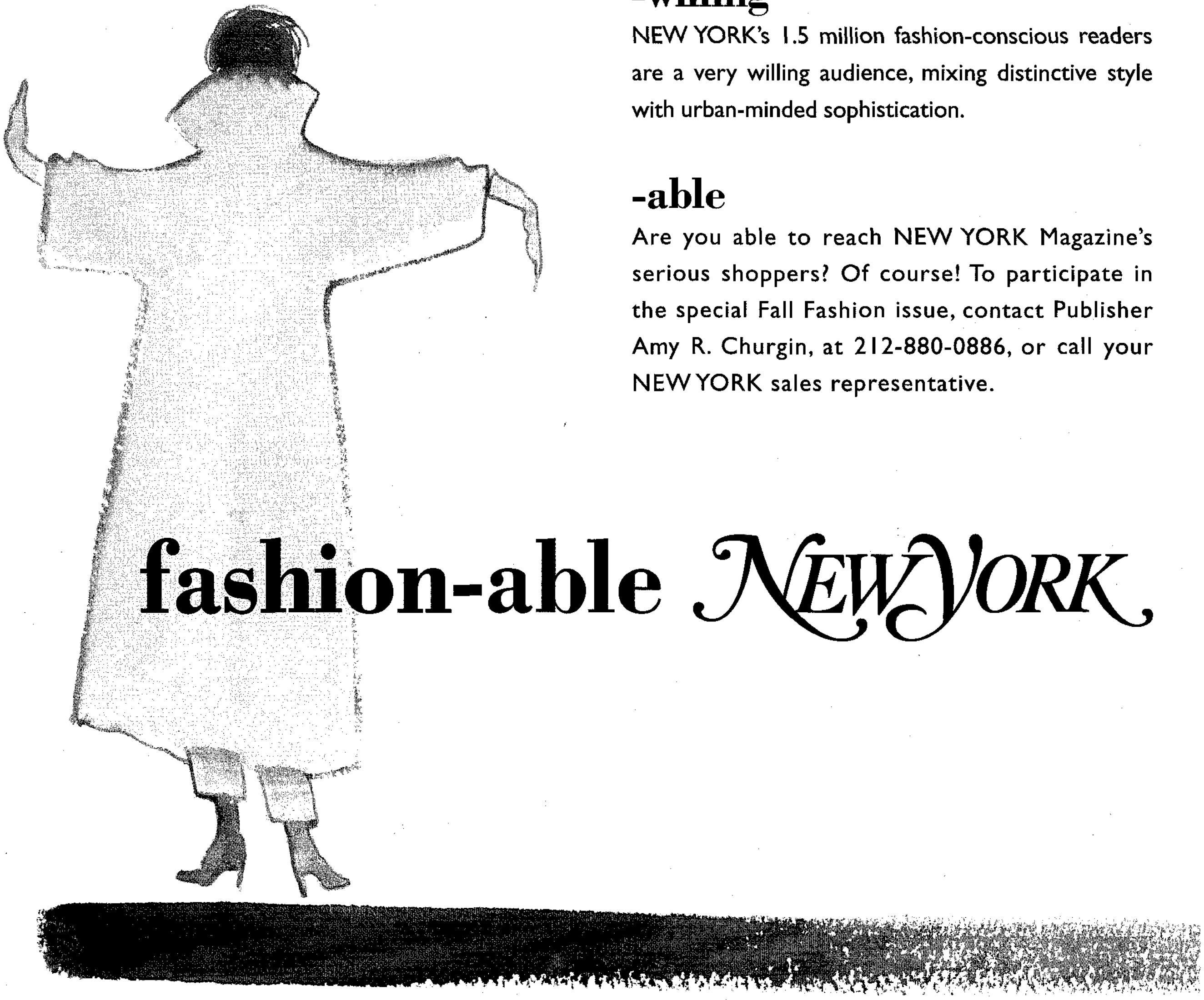

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GOTHAM

A strange city lying alone—*Edgar Allan Poe*

THE FRONT PAGE

Spokespols

Why would anyone turn to politicians for the facts?

“They have located dozens and dozens of additional bodies in the fuselage. I don’t want to raise false hopes, but perhaps as many as 100 additional bodies can be brought to the shore.” Governor Pataki had been doing so well until then. Getting national face time, looking tan, somewhat dynamic, compassionate—the perfect balance for a presidential ticket already containing a curmudgeonly septuagenarian. But then he made the mistake of doing exactly what politicians can’t help doing: telling people what they want to hear.

“All we want is the bodies,” one relative of a passenger on TWA Flight 800 said. “We want our bodies,” said another. “We want the bodies,” said a third. “That’s all we want.”

And so: “We believe there will be dozens and dozens of bodies that will be able to be identified by the families,” the governor told the families in front of television cameras last Tuesday.

There were, in fact, no bodies.

It seems slightly unfair, though, to blame Pataki for making what one FBI official charitably characterized as “a hopeful analogy.” It has been so long since we’ve expected politicians to stick to the facts that they can be forgiven for being a little rusty around them. Congressman Michael Forbes (R—Long Island) may have misspoken when he reported that one of Flight 800’s black boxes had been recovered early on, but it might also be said that he was articulating his vision that the boxes would be recovered and that he was ultimately vindicated.

And when President Clinton said, “I want to caution the American people against jumping to any conclusions” a day after the crash, he surely did not mean elected officials, who naturally start at the conclusion and jump back from there.

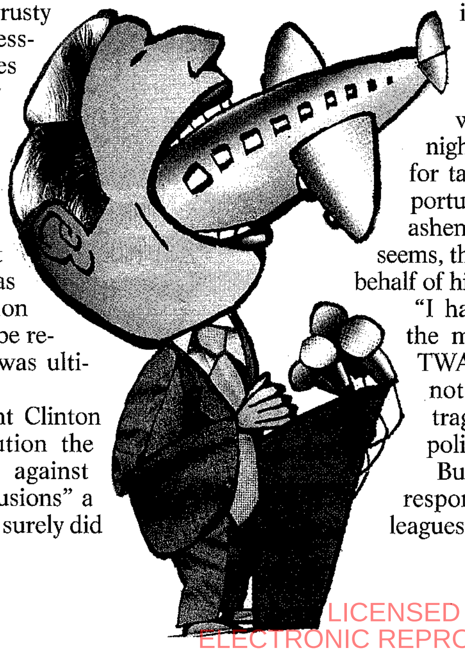
“Early signs point to a possibility of terrorism,” Congressman Ben Gelman (R—Peekskill) concluded that Thursday. “The odds are it’s a bomb,” agreed Congressman Charles Schumer.

Alfonse D’Amato, whose speculative powers are unmatched in the U.S. Senate, went several post-factual steps further: first preconfirming that “it’s a real possibility” that the 747 was shot down by a missile; then announcing that the FBI possessed satellite images of the jet exploding (“He said *that*?” the FBI’s lead investigator asked incredulously); and continuing to give secondhand briefings to the press (“Flying monkeys cannot be ruled out at this point”) when he wasn’t berating the Long Island coroner for “prancing around on TV.”

No one can accuse Mayor Giuliani of prancing, at any rate. (It was interesting to see what a man who always looks like he’s been up all night looks like when he’s *actually* been up all night.) And who can blame him for taking an extended photo opportunity with people even more ashen-faced than he? Only, it seems, the folks he was lambasting on behalf of his new victim constituency.

“I have a personal message for the mayor,” said the head of a TWA-employee group. “Now is not the time to make this tragedy a personal agenda or a political career.”

But as the scorpion might have responded on behalf of his colleagues, “It’s my nature.”



YOU BETTER WONK Ever since Wigstock outgrew Tompkins Square Park, the festival has bounced around the city in search of a home—first to Union Square Park, then to the Hudson River piers. Organizers were eyeing Cooper Square for this year, but now it looks like the financial district will be the festival’s unlikely host—which, according to founding organizer Lady Bunny, is a lesson for all of us in the politics of parties. “Fun and reckless people have to go to these community-board meetings and have a say in what is going to happen,” she told *New York*. “Because if they don’t, the party poopers will—and then that’s who’ll get their way.”

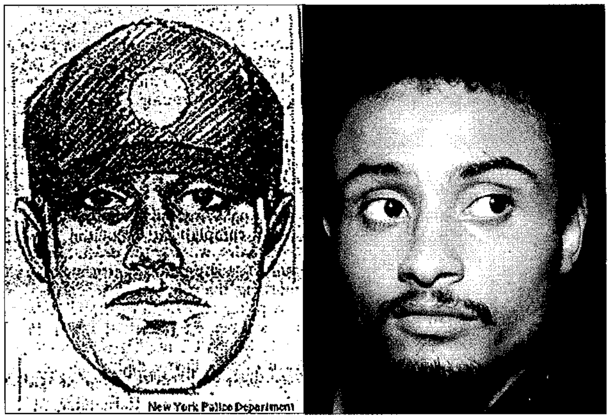
OUT WITH THE NEW The removal of Grand Central’s clattering arrivals/departures board has steamed a number of preservation-minded commuters, who’ve been complaining loudly that it was part of the city’s proud history. Not quite. “The board that’s up there now has only been up there since 1985,” Metro-North spokesperson Donna Evans explains. “It’s neither original nor classic. We actually have in Grand Central the original departure board, which is a chalkboard . . . but we think it’s a little out of date for today’s commuting needs.”

Crime

THE IMAGINARY KILLER

THE ACCUSED MURDERER AND RAPIST WAS so true to his police sketch, he might have sat for it: slim and light-skinned, his ordinary oval face punctuated by heavy-lidded eyes and a pencil mustache, just as Amanda Leach had described him. He was even wearing the baseball cap when he was arrested: the one he wore July 5, 1995, when he allegedly raped, sodomized, and shot Leach and killed her lover Sylvia Lugo, having forced them into their Brooklyn apartment at gunpoint. Extraordinary, given that police investigators from the 78th Precinct have been privately insisting for months that Alex Villanueva was a man Amanda made up to cover her own complicity in Lugo's murder ("Amanda and Sylvia were Lovers," *New York,* January 15, 1996).

These investigators weren't present at the press conference at One Police Plaza July 19, since the bust occurred in the neighboring 88th, which brought Villanueva in on a different case. Nine months after Lugo was killed, Villanueva allegedly robbed and shot another young Brooklyn woman, leaving her blind in one eye. He confessed to the Lugo killing on videotape during routine questioning.



Police sketch of killer of Sylvia Lugo; Alex Villaneuva, suspect.

Leach made no public statement to celebrate her vindication. (The trauma of facing Villanueva again in a police lineup was too exhausting, her lawyer Susan Tipograph explained.) Rather, Leach let Park Slope's lesbian community express the rage for her, and there was plenty of it. "There is nothing the NYPD can do that is going to make up for the damage they have done to the lesbian community," Bea Hanson, of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, said to a few dozen supporters who gathered at a church on Eighth Street last Tuesday night. Leach, it was noted, wasn't even the first Brooklyn lesbian accused of fabricating her own rape; a woman assaulted in Prospect Park in 1994 was discredited by unnamed police sources in Mike McAlary's *Daily News* column. Hanson accused investigators of being "driven solely by homophobia and nothing else" and called on the NYPD to discipline officers who identified Leach as a suspect and to apologize; the police have not responded to that request, and would not talk to *New York* about the case.

At the meeting was a third victim of sloppy police speculation, Trelane McKinney, a former lover of Leach's who cops suggested might be her accomplice. McKinney lost her job at the Post Office as a result of the accusations, and though she was reinstated after five months, by that time she was "too broke to even buy food, and on the brink of being evicted."

"I anguished as a result of being falsely accused," McKinney said angrily. "But Amanda, who lost a lover, anguished more, and so did the Lugos, who lost a daughter."

The Lugos now anguish additionally, knowing they too called Leach a murderer, having believed the cops. And amazingly, some of those same cops are still insisting privately to the family that Villanueva, who allegedly claimed he was a paid hit man in his confession, may still lead them to Leach. (An investigator in Brooklyn District Attorney Charles J. Hynes's office characterized that part of Villanueva's confession as "probably bragging.") Lugo's brother Martin, who had most publicly accused Leach, was contrite, if conditionally: "We'll be happy if she's innocent even though we will owe Amanda the deepest of apologies and will have to mourn Sylvia all over again with her—if she will forgive us. But maybe she won't ever want to see us again.

"It would be great," he added, "if this was the man and he was just some killer lunatic."

Leach, whose shattered left leg was until recently held together with a steel pin, is still too disabled to return to her job as a social worker. She, too, is broke. She applied to the Crime Victims Board, hoping to get some relief to pay the bills. The board turned her down in February, saying "further processing of this claim must await outcome of police investigation of the circumstances surrounding this crime." When called by *New York* late last week, a spokesman for the board said he knew nothing of the case; he called back two hours later to say that in light of the arrest, the board would recommend Amanda Leach now be compensated without further investigation.

AMY PAGNOZZI

SHOT

Staten Island Ferry, 4:30 P.M., Tuesday, July 23, *photographed by Michael Ackerman.*

Media

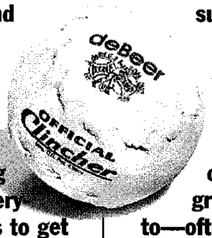
LA CONVERSACIÓN

RECENT EXPERIENCE WOULD SUGGEST THAT eavesdropping on the terribly private telephone conversations of royals (the Squidgy tapes, Prince Charles's tampon envy, et al.) is almost a form of media sport overseas, a harmless bit of fun. But three men in the employ of a popular Spanish celebrity magazine are finding out the hard way that in Manhattan, at least, it's a felony.

Early in the evening of June 19, 1995, Luis Jiminez and Carlos Fernandez were sitting in their rented car near West 78th Street and Columbus Avenue. The men

Photograph: top right, Mark Bonafacio.

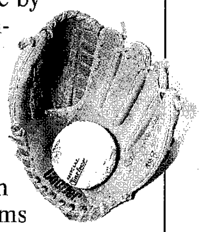
The Sharks of Summer



Though relocated to the netherfields of Grand Street and the FDR this year, the Lawyers' Coed Softball League still manages to have a good time. Albeit not as good as in the good old days. "I remember when I was a summer associate playing Hughes Hubbard [in 1977] and the shortstops started fighting. You had all these people running out on the field in suits, dancing around. Of course, everyone is actually pulling punches, because no one wants to get sued," recalls Dennis Orr, a partner at Shearman & Sterling. The climate has cooled in recent years, especially since that nasty suit Shearman's catcher pressed against Sullivan & Cromwell after his jaw was broken in 1993 on a particularly rough play at home. Going coed didn't hurt, either. Nowadays, "about half the teams in the league take it seriously. The other half look at it as an excuse to drink," says Proskauer's Greg Brehm. And, of course, it's an irresistible excuse for some lawyerly grandstanding. Player after player that *New York* spoke to—often on condition of anonymity—alternately touted his team's own sportsmanship while arguing spiritedly that the opposing counsels' teams were incurably nasty. VICTORIA CAIN

• **LEBOEUF, LAMB, GREENE & MACRAE** Always a top team, it won the league a while back. Arch-rivals: Brown and Wood. LeBoeuf women pioneered the league's coed movement in the late eighties. "We have a couple diehards, but most people just go to have fun."

• **SULLIVAN & CROMWELL** Considered the Albert Belle of the league by others; still, team members describe themselves as "comatose" and "fat." "Usually, we just have a moment of prayer so we won't die." How did they win seven games? "The other teams are even worse."



• **MILBANK, TWEED, HADLEY AND MCCLOY** The granddaddy of the league. Milbank's captain traditionally becomes league commissioner upon hanging up his spikes. "We take it very seriously. Everybody plays hard, and we have some fantastic athletes and college-level ballplayers. I'll slide if I need to, and I'm 35."

• **CORPORATION COUNSEL OF N.Y.C.** So good they closed the team to newcomers this year. Corp Counsel's most notable asset is their pitcher, Kimberly Lennard, a woman who played for St. John's University and has kept them in the upper rungs of league competition.

• **DAVIS POLK & WARDWELL** Their *Animal House* mentality has served them well this year. "We like to think of ourselves as socially competitive. Most of the time, we're already boozing—I mean, uh, having a good time—on the field."

• **CADWALADER WICKERSHAM & TAFT** Champs two years ago, but lost in the finals last year. Still seeking revenge. Rival: U.S. Attorney's Office. One of the few teams captained by a woman. "I always play everyone that shows," Beth Taylor says. "But we definitely play to win because we know we can."

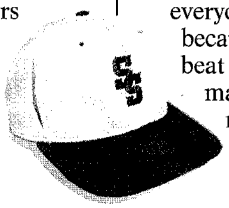
DIVISION 1	W	L	Pct	GB
LeBoeuf	6	1	.857	—
Corp. Council	5	1	.833	½
Davis Polk	6	2	.750	½
Brown and Wood	6	2	.750	½
Sullivan	7	3	.700	½
Cravath	5	3	.625	1½
White & Case	3	3	.500	2½
Proskauer	3	4	.375	3
Cahill	2	5	.286	4
Fed. Law Clerks	2	7	.222	5
Cleary Gottlieb	0	5	.000	5
Shearman	0	9	.000	7

DIVISION 2	W	L	Pct	GB
Milbank	7	2	.778	—
U.S. Attorney	6	2	.750	½
Hughes Hubbard	5	2	.714	1
Cadwalader	5	2	.714	1
Antitrust	4	1	.667	2
Roberts &Holland	4	3	.571	2
Dewey Ballantine	3	4	.429	3
Patterson	3	5	.375	3½
Haight Gardner	3	5	.333	3½
Arnold & Porter	3	7	.300	4½
Parker Chapin	0	5	.000	5
Thacher Proffitt	0	6	.000	5½

Percentages include ties not listed

• **THE U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE:** Always cited as one of the league's best. Diplomatic but hard-core. "We don't have a rival. All other teams are worthy of play." And they insist on pitching supremacy. "Do you know who Satchel Paige is?"

• **PROSKAUER ROSE GOETZ & MENDELSOHN:** Feared and revered, the openly competitive Broadway Bombers are a playoff fixture. "Our team definitely takes it more seriously. It's like any game. You feel bad when you lose, good when you win." Others whisper of tryouts and an unspoken no-girls rule.



• **THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE ANTITRUST DIVISION:** With only twenty people in the office, they manage to field a team that not only plays to win but actually does win. Hardboiled and ragtag, "we're one of those no-frills teams." After all, "it's kind of fun going out there and beating fancy firms in fancy uniforms."

• **DEWEY BALLANTINE** A .500 record is "about par for the course," even though "people take it really seriously and go out and get new equipment each year."

• **CAHILL GORDON & REINDEL** They claim a third of the roster is female, but opponents dispute this. Some bad blood with Sullivan, though "there's no real competitive edge" to the team this year. In other words, "we don't make people feel bad if they don't do well at bat."

• **CLEARY, GOTTLIEB, STEEN & HAMILTON** The perennially mediocre Cleargo Mets are "always good enough that we think we're going to be better." Laid-back. "Davis Polk had batting practice after they beat us 10–0. We went out drinking instead." Rivals: Cravath, Sullivan.

• **THACHER PROFFITT & WOOD** The Fighting Clams—blame the name on an attorney eager to display his clam-drawing skills on the team shirt—admittedly "stink." "The people on the team are generally the more fun people in the firm."

• **SHEARMAN & STERLING** "We're the folks everyone in the league wants to play because they know they're going to beat us." However hapless, they maintain a feisty attitude. "I mean, we're out there trying to win—we're lawyers, after all."

Photographs by Wayne Simpson.

were listening to banal conversations—friends coming into town, mothers checking in—being transmitted from the telephone switching box planted in the basement of a building a block away. In that building lived Gigi Howard, a blonde college student suspected of being the girlfriend of Prince Felipe of Spain. Standing in the shadows across the street from Howard's house, meanwhile, was Carlos Hugo Arriazu Sanchez, a reporter for *Hola,* the Spanish *People* magazine, which has a circulation of 650,000.

Court records charge that Sanchez had flown to Miami and had agreed to pay Jiminez and Fernandez, two down-on-their-luck private investigators, $25,000 for the operation. In turn, the investigators enlisted the help of one of Miami's well-known black-bag operators, Thomas Busciglio. The quartet then allegedly flew to New York and after a preliminary check of Howard's telephone lines returned the next day to install the listening device in a nearby basement. There was one hitch: Unknown to his co-conspirators, Busciglio was a confidential informant for Miami police.

Moments after Jiminez and Fernandez began taping Howard, detectives from District Attorney Robert Morgenthau's office swooped down and arrested the three men. Thinking they would be charged with misdemeanors or not charged at all (reporter Sanchez told police that eavesdropping was customary in Spain), all three men gave self-incriminating statements to the police.

But when Sanchez and the others tried to plead to lesser charges, the D.A. turned them down. The three go on trial this week, with Busciglio expected to testify; they face a potential four-year jail sentence.

"The D.A. told me to take the felony conviction or go to trial," Sanchez's lawyer, Michael Lee Hertzberg, says, almost in disbelief. "First of all, the D.A.'s office or the police helped facilitate the crime by giving Busciglio a NYNEX hard hat, which gave him credibility in getting past the doorman into the building." Hertzberg says he suspects "there has been pressure from the royal family of Spain to get the defendants at all costs."

"It is very unusual for the D.A. not to accept a deal in such a minor case," agrees Gerald Labush, a criminal-defense attorney unrelated to the case. "Something or someone is working behind the scenes. That someone could be the king of Spain or possibly the U.S. State Department, but I suspect neither of them will be very forthcoming on this issue."

"Illegal wiretapping is a serious crime," responds Daniel Castleman, chief of investigations for the Manhattan D.A., "and we intend to prosecute it as such." JOHN CONNOLLY

THE SCENE

Unhinged

At Isaac Mizrahi's showroom for a cocktail party to benefit Eos Music.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

"EVERYONE FEELS THEY SHOULD DO A cabaret act, and they must be stopped. *Proctologists from Westchester* are doing cabaret acts," said a horrified Charles Ludlam, shaken down to the soles of his demure black slingbacks. And tonight, it was Isaac Mizrahi's turn, but twelve minutes before curtain, the designer from Flatbush was still being egged onward.

"I'm so excited you're going to sing," Cindy Crawford told her friend.

"*Ew,* I am not," he scowled.

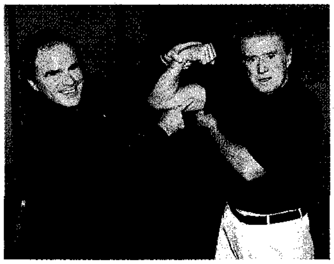
"But I read that you were—"

He was having none of it. "I'd never become a singer," he insisted. "Maybe I'd open a Jungian therapy outlet, somewhere in Manhattan."

Working with Eos Music, as he was for tonight's fund-raiser, did entail a bit of risk for both parties: The obscure, arty music ensemble usually collaborates with more seasoned performers, such as Paul Bowles and Merce Cunningham. ("Getting Isaac to sing is like getting Barbra Streisand to design your wedding dress," one guest said.) And Mizrahi, who apparently felt unself-conscious enough to allow himself to be filmed for *Unzipped* while bathing, was suddenly too shy to let anyone even take his picture.

Somehow, however, the whole thing came off just fine. "He should really be encouraged," Ludlam said later. "I mean, he probably shouldn't quit his day job."

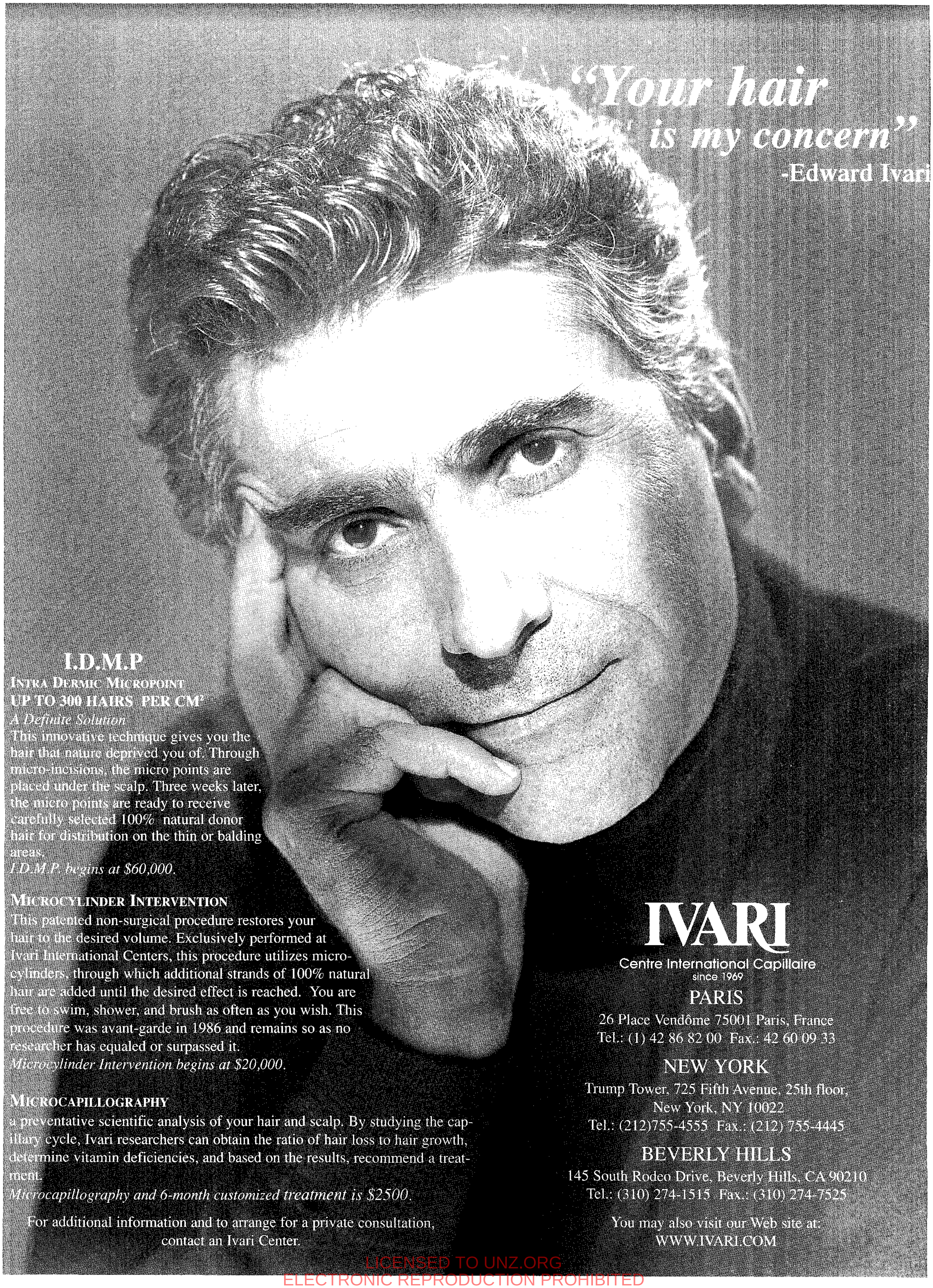
Others were less cautious. "I told him he should do a CD," producer-singer Bruce Roberts rhapsodized, transported by the moment, the music, and a couple of watermelon-punch drinks. "An entire sex CD—just one big, romantic, sexy, lovey, kissy thing."



Top, Cindy Crawford and Bruce Roberts at Isaac Mizrahi's showroom to benefit Eos Music. Above, fitness guru Radu with his client, Regis Philbin, at the Ansonia to celebrate the publication of *Radu's Simply Fit.*

Left, Tabitha Soren and Maria Cuomo Cole at the benefit for Housing Enterprise for the Less Privileged. Below, Kate Spade at TAG Heuer's party for the 7th on Sixth men's-wear shows.

Top left, *George* co-founder Michael Berman with wife Victoria Hagan and Lee Radziwill Ross at the magazine's luncheon for Ann Stock, special assistant to the president. Above, at Calvin Klein's 7th on Sixth men's-wear show, models Stefan Armbruster, M.Y.C., Mike Campbell, Jason Lewis, and Jarl.



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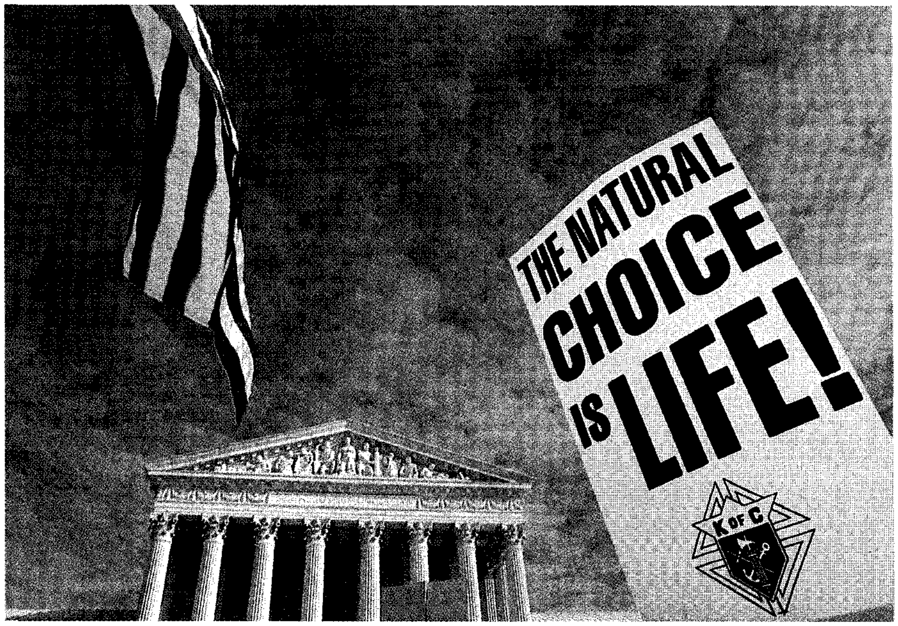
THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

How to Flub Abortion

Pace the New York 'Times,' the right-to-life issue is no more fraught this year than it was in 1980. Dole is just too much of a lummox to sidestep its booby traps.

READERS OF THE NEW YORK *TIMES* CAN BE FORGIVEN FOR imagining that abortion is tearing the Republican Party apart. ABORTION FEUD SPLITS G.O.P.; UNDER PRESSURE, DOLE RECONSIDERS ABORTION PLANK; ABORTION ISSUE JOLTS REPUBLICANS YET AGAIN, blare the headlines. Every few days, there's another overheated front-page story about how conservative brother is taking arms against conservative sister over the issue, ripping open a "gender gap." Many people now fully expect that next month's San Diego Republican convention will look like an old-fashioned Democratic one: a festival of fratricide.

Alas, they are bound for disappointment. Of course, Republicans differ violently about abortion. They have for decades, and will for years to come. But the party has also always succeeded in uniting despite its disagreement, on the basis of other common beliefs and a tacit acknowledgment that its public statements on the issue have virtually no real-world implications. That the wording of the Republican platform has generated so much grief this year speaks less to any change in the underlying political dynamic within the GOP than it does to Bob Dole's spectacular incompetence as a presidential candidate. Despite his purported skill at deal-making, the Republican nominee presumptive has proved utterly incapable of managing a disagreement that his party has in the past demonstrated it knows how to handle.



Lots of heat, little light: Most Republicans know women will always have a right to choose.

Abortion is a powder keg for conservatives not just because it's a moral issue about which people feel strongly but because it fuels a kind of class warfare within the conservative coalition. As Bill Kristol, the editor of the *Weekly Standard,* puts it, the issue separates "Northeast yuppie libertarian Republicans from lower-middle-class religious conservatives." The former "just don't understand how you could be pro-life and be a decent human being." The latter, Kristol says, "don't think that being pro-choice is a mistake or unfortunate; they think it's a sign of moral degeneracy."

No national GOP candidate can afford to alienate either of these irreconcilable groups. Thus the game for recent Republican nominees has been to somehow galvanize the New Right enthusiasts without scaring the rest of the country into thinking abortion rights might actually be in some kind of jeopardy.

Ronald Reagan was the first to execute the maneuver, and he did it brilliantly. As governor of California, Reagan had signed a law that effectively made abortion legal. Pro-choice Californians found comfort in this even as Reagan pandered to the right by declaring himself in favor of a constitutional amendment to ban abortion. Once in the White House, Reagan dealt with the issue through strategic passivity, refusing to back Senator Orrin Hatch's efforts to move the Human Life Amendment through Congress even though he was on record as favoring it. After Potter Stewart resigned from the Supreme Court in 1981, Reagan, to the great disappointment of Jerry Falwell, picked as Stewart's replacement Sandra Day O'Connor, who had supported legalizing abortion in Arizona.

George Bush managed an even more difficult version of this squeeze play. In the sixties, Bush was blatantly pro-choice; in the House he had been known as "Rubbers," for his relentless advocacy of family planning. But like Reagan, Bush subsequently declared himself to be, however implausibly, pro-life. And like Reagan, he did nothing at all about it, filling his first Supreme Court vacancy with David Souter, who turned out to support *Roe* v. *Wade.* What both Reagan and Bush understood was that turning back the clock on abortion was not among their available options. They might advocate peripheral restrictions, like refusing Medicaid funding or requiring parental notification, but with public opinion running 3–1 against banning abortion, obtaining a supermajority to change the Constitution remained an evangelical pipe dream.

Even congressional right-to-lifers have come to accept how things stand. Henry Hyde, the new chairman of the House Judiciary Committee and the most perfervid pro-lifer in the House, didn't even bother to introduce his perennial constitutional amendment after the Republicans won control. "Nobody in the Republican Party speaks seriously about banning abortion,"

Photograph by Mark Peterson/Saba.

says William Saletan, who is writing a book about abortion politics. "The amazing thing is that suburbanites and Republican women still take the threat seriously."

This reality ought to have made the traditional feint simple for Dole to execute. Of course, for him, the problem presented itself in a slightly different guise. Unlike Reagan and Bush, Dole comes to the nomination with a genuinely held pro-life voting record. Thus, despite his essential moderation, Dole needed to reassure the pro-choice majority that he wasn't going to embark on a politically suicidal crusade.

The religious right itself seemed to recognize what Dole had to do. The new, improved face of the Christian Coalition, Ralph Reed, went so far in his book *Active Faith* as to suggest moderating the party's abortion plank as an expression of goodwill. And the pro-choice Republican lobby was realistic as well, asking only for some affirmation, in the words of Maine senator Olympia Snowe, that "we could agree to disagree on an issue where the platform doesn't reflect a majority of Republicans, let alone a majority of Americans." What was needed was for Dole to make the party's official pro-life position a touch less extreme. The platform, as Snowe says, was once "something of interest mainly to party functionaries." But in the wake of the Contract With America–inaugurated vogue for actually doing what you write up in election-year manifestos, people had finally noticed how *out there* the existing abortion plank was. The current version says, among other things, that there should be a pro-life litmus test for judicial nominees and implies that some methods of birth control, such as IUDs, should be made illegal.

Dole's task was to strike a compromise and make it stick. Instead, he botched the issue catastrophically by offering concessions to both sides alternately, responding to whoever complained the loudest. For the benefit of pro-lifers, he picked Henry Hyde to head the platform committee. For pro-choicers, he proposed a tolerance statement and suggested placing it ahead of the pro-life plank. When Gary Bauer, a vocal pro-lifer, complained, Dole bitterly denounced Bauer as intolerant but then bent to Bauer's will on the placement issue. Most recently, Dole offered a sop to pro-choicers by naming New York representative Susan Molinari as the convention's keynote speaker. While constantly losing his balance, Dole has repeatedly declared that the media were making something out of nothing, and that this most difficult of moral dilemmas should be "easy" for him to work out. In fact, it should have been easy, but this is the wrong thing to say about an issue in which people feel they deserve respect for their deeply held views. Once again, Dole was reading his stage directions instead of his lines.

Despite Dole's bumbling, the convention is likely to adjourn, I am disappointed to report, without any major bloodletting. The issue of what the platform will say is now settled. There will be a grudging statement of tolerance near the beginning of the document. The old, wacko plank will remain otherwise intact. Both sides seem prepared to live with it. "There is no action-forcing event that forces him to offend anyone he hasn't already offended," says Kristol. Inside the convention, there will be, at best, a debate on Monday afternoon, with virtually no possibility of an actual platform change.

Snowe says the pro-choicers won't be walking out in any case. Their goal in San Diego is to save the party and its nominee from the perception of intolerance. But the truth is, they can afford to lose the debate inside the convention hall because they have already won the debate outside it. ▬

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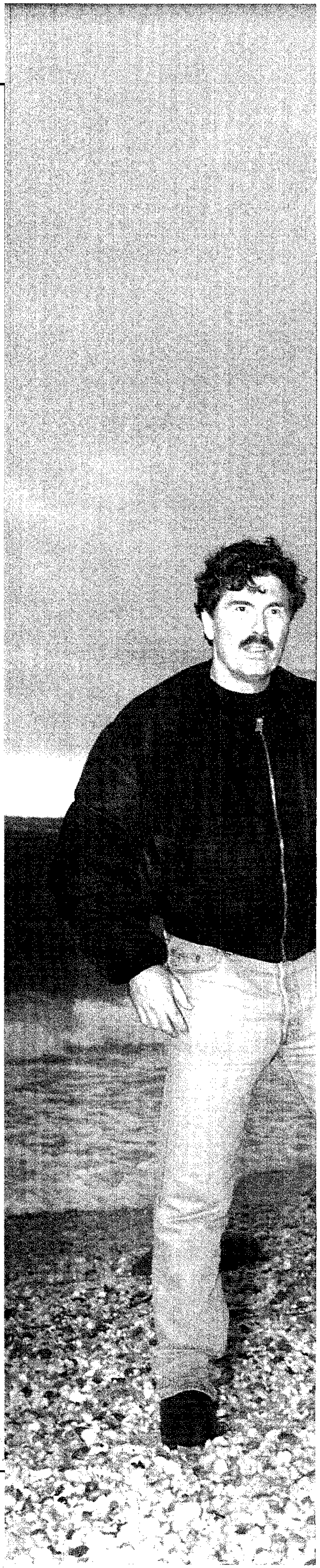
TALES OF THE HAMPTONS

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AMONG THE SWELLS, STRIVERS, SEEKERS, SELF-PROMOTERS, SAVANTS, SYBARITES, AND STARS OF THE RESORT THAT FORGOT IT WAS A BEACH



MADE IT: BRUCE DAVIS WITH WIFE (PAMALA) AND CAR (HUMMER) ON THE BEACH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BUCK

TALES [illegible]
HAMPTONS

DURING A BREAK

in Hurricane Bertha, three weekends ago, a seagull hovers over the Southampton dunes with a large unopened clam in its beak. The gull swoops down toward Meadow Lane and lets the clamshell smash on the pavement. But before the gull can gobble up the meaty insides, a line of leather-jacketed men on Harleys begins buzzing past. Despite the hurricane, most of the Hamptons are buzzing this weekend as well—what with the house parties, benefits, photo opportunities, and openings, and the literally hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers who have alighted on this once pristine stretch of beach, dunes, and potato fields in search of a wild time, entrée into some or other exclusive redoubt, and then maybe, if they're really lucky, a touch of Hamptons stardust. Does anybody just *go to the beach* anymore? On Meadow Lane, meanwhile, the gull waits patiently by the roadside, and, when the weekend warriors finally make their way out toward Shinnecock Inlet, calmly eats his lunch.

FRIDAY EVENING

A BRIDGET SIGHTING; PEGGY AT PLAY

"I WAS LIKE, 'WHAT THE HELL, I've been replaced by Bridget Hall!' " Coquettishly dragging on a Parliament, bartender Gillian Tullman is reliving one of those boldface moments life seems to offer her and her half-dozen housemates with some regularity. They are living together this summer while they work at Tavern, a booming Southampton nightclub, and they want it made clear that a supermodel playing bartender is only the latest "crazy" event in what another roommate, Bill Fresco, calls the "real *Real World*" of their lives together.

EDITED BY MICHAEL HIRSCHORN AND JOHN HOMANS

Written by Sarah Bernard, Maureen Callahan, Ruth G. Davis, Phoebe Eaton, Vanessa Grigoriadis, John Homans, Beth Landman Keil, Braden Keil, Dany Levy, Maer Roshan, Nancy Jo Sales, Kristina Stewart, Norman Vanamee, and Alex Williams

Here on the bottom floor of an anonymous, rain-colored saltbox in the mosquito-heavy backwoods of Sag Harbor, five surprisingly good-looking housemates lounge about early on a Friday night, smoking too many cigarettes. They're not due at work until 9:30 P.M. A poster announcing LIVE REGGAE TONIGHT, allegedly lifted from a recent Yellowman concert, is tilted against the television, which is playing MTV silently, so as not to disturb the Lemonheads blasting from the corner stereo. "If it's my agent, I'm not here," Tullman calls out evenly when the phone rings, blowing on her wet nails. One of the guys pulls a bong hit.

"Bridget's just like any of the other models that come around," Chris Gorman—a relocated Coloradan who describes himself as "a good-looking guy, but it doesn't get to my head"—tells a visitor insouciantly. "But everyone was all crazy that night—the atmosphere was just mayhem. People were pouring drinks on everybody—no big deal, man. You should've been there."

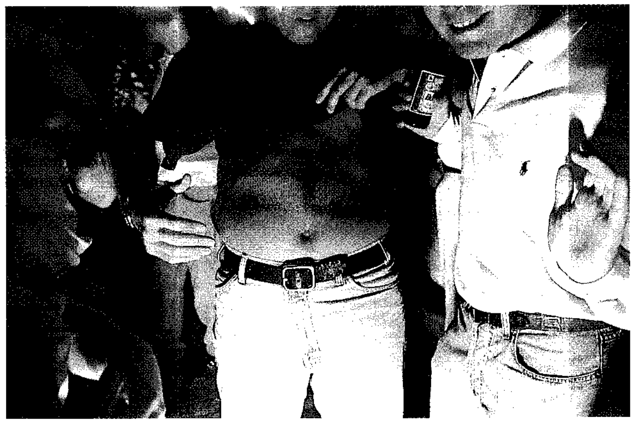
"IT'S SO UNUSUAL TO BE IN complete control," says the publicist Peggy Siegal, watching a procession of high-profile Hamptonites file onto her porch for cocktails. "It's my dream come true."

It's a dream Siegal relives just about every weekend, holding a sort of A-list salon at her Wainscott home. To lure her guests, Siegal uses a sophisticated form of social leverage: "I've tried to mix the list. Literary with show-biz, corporate with media, is always the most successful mix. People here either know each other or know of each other. I've known Calvin for years. So I call him and say Liz Tilberis is coming, and he says okay. Then I call Alfred Taubman and say Calvin and Liz are coming, and he wants to be there. And you know, there's something great about just throwing a party where there's no commercial aspect involved."

On the porch, Jimmy Buffett is fretting over his boat, in peril from the hurricane predicted for tomorrow. Robert Morton, recently deposed *Letterman* producer, spies Buffett's wife, Janie, who, dressed in pink bouclé jacket and tight pastel slacks, looks like she has left Margaritaville behind for good. "Look at those lips. You *are* Virna Lisi," Morton says, smiling.

"Who's Virna Lisi?" Janie asks, wide-eyed.

Elsewhere on the porch, Joanie McDonell is holding forth on the Hemingways. Her expertise derives from the fact that her husband, *Sports Afield* editor Terry McDonell, is at work on a TV script about Ernest Hemingway's life in Paris. "Mariel

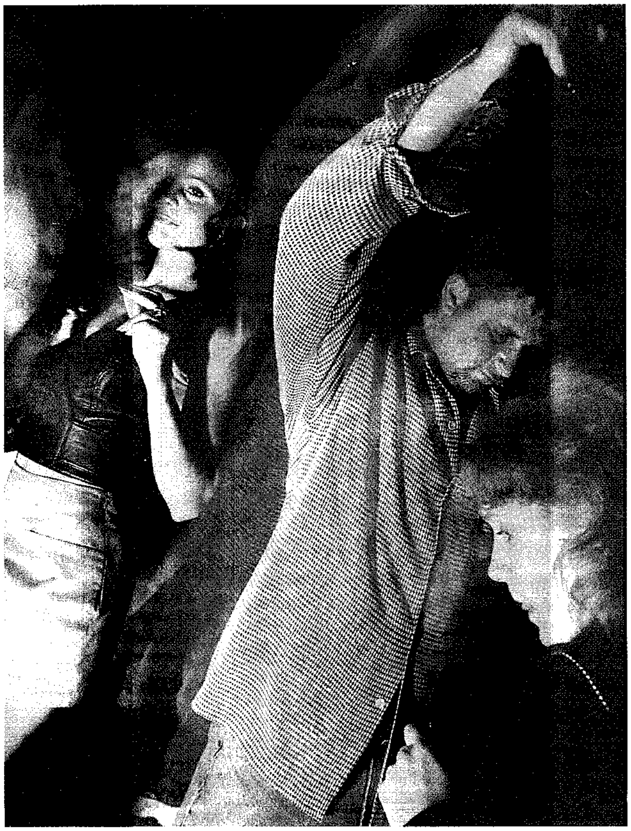


and her father have been a great help on the project," McDonell says.

At about 9 P.M., Siegal and her culinary right hand, Pamela Morgan of Flavors, herd the guests off the porch to their seats inside. Only two remain empty—those slated for Nora Ephron and Nick Pileggi, who are stuck waiting for their houseguest Rosie O'Donnell and her baby boy. O'Donnell's driver is unfamiliar with Hamptons turf and is lost somewhere east of New York City.

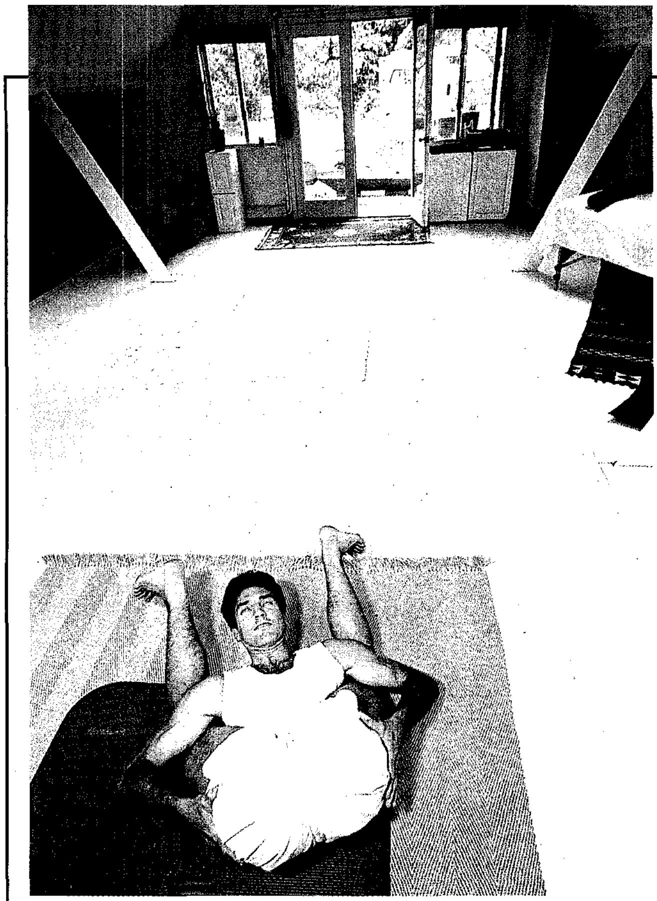
The pewter napkin rings are embellished with little animals, which set some guests off on a search for meaning: "Why did I get the pig?" Joanie McDonell asks. She returns to another Hemingway-related tangent: "Terry's in Sun Valley tonight. Jann was headed out there, too, and gave him a lift on the plane this morning."

Eventually, Joanie brings up the now-famous tale of her adventure with the Hamptons police last year. After she refused a Breatha-



WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE, MAN: **YUPSTERS AT PLAY AT THE TAVERN NIGHTCLUB AFTER MIDNIGHT FRIDAY.**

Photographs by Mark Peterson/Saba.



YOGI OF THE MOMENT: THE GURU TESH AT HIS MAKESHIFT STUDIO.

lyzer, one of the cops, she says, copped a feel. "When that man handcuffed me, he brushed his hand over my chest. I said, 'I know what you're doing.' Then they threw me down and shackled my legs and dragged me to jail. Of course, when they did test me, they realized I hadn't had one drink."

Linda Janklow orchestrates a matchmaking discussion about the just-turned-50 Michael Fuchs, the former head of HBO: "Our friend the bachelor. We have to find someone for Michael."

"And what about Mort [Zuckerman]?" chimes in one guest.

"He's too fastidious to get married," another jokes. "Maybe we should introduce them to each other."

After Morgan's nearly raw tuna and wasabi mayonnaise have been devoured, after the giant plates have been cleared, after the coconut flan with raspberries has become Hamptons culinary history, things begin to get raucous. Morton lifts Siegal onto his lap, and then Tony Kiser, the publishing executive, urges the hostess to lift her lacy, see-through indigo halter. "Show us your tits," he chants, then offers up a toast to Peggy's impending birthday. "How old are you?" he inquires brazenly. "I'm 32," she says. Then, with a flourish, she lifts the top layer of her Geoffrey Beene top. Beneath is a second layer, through which the guests can make out a set of pasties. "They're flesh-colored," she says. "Look."

BACK AT THE TAVERN, GROUND zero of Southampton heterosexuality, it's 11:30 P.M., and before-the-rush antics are in full swing. Chris, a Tunnel promoter in Manhattan and self-proclaimed "bad boy of New York City club life," prepares for his fortnightly duties as the Tavern's *gentil organisateur.* This detail, it would seem, includes poking smaller co-workers with a plastic cleaver ("a present from my moms"), shadowboxing with the guys, and initiating a brief round of who-can-slap-the-ceiling-beam. Tonight's working guest list is circulated around; some joker has appended the names "Your Vagina + 1" and "My Balls + Party."

Bartender Kelly Hanrahan kibitzes with Tullman, a Daisy Miller–esque 21-year-old who says her life plans include becoming Peggy Siegal ("She, like, *owns* the Hamptons"). Tullman turns to bait Michael, Tavern's goateed manager: "You were M-I-A all weekend, keeping it on the D-L with P-A-M." Hanrahan, Buddha-faced, surveys the scene and announces, "This is where the wild things are, man."

"We get a wild crowd in here," agrees Alex Lasky, bottle-blond doorman to the Hamptons' only VIP room. "A few weeks ago, this huge guy comes up and goes, 'Open the rope, or we can do it with security.' I said, 'You think I'm straight?' He goes, 'Probably not,' so I joke 'Hey, take a swing at me—maybe I'm HIV-positive.' " He seems delighted by this display of irreverence.

Inside the chained-off VIP lounge, which affords a privileged second-floor view over the main dance floor, three friends from Horace Mann's Class of 1988 agree that the VIP room is the single best place to party in the Hamptons. "The Hamptons over the last couple of years have gotten, like, kind of cheesy," says one member of the trio, writer Jason Gladstone. "To have a room like this is a nice separation for the city crowd."

Around 4:30 A.M., a blonde—nose and hair swept up perfectly, sweater wrapped schoolgirlishly around her waist—edges barward with the deliberate, circuitous movements of a chess knight. (She is, confides Tavern's jovial-faced co-owner and self-described "New York party legend" John Flanagan, "someone's daughter.") Someone's daughter wriggles under the bar and grabs hold of a bartender's legs. Photographer Baron Christophe von Hohenberg grasps the blonde's midriff from behind. She slithers away, leaving von Hohenberg, exposed in the room's nearly empty epicenter, holding her white sweater.

SATURDAY MORNING

GURUS AHOY; THE CONTRACTOR OF LOVE

FAITH POPCORN IS STANDING barefoot on a white wood floor, dressed in sweat pants and a baggy T-shirt. Her toenails are painted Vamp red, her fingernails Hard Candy Sky. She's come to this A-frame outside of Bridgehampton at 9 A.M. because of the man in the center of the room, a compact 45-year-old with bright blue eyes and short dark hair, who at this moment is springing up and down with his arms flapping.

"*Yaaaaaaaauugh!*" he growls, sticking out his tongue.

"*Yaaaaaaaauugh!*" a few of the eight women gathered around him in a circle growl back, trying hard to match his exuberance.

The man performing these yogalike rituals is Tesh, the consensus guru of the season ever since his arrival in the Hamptons a month ago. "All the beautiful people I've met," he says earnestly. "I have an incredible list of people."

At the end of the class, as the sweaty women gather their belongings to leave, Tesh looks at his watch. "Demi is supposed to be coming by any time now," he says.

Tesh worked with Demi on the set of *Striptease* ("The energy she was looking for was extremely seductive," he says) and Woody Harrelson on the set of *Money Train* ("He was thirsty for the package," he says), but what brought him here this summer from L.A.

Photograph by Barry Munger.

was the spiritual needs of Donna Karan.

"She inspired me to do this," Tesh says as he pours a glass of Evian. He's resting now in the camper he sleeps in out on the lawn, where a large tent is being erected. "Linda Guber [wife of producer Peter Guber], who I've been working with for four or five years, introduced me to Donna. She said, 'Donna's just the right girl; she'll love what you do.' " Karan went down to visit Tesh at the Delano in Miami last winter, where, Tesh says, "we went into five days of silence. It was a beautiful retreat."

What Tesh actually *does* in his 90-minute, $150 private sessions is a little hazy. He started off as a disciple of Werner Erhard in Toronto. "I remember coming home and wanting my parents to go to est and grab the Zen Koan," Tesh says. Now Tesh is building a substantial following of his own. "Donna has intentions," he says cryptically. "There are many people interested in opening up a center in the city—the energy calls out for a light center."

Demi, it turns out, is running late. Gary Tacon, a dark-haired man in a tank top and running shorts, pokes his head into Tesh's camper. Apparently, Tacon; Pamela Serure, a juice-fasting expert; and Barbara Biziou, a psychospiritual counselor, show up regularly at Tesh's classes to offer their services, little fish glomming on to the bigger fish.

"You want to go over to Donna's?" Tacon asks. "I got to go over to Donna's. She owes me a lot of dough."

"Yeah," Tesh says. "I'll go over to Donna's."

THE AIR IS SWEET WITH PRIVET hedge outside Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger's house in Amagansett. Off in the distance, you can hear the ocean churning. "This place was built in 1697," says Jeffrey Collé, the Hollywood couple's contractor. "So it's a very sensitive project. You have to be really careful how you connect the old and the new."

Out back, a two-story, multi-million-dollar addition is under way. Collé treads smoothly along a scaffolding plank balanced across a ten-foot-deep ditch. In his jeans, work boots, and soft light-blue button-down shirt, Collé looks a lot like Jack Nicholson trying to be Sam Shepard. He's the Hamptons' Contractor to the Stars.

"You're dealing with very powerful people," he says. His accent is born-and-bred Massapequa. "You're dealing with people who don't like to hear excuses." Barbra Streisand, Donna Karan, Jann Wenner, MacAndrews & Forbes executive Howard Gittis, and Telerate founder Neil Hirsch have all used the services of Collé's East Hampton–based J.C. Construction.

"So you find out exactly what they want you to do, and then you do it. You give the client the house they love."

The construction site is eerily quiet; the owners are away making movies. "It's always amazing to me," he says, "what those contractors did 300 years ago with just glue, screws, and nails."

Collé's trademarks are his historically correct construction techniques and attention to Old World detail—in-house crafted cabinetry, moldings, wainscoting, paneling. Buttermilk rubbed on stones to make charming moss sprout; bottom mud from the bay rubbed on shingles—all for that lived-in-for-hundreds-of-years look. It can be fright-

CONTRACTOR, LOVER, PAL: JEFFREY COLLÉ IN FRONT OF THE WAINSCOTT HOME HE BUILT HIMSELF.

Photograph by Chris Militscher.

TALES OF THE HAMPTONS

eningly costly; but then, Collé's customers can handle it. "You wince," Baldwin says, "but you turn around and it's worth every dime."

"I've become very friendly with a lot of my clients," Collé admits, crossing back to terra firma. He and Alec and Kim have done Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. Billy Joel sang "Happy Birthday" at Collé's 79-year-old father's birthday party. "A lot of these people have a hard time trusting, because there's a lot of people out there trying to take advantage of them," Collé says, his arms folded across his broad chest. "They can trust me," he says. He's got a devilish, toothy grin.

A scruffy gray dog emerges from the surrounding greenery and runs right up to the builder, tail wagging. Collé is everybody's friend. He tosses a stick.

We climb into his Ford pickup truck. "You want to talk to Billy Joel?" he asks, dialing his car phone.

"Yo, it's me." Collé needs to identify himself no further. The Piano Man is on the speaker. "Yo," Joel says.

The songwriter allows that Collé built him a recording studio on Shelter Island and a playhouse for his 10-year-old daughter, Alexa; now Collé is at work on a major addition to Joel's Mediterranean-style mansion in Amagansett.

"You still got that Ducati, there, Jeffrey?" Joel asks.

They "ride" together. "Jeffrey's into these new fast bikes," Joel says. A Ducati is "an Italian motorcycle, very sexy, very powerful. I went through my Ducati stage a long time ago," Joel adds, "but now I just putter around on my big fat old Moto Guzzi like an old man."

"I have to drive my Harley when I ride with him," teases Collé. But not when he rides with Billy Baldwin, or Donna Karan's sculptor husband, Stephan Weiss.

Out in the Hamptons, the mystique of the cool-enough-for-Kim-and-Alec contractor runs something like this: cowboy boots (he has many pairs), bikes, and babes. The visitor asks Joel about the last part.

"Billy," Collé warns from the driver's seat.

"Uh," says Joel. "I'm not saying nothin'."

"Who you been hearing this from?" Collé asks, grinning.

He's well aware of, and, he says, perturbed by his reputation as one of the Hamptons' most eligible and indefatigable bachelors. "I have a lot of female friends," he says. "They're just friends."

And sometimes more. Collé dated clothing designer Josephine Chaus and built her house on Lily Pond Lane, which "Page Six" described as having a "romantic feel." Last winter, he was squiring sort-of-supermodel Kim Acee to East Hampton hot spots like Nick & Toni's. Recently, he's been seen dining at the American Hotel restaurant in Sag Harbor with brunette beauty and actress-model-whatever Sam Jenkins.

"Look, I'm 44, and I've never been married," says Collé. "I've got a good business going. Everybody and their mother is trying to fix me up."

We're on Further Lane in East Hampton—one of the so-called desirable addresses where you can pass a number of homes built or restored by J.C. Construction. "I meet a lot of girls," Collé concedes. "I go on a lot of dates."

Alec Baldwin phrased it this way: "There's a lot of roadkill on *that* highway."

"Alec said that?" Collé asks. He seems truly horrified. "That's terrible. I'm not like that . . . I'm not an animal!"

About 30 seconds of tense silence pass. Then Collé begins to cackle. "Aaah," he says. "He just likes to bust my chops."

Maidstone Hall is our next stop. We take a walk around the exterior of the stately white landmark mansion on Ocean Avenue in East Hampton. J.C. Construction completed the largest restoration in Hamptons history here in just sixteen months (finishing in 1992). Besides gutting and rebuilding the 1867 interior, Collé's people jacked up the entire wedding-cake-like structure and replaced the old stacked-stone foundation.

Collé points up to the cupola. "We cladded it with copper on site," he says proudly.

"I have my tasteful side," he offers. "I work well with the designers."

Donna Karan says, "Jeffrey understood change" when he built her contemporary East Hampton home. "To me, it was, oh, it's a dress, take the hemline down, how many whites can we go through before the house is painted."

"I work well with the women," Collé adds.

He catches himself. "Now, you gotta stop going there," he tells the visitor. "It doesn't work that way. I couldn't work that way."

Collé gives the visitor a playful shove, and walks off across the lawn, shaking his head.

FIXER-UPPER: CHRISTINA GALESI AND DAD FRANCESCO AND THEIR 44,500-SQ.-FT. HOME.

HAMPTONS SPIN CONTROL: "IT looks really expensive, but really it was dirt cheap." Christina Galesi—31, black stretch pants, sneakers, and a full head of red party-girl hair—thinks this is a point worth accentuating: "He gets a lot of the stuff from this industrial park that he owns up in Albany, so it's not like it costs him anything."

A tour of the Galesi oceanside home really begins with the drive up, where the visitor is greeted by Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 booming from speakers, camouflaged as rocks, cunningly planted amid the beach grass. The Southampton estate is no stranger to such grand flourishes: In fact, it is its very over-the-topness that has made it the most infamous house in the Hamptons.

Financier Barry Trupin acquired Dragon's Head, the Georgian mansion built by Henry du Pont, back in 1979. His additions—an extra 20,000 square feet, turrets, gables, and a mansard roof—have galled neighbors ever since (*New York,* June 18, 1984). So much so, in fact, that the Town of South-

Photograph by Chris Buck.

POWER MAID: PAT LILLIS WITH TIBETAN TERRIERS BAMBOO (LEFT) AND BOY-BOY.

ampton issued a stop-work order in 1984. After three years of wrangling with the town, and after spending millions, the by now financially troubled Trupin tried to unload the estate for $12 million. In 1992, real-estate and telecommunications entrepreneur Francesco Galesi finally bit, for a mere $3 million. He's still putting on the final touches. After all, the man has 44,500 square feet to cover.

In the tennis-court-size kitchen the Galesis—Princess Marina, Francesco, a few friends, and Tiger, Christina's lambishly docile Doberman, who perches on two legs and plants his front paws in the belly of a visitor—are seated at the 3,000-pound onyx-granite kitchen table. "This house was an eyesore," Christina says, "and my father saw it as an opportunity to take this ugly situation and turn it into something really beautiful."

She leads the visitor over to a frieze, 33 feet long and 10 feet high, a Parthenon replica depicting horses and soldiers. "Everything is this sort of mishmash," Christina explains. "He's got this woman who goes to Bali and fills these containers with tons and tons of stuff, like furniture and art, and she knows *exactly* his taste."

Sneakers squeaking on the African-mahogany floor, Christina enters a spa-like atrium known as the aquarium room, a skylit space with an indoor waterfall and lush vegetation: hibiscus trees, eucalyptus, and a banana tree. A twelve-foot knight in shining armor stands guard over a natural-looking pool at the room's center. Only this is not a pool. It's the 100,000-gallon home of a tiger shark named Smiley, a moray eel, and more than 1,000 other fish, all closely monitored by Mike Cappaluzzo, the in-house marine biologist. A floor below is the grotto, from which vantage point you can get a clear look at Smiley et al. "Sometimes I just come down here and meditate with the fish," she says. She makes her way back upstairs, through underground passageways, a screening room under construction, a never-used sauna, an almost-completed gym; past boxes upon boxes of Christina's stuff (she recently closed down her corporate-gift-basket business in Los Angeles and moved back to work for Dad).

"My father spends every free minute he has on this place," she says. "It really is his passion." So he's a hands-on kind of guy? "Oh, no," she says, fingering her waist-length mane. "It's not like he does that part himself; it's more like he has this idea and he says, 'This is my vision, please make it happen.' "

'THE ENERGY DEMI WAS LOOKING FOR WAS EXTREMELY SEDUCTIVE.'

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

HELLO, LULU!; THE LAWYER'S PET PIG

FOR 45-YEAR-OLD PAT LILLIS—her wiry frame nearly swallowed up by baggy white shorts and X-large black T-shirt bearing the slogan WARM PEOPLE DON'T NEED FUR—this rented Mercury Tracer, littered with Tums, cigarette packs, and paper coffee cups, serves as mobile HQ for the cleaning business she's run since emigrating here seven years ago. "When I left Ireland, I had somebody's address who did work in the Hamptons, and they said, 'Why don't you do housekeeping?' " No wallflower, she began advertising in the East Hampton *Star*, and now has some 50 clients.

"See that house over there?" she says, slowing down. "I used to clean that

Photograph by Chris Militscher.

house. That guy used to be on *Saturday Night Live.* Very nice man. I turned the show on once or twice to see him, but all I saw was garbage." A high-pitched sound pierces the air; Lillis shakes her beeper in the air triumphantly. "Action!" She pops the lid on her coffee, fires up another Merit 100, and hits the pedal.

She stops at a flat, single-story hacienda to check on a client who's having a dinner tonight. A young girl in a tuxedo shirt and tie, her frizzy brown hair spraying out of a banana clip, stands at attention at the door. She works for Lillis. Lillis's client emerges and leads her through an immaculately sparse house—all white walls, modern Art Deco furniture, plenty of glass—to the kitchen, where an impressive array of food sits on a huge countertop. "Do you remember the first time we met?" asks the client. Lillis says nothing. "I had this *horrible* experience with another cleaning lady, and I was having guests and someone said, 'You should call Pat Lillis,' and Pat fixed everything! Don't you remember that?" Lillis, head bowed slightly, arms crossed behind her back, shakes her head. The doorbell rings, and Lillis scurries out the back door.

En route to her next appointment, Lillis lets loose. "Do you know what I don't understand about rich people?" she asks. "They will spend $12 million on a house and buy a $50 vacuum. They will inherit their great-uncle's mansion *and* inherit the toilet-bowl brush. They will go out to Nick & Toni's, where they will pay $300 a plate for their dinner, which is, like, a head of lettuce! But they won't pay for us, like, down on our knees scrubbing, with our hands down their toilet." Lillis's workers get $25 per hour in an area where the going rate is often $8 an hour. "When I first got here," she continues, "I got pretty badly abused. I spent two days on one house—washing the walls, cleaning the chimney, scrubbing cupboards—and then they said, 'Oh, we thought you said $60 for two *days'* work.' "

In Ireland, Lillis grew up on a large farm. "We had our *own* cleaning people," she says. "But even so, we'd pitch in and help." She pauses. "Then, as we got more and more poverty-stricken, we had to do it all ourselves.

"You know what?" she asks brightly, changing the subject. "I'd like to be invited to clean the house of Paul McCartney. He and his wife have used his fame to benefit the animal world." She squints at a furry speck of animal far down the road and smacks the horn with her palm. "Get out of the *waaaay,* Johnny!" she yells through a stream of smoke.

Lillis lives with her friend Mary in East Hampton's low-rent district, in a small three-bedroom house. She opens the door and a scruffy Tibetan terrier bounds up. She smacks his head with a kiss and takes four steps through the front room—stuffed with a beat-up gray sofa, an armchair, and a thirteen-inch TV—into the kitchen. "Hello, Lulu!" she yells. Lulu, an incredibly fat chicken who is shedding a fair number of feathers, lifts her head from her feed. A black cat springs out of nowhere and scampers out of the room. "That's Davey," says Lillis, busying herself at the stove. "I just got him."

Lillis's kitchen is in disarray. Old newspapers and magazines are stacked three feet high; chicken feed and pet food litter the floor. While the kettle's on, Lillis greets her eight or so other chickens in the backyard, then wanders into her bedroom. Next to her bed is a wide nightstand strewn with magazines and more Tums. She peeks around her cluttered desk; three bunny rabbits, all huddled together, look up. "I've got another in the garage," she says.

The kettle whistles and Lillis shoves aside some mail and magazines and sets down the teacups, then brings out some bread, jam, and butter. She arranges her cigarettes and ashtray next to her plate and, when everything is finally in place, sits down at the table, sips her tea, and surveys the room. Lulu squawks. For the first time all day, Lillis is still.

"DID YOU SEE OUR NEW AD?" Bruce Davis asks in his Brooklyn accent, rustling through the pages of *Hamptons* magazine and quickly homing in on a two-page spread. Wearing a red-white-and-blue bathing suit, leaning on a crutch, her left arm in a cast, staring out with a fierce ridiculousness, the woman pictured looks like a Mongolian ice princess. The slogan reads ACCIDENTS HAPPEN. Below is a phone number: 1-800-LAWYERS.

Davis studies the ad raptly. It's his life, really, distilled onto a magazine page. The phone number is his tautological masterstroke, driving a system in which there is no need to chase ambulances; the ambulances come directly to you. Last year, he says, the firm he founded in 1976 brought three times more claims against the city of

HOUND DOG: MARK BAKER (RIGHT) AND THOR CRUISE THE HAMPTONS.

Photograph by Michael Ackerman.

New York than its nearest competitor.

The woman in the ad is his wife, Pamala, and she's sitting right here, actually, in one of the fourteen units of the Sag Harbor Beach Club, a large, white, condominium-type structure that Davis owns in toto and uses as a wacky, ad hoc mansion, moving from condo to condo by climbing around the dividers on the balcony. In person, Pamala looks neither fierce nor ridiculous. She's doe-eyed, winsome, surprisingly shy given that she's wearing a hot-pink, flowered dress only slightly longer than her waist-length hair. When a guest suggests that she's more beautiful in person, Davis seems surprised. "So," he asks, "you like her better without all the makeup?"

Davis was in Sioux Falls in 1988 bringing legal action against a local phone company that had the temerity to assign 1-800-LAWYERS to someone else. He walked into the Holiday Inn restaurant, and there was this stunning creature. At the time, Pamala was a rather sheltered girl, a Bible student. "She'd never had a drink," he says. "Never been to a club. Never had a cigarette. Never been touched by a man."

Davis changed all that. He took her away from her Baptist family, brought her to New York, and married her in 1992. The ceremony was at the Plaza Hotel, a thousand people or so dancing to the Village People. Donald Trump told Davis "it was the best wedding ever at the Plaza." At the afterparty—at Marylou's in the village, Davis's second home—Jackie Mason said into the wedding video camera, "I had Pamala before, and she's not that good." "He's a funny guy, Jackie Mason," says Davis.

The Hamptons ad isn't really for business reasons ("Everybody's a lawyer out here," Davis says) but rather a sign to his weekend neighbors that he's on the scene, is spending freely, has a beautiful wife—and that, all things considered, it's pretty good

SCENES FROM A PARTY: SOUTHAMPTON'S PARRISH MUSEUM GALA, HELD SATURDAY NIGHT UNDER A TENT ON THE MUSEUM GROUNDS, WAS OLDISH MONEY'S EVENT OF THE WEEKEND, SOME SAY THE SUMMER.

Photographs by Mark Peterson/Saba.

to be Bruce Davis. Downstairs in the driveway of the Sag Harbor Beach Club are a red Rolls-Royce (license plate: BD); a bright-red Dodge Viper; a bright-red Suburban—for trucking Pamala and their two small children and Buddy, a giant, somewhat arthritic English mastiff, back and forth from the city—and a bright-red Hummer, an excellent toy. Its license plate is also a tautological masterstroke. "It's great," says Davis, "because you're driving behind the Hummer, and what do you think? You think, *This thing's really wide.* And that's what the license plate says: WIDE."

Davis looks like a cop, with the hint of a swagger, a neatly clipped mustache, and Irish hooded eyes. A New York City cop is what his father was, and what he almost became. "My father is the best guy in the world, and I loved my father," says Davis, "but this is America. Some Monday mornings, before I wake up, before I get to the office, I make more money than he did in 23 years, on the streets, putting his life on the line. Isn't that amazing?"

Outside, the rain has stopped, and the sky is beginning to lighten, but the tail end of Hurricane Bertha is still enough to knock you off balance. A photographer has arrived to take Davis's picture. "We could have her wear the bathing suit she wore in the ad," suggests Davis. "That would be fun."

"Great," says the photographer.

Pamala looks perhaps a bit crestfallen as the negotiations continue. Later, she says, with a tentative laugh, "*You* get to wear clothes, but I have to wear a bathing suit."

First on the agenda, though, is a shot of the Davis family as well as its automotive and animal adjuncts. Besides Buddy the mastiff, there is an ancient toy poodle, Mike. Back in Manhattan are two macaws, a three-legged turtle Davis found injured on a road out here and nursed back to health, and, until recently, a ferret "who passed away." There is also, in its own room on the ground floor of the far-right unit of the Sag Harbor Beach Club, a large, black Vietnamese pot-bellied pig (with some wild boar in its parentage, Davis believes), currently weighing in at something over 100 pounds, named Winston. Pamala, a piece of pita spread with peanut butter in one hand, goes into the darkened room to lure him out. "Winston likes her," says Davis.

Winston gets a whiff of the pita and peanut butter and comes out to greet the day. He's got short yellowed tusks, a leathery, riding-crop tail that rotors like a propeller, a stomach about three inches off the ground, and a crazy, lurching, gimpy walk. Winston definitely wants the snack, but not if it means straying too far from the safety of his condo, and he keeps coming closer to Pamala's hand—beauty and the beast—then thinking better of it and lurching away.

As the photographer is packing up, three short, thick young men in Bermuda shorts appear at the gate of the Sag Harbor Beach Club, having apparently weathered the storm in a local bar. "You should take a shot of da little dog being eaten by da big dog," says one, to the great amusement of the other two. Then they catch sight of Winston.

"Look at that thing," says one. The three break out in a little squall of drunken excitement, pointing and squealing and bouncing their heads in amazement. Davis comes over to speak to his public. He loves an audience. *Hamptons* magazine regularly gets letters from readers complaining that his ad is tasteless. Davis has no problem with

ROMANCING THE BONE: GALLERY OWNER VERED (CENTER) WITH *MUT HUT* ARCHITECT FRANK ZWIRKO (RIGHT) AND HIS PARTNER BOB ORTMANN.

> **“ROSS IS THE DAD, BIANCA IS THE MOM. WE’RE LIKE AN ALTERNATIVE FAMILY.”**

that. “It shows,” he says, “they’re paying attention.”

“SHE’S UP THERE,” SAYS JERRY della Femina, standing at the bar of his East Hampton restaurant, Della Femina, and pointing toward the framed, Hirschfeld-esque caricatures of Hamptons notables that hang on the wall, à la Sardi’s.

“She’s the one who looks like . . .”

“Marlo Thomas?”

“Cruella De Vil.”

Della Femina, 59, the Brooklyn-born adman whose efforts to publicize others have made him a very rich man, seems to be consciously reprising a defining moment of his own, his chance to radiate his peculiar Hamptons achievement, to be the outsider insider.

This moment occurred last summer. It was his much-publicized tiff with Peggy Siegal, the woman on the wall. Last July, Siegal nixed Della Femina from his customary spot on the list of Eastern Long Island’s media elite, at least for an evening. The party in question was a Sag Harbor screening of HBO’s *Truman,* dinner to follow.

Della Femina responded with his own power party at his own power restaurant in the Hampton—East—that he has been vying to make his own for most of a decade. It’s been a push of self-promotion that has brought an equally great, if Waspily subtle, counteroffensive.

A hundred people turned out to his party to witness the public removal of Siegal’s caricature, which hung just above Billy Joel’s. Jerry, at least, can laugh about it now. “She’s back up on my wall,” he says, “on probation.”

Della Femina talks in the street-inflected nasal tones of a prizefighter who’s had his nose broken once too often. With his trademark shaved head and a bristly goatee, his eyes forever hidden by tinted aviator glasses, he maintains a Quinn Martin Production look, as if he’s been cast for life as a street-smart informant in a seventies crime drama. It seems inevitable that if Jerry was to take East Hampton, he would engage in at the very least a cold war with the old culture there, the Wasps in faded cotton, epitomized by the 105-year-old Maidstone Club.

“I don’t even think they want me to drive past Maidstone,” laughs Della Femina. “I don’t think I’m their . . . their . . . their”—he searches for the phrase—“cup of tea.”

In 1992, Jerry opened Della Femina across from Nick & Toni’s. Jerry figured that the town needed another power-dining spot and, more important, needed a Jerry-style power spot—the sleek, muted lavishness dressed up with a sunny populism. “What works,” he says, “is that it’s clubby in that people who don’t belong to clubs feel that this is their place, too.”

And while he wants to make clear that he’s not siding firmly with the invading Manhattanite hordes—“I’ve seen a change in the look of the Village, a bad change. It’s become very slick. It looks like Palm Beach”—he also wants to make clear that he admits to only a minor role in that transformation.

“We had Barbra Streisand come into our restaurant and ask for takeout,” he recalls. “For the next three to four weeks, people were calling, asking, ‘When is Barbra Streisand coming back in?’

“A lot of the celebrity frenzy is probably the fault of Nick & Toni’s and the Palm and everything else. People report who’s at their restaurants. It shows up in the papers, and then people come out to see who is there.”

He pauses. “I wish I was a good enough person to say I wouldn’t do that anymore. But, uh, I’m not.”

SATURDAY NIGHT

ANOTHER DALAI LAMA FAN; PRECIOUS LOVES HIS BLUE CHEESE

CLUB PROMOTER MARK BAKER is hiding out in a remote corner of Southampton. He used to rent in Sagaponack and Bridgehampton. But his address soon became as prized as his cellular-phone number, and “the house was becoming, like, an after-hours club for the events that we do here.” *We* is Mark Baker and his entourage; he often uses the pronoun interchangeably with *I,* which isn’t so odd considering that Baker is what he brings to the party—a mob of altitudinous fashion models, well-turned-out Eurotykes, and priapic moguls staring down the craw of mid-life crisis. “I have a hard time saying no,” Baker admits.

Evidently. A volleyball net has already been pitched on the shaggy, sunburned front lawn. Last weekend, Baker had so many houseguests, he had to sleep on his dock. “I was bitten alive,” he says cheerfully. “That was the only bad of it.”

Baker—a trippy vision of Christ with pirate-hoop earrings and a St. Tropez tan—promotes Manhattan’s Tunnel on Friday nights. As things wind down, at around 3:30 in the morning, he likes to slide behind the wheel of his black Ferrari Mondial convertible and rocket onto an empty L.I.E.

Out in Southampton, the Saturday night schmoozathon is under way even before sunset. Baker has a Motorola cellular slapped against his stubbled jaw; NYNEX gives him phones free—after all, he *does* pay $3,000 to $4,000 a month in phone bills. So he can keep them all straight, the pals on his “triple-A list” have notations—*herbalist* or *transsexual*—beside their names; in a ten-day period, he says, he talks to almost all 800 of them. And there are a few he wishes he heard from less frequently (“A girl in L.A. was at this hotel. There was no room service at 5 A.M. So she calls *me* because she was hungry!”).

Baker’s 19-year-old girlfriend, Aline, is nibbling a bagel with lox and cream cheese. The Berliner says they met after Baker posted a flyer at her New York agency, American Model Corporation, a few weeks ago, and she rented a room in his apartment. Aline is the first girlfriend Baker has had in four years, but, he says, “she’s leaving for L.A. tomorrow, which is good.” He explains: “Having any kind of relationship is almost impossible in this business, because there are so many people and glam girls about, and sometimes, it’s difficult—you know—having to share.”

“I’ve never been alone with him,” Aline later confides wearily. “Do you think I can trust him?”

Karen, a 21-year-old blonde ex-model from Minnesota with a pierced navel who works as the Amazon’s cashier, strides through the living room–cum–rec room.

Photograph by Barry Munger.

TALES OF THE HAMPTONS

Baker stares at her jeans. "That rip's getting bigger," he says. "Couldn't help noticing." She smiles awkwardly.

This summer, one of Baker's gigs is promoting Sag Harbor's Amazon. For three years, he worked for the Country Club at Conscience Point in Southampton, splitting after Bostonian Seth Greenberg took over the lease and changed the name to M-80. "We'd kind of cornered the market in Euro-fabulous-fashion-cockaroo," Baker says. "I wanted to go a little bit more exclusive than Seth wanted to go." Baker flicks a hank of blond hair over his shoulder: "*He* doesn't have to worry about his reputation."

Baker insists that you don't have to be fabulous to get past the rope at his Amazon parties, "just nonoffensive. If you're groups of big guys, you're not coming in. I wouldn't let in big groups of girls, either. Twenty girls all spritzed out." He winces. How about a gaggle of models? "If they were smokin' six-footers, sure. I wouldn't turn 'em away."

Baker is not always on the go. He meditates twice daily and visits Bali at least once a year. "We're too electronic and too materialistic over here," he says. "We've lost our spirituality." He waves a copy of the Dalai Lama's book *The World of Tibetan Buddhism*. "This man is incredibly intelligent." Catching a bug on a piece of paper, he carries it over to the screen door and blows it free.

A LONE BALLOON BOBS ON A Scuttlehole Road mailbox. "This would have been a party of 250 to 300 people," Baker says, apologetically. It was supposed to happen on the beach but has instead been moved to a barn, which is distressingly unmobbed. A jewelry dealer named Jacqui is celebrating her 40th birthday. Baker chats with a celebrity photographer and a male model named Walter before sneaking out: "When you go to a party, you can have an adverse effect when lots of people leave with you. You must slip out so you don't vacuum the party." Usually, Baker visits ten or twelve dos on an average Saturday, spending about twenty minutes at each. But with tonight's attenuated schedule, he actually has time to stop off for a fairly prolonged—45 minutes—"snack" at Boom Bistro in Bridgehampton. He has a phobia about sitting with his back to the room, he says, "since I've been stabbed and shot a coupla times."

Before long, Baker is back on the subject of Buddhism: "The Dalai Lama is realistic. He must have a reason for having so much time to see Richard Gere and Steven Seagal. Oliver offered to take me to see him. Steven offered to take me, but I want to be humble. I want to trek to get there." The idea that the Dalai Lama met with Seagal clearly rankles. "Steven propagates violence in his movies," he says.

Baker trudges up to the Amazon's back door and has a few words in Italian with the doorman. Last night, Bertha sacked the VIP deck. "Normally, this is mobsville," says Baker. "I'm scared to even go in."

Baker flings himself into a banquette and shakes hands with his guest of honor, D.J. Pete Tong—the hottest thing going in England. Tong met Baker while clubbing at La Palace in Paris during the fashion shows. "We're in the club frat," says Tong cockily.

Patrick Moxey, a Manhattan music executive who has started a new label with Tong, has known Baker for seven years and says he hears all these stories about Baker from the English. That Baker was once the world skateboard speed champion, for instance. "He's from Brighton, the beach town of England," says Moxey. "You could say he's a Californian from England. You know Brighton? Like the Who in *Quadrophenia*?"

Baker actually *was* born in Brighton, but that's not the interesting part. He ran away and joined the Chipperfields Circus when he was 11. He swears this is true. "They used to dress me up as a gorilla," he says, "to run around giving out invites."

THE VERED GALLERY IN EAST Hampton is packed with suntanned people and well-groomed dogs. The people drink champagne and nibble chocolate doggy bones; the dogs strain at monogrammed collars and sniff around intently, occasionally woofing over the loud chatter.

"I get the feeling of a campaign tent," says Janet Lehr, the spiky-haired co-owner of the gallery. She's referring to the gauze Deployable Dog House standing before us, designed by architect Francois deMenil. "And this I think of as a California villa." Lehr regards Peter Marino's Cross Palo Alto pooch perch. "We don't see much of that red tile here in the Hamptons," she adds with an insider's smile.

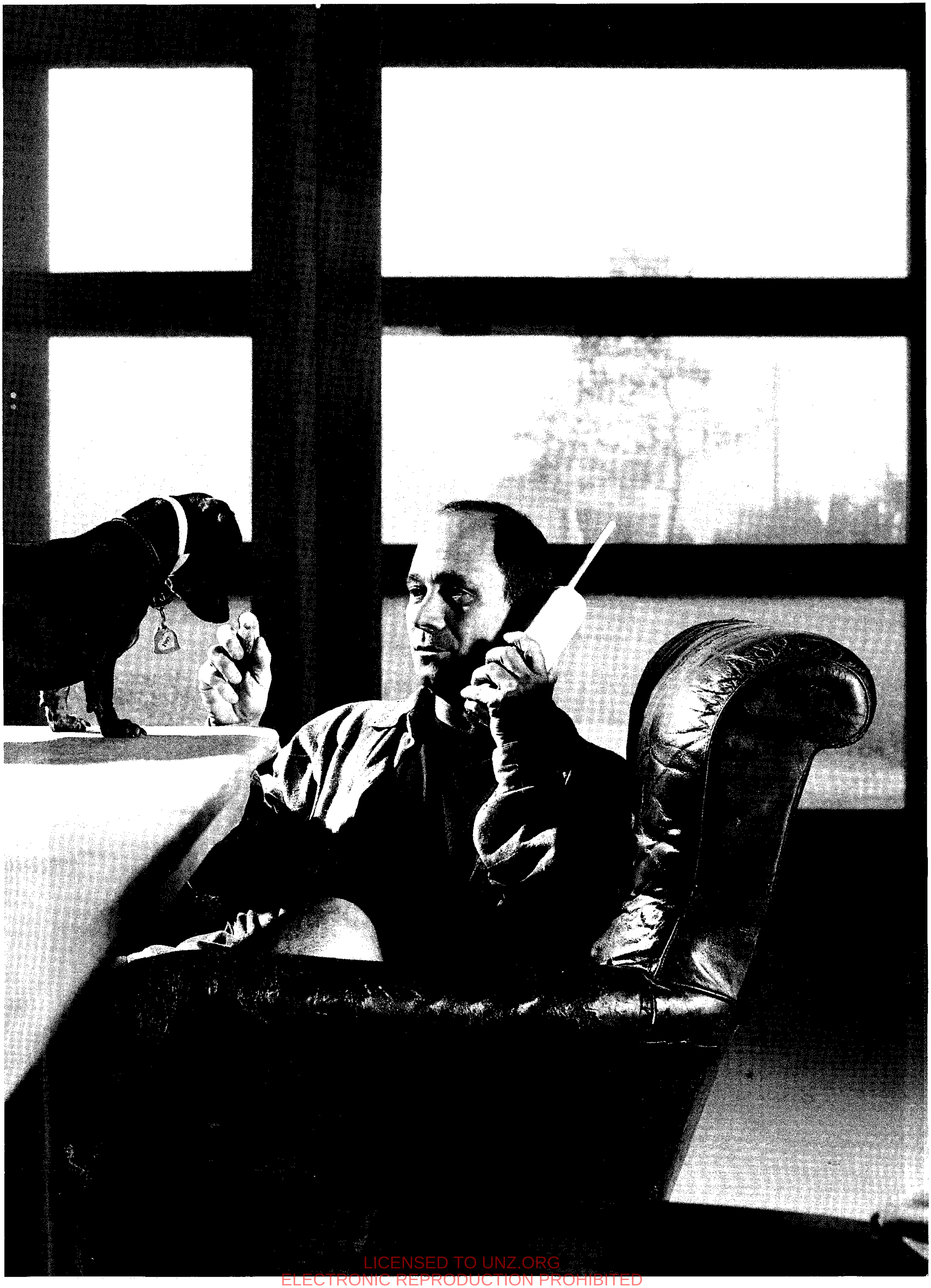
Charles Gwathmey has created a Cubist, exploded doghouse entitled Villa Dog. "This is very much in his idiom," says Lehr. "The beauty is in the planes."

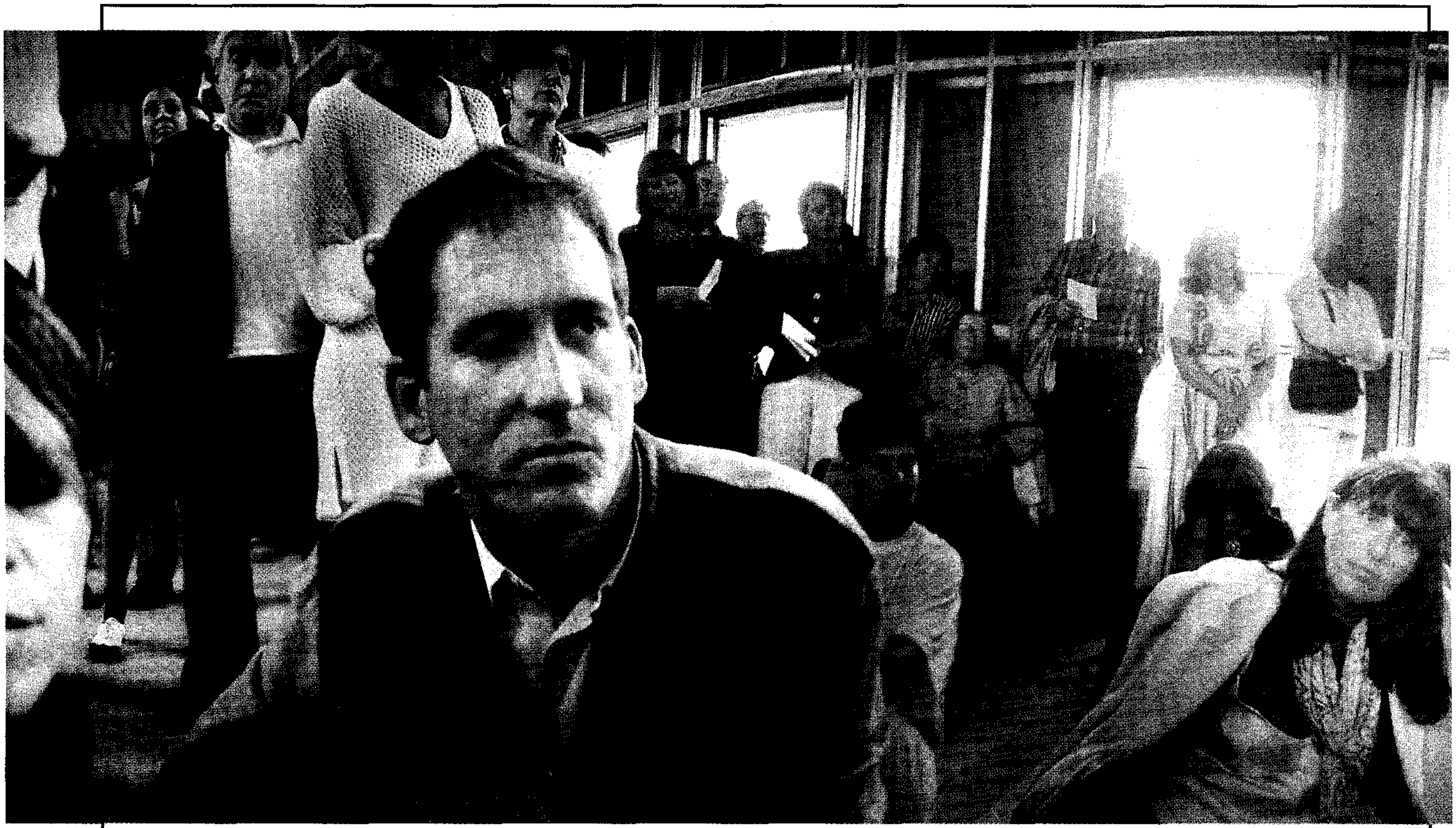
The single-named Vered, the eponymous gallery co-owner, throws an arm jangling with bracelets in the air and announces: "I want the doggies to try them out!"

Vered tries to coax Precious, a 6-month-old Lhasa Apso, inside a large tire wheel with MUT HUT painted across the top in white.

THE ARTIST AT REST: ROSS BLECKNER (RIGHT) AND MINI IN HIS SAGAPONACK STUDIO.

Photograph by Chris Buck.





PERFORMANCE ANXIETY: BENEFIT ATTENDEES—DONNA KARAN (SEATED IN FOREGROUND), DEMI MOORE (SEATED IN SUNGLASSES AND TANK-TOP), ANNIE LEIBOVITZ (SEATED IN EYEGLASSES)—WAITING FOR THE START OF ROBERT WILSON'S SHOW AT THE WATERMILL CENTER. RIGHT, TABLES AWAIT WATERMILL DINERS.

“We used *Mut* instead of *Mutt* because the word isn't in the dictionary under any spelling,” says Frank Zwirko, co-architect of the doghouse. Plus, he says, “*Mutt* wouldn't have looked balanced.”

Vered waves a piece of blue cheese in front of Precious at the door of the Mut Hut. “Come on, I know you *love* these,” Vered says in a thick Israeli accent. The woman who calls herself Precious's mommy clutches the puppy adoringly.

Zwirko expounds upon the utilitarian features of the Mut Hut: “It's all made from recyclable materials. The stand is a crate used for shipping. The trough in the tire may collect rainwater, but there's a cork for drainage. . . .”

Precious is unable to resist the blue cheese any longer. He springs gingerly from his mommy's arms and into the Hut. There is applause. “He's so comfortable!” says Vered, as Precious squirms wildly, paws up, on replaceable, recyclable wood chips.

“I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING wrong with that officer—she's being really mean.”

It's Saturday night around 2:30 A.M., and Officer Dorine Drohan of the East Hampton Town Police Department is standing behind a brand-new black Mercedes with Florida plates administering a field-sobriety test to its pretty young driver. A blonde, in a tight floral skirt, has jumped out of the back seat and run over to plead with Officer Tom Grenci. “I mean, our house is right around the corner,” she says, leaning way into the police cruiser. “Does it matter that she hasn't told us what we are charged with?”

A well-tanned man in his thirties pokes his head out of the passenger window and yells at Drohan: “I demand to know your badge number. What are we charged with?”

It has been a slower-than-usual night for the 40-person East Hampton Town Police Department. So far, there has been one fire alarm at a beach house (false); one report of a suspicious person walking near a nightclub; and one mention on the scanner of a windsurfer who might have been stuck off Montauk Point but who at any rate is now safe.

Despite the calm night, however, Drohan is beginning to lose her patience. “I told you to stay in the car,” she says, drawing herself up to her full five feet four inches. The blonde stalks back to the Mercedes, pulls a cellular phone out of her purse, and starts dialing.

“This is Dorine's arrest,” Grenci explains, fiddling with the scanner. “You start answering one suspect's questions; they have two answers; they try to play you off each other; and then they start breaking *your* balls.”

The driver, who is wearing a white tank top and black satin pants, fails the test. Drohan asks her to place her hands on the hood of the cruiser and begins reciting the Miranda rights. The driver convulses once and begins to cry. “This is ridiculous,” the tan guy screams. He jumps out of the car and runs up to Drohan. “I demand to know the charges.”

“Get back in the car!” Drohan yells. The man begins to walk away, but then he darts over to the passenger window of the cruiser. “She is out of line,” he yells at Grenci. Seeing that this tack is getting him nowhere, he walks back to Drohan and pushes his chest in her face: “What's your problem, anyway?” he asks.

All three of the holding cells for male prisoners at the cluttered and damp East Hampton Town Police headquarters are full, so the tan guy—who has been booked for harassing a police officer—has to spend the night in a pink cell usually reserved for women. “Let me tell you,” he says every so often. “I wouldn't want to have your job.”

Nearby, in a six-by-six interview room, Drohan is questioning the driver, who has resumed weeping. "I'm a mother of two. I'm a good person," she says. "I didn't even want to go out tonight."

The driver's husband calls, and Drohan gets on the phone. "The situation is that your wife has refused to take the blood-alcohol-level test," she tells him. "She has that right, but if she doesn't take the test, she's going to spend the night in jail no matter what. If she does take it, and she's below 0.1 percent, she can go home and show up in court later." Drohan listens for a moment, then hands the phone to the woman. "I shouldn't be letting you talk to him again," she says. "You've got two minutes."

Ten minutes later, the driver finally agrees to take the test. She whimpers a little as she blows into a machine placed on a desk near the men's holding cells. Loud snoring emanates from the three other DWI lockups. When she's done, Drohan allows her to go outside with Grenci for a cigarette. "So, how many kids do you have, anyway?" he asks her paternally, sneaking puffs from a cigar. He pulls out a wallet-size photo of his 8-week-old daughter Eva. Five minutes later, Drohan comes out and announces, "Point-oh-nine-five."

SUNDAY MORNING

OHMIGOD, I HIT A SQUIRREL!

"I HATE THAT. I HATE THOSE. I hate carnations and I am not a grass person, so I don't want any grass. The honeysuckle—I need to meditate about that, because it's out there really wanting to do something." This is the part that Amanda Switzer, a 26-year-old perennial landscaper to both the proles and the stars, has come to dread the most: the estimate and the final landscaping consultation. She sits patiently as the client, a fortysomething businesswoman with permed hair, a pinched voice, and a fan of smoker's wrinkles above her thin upper lip, rapidly flips through a catalogue of flowers and shrubbery. "Do you think you can stick close to the estimate?" she asks. "Because I had a problem with my contractors, and I don't want to go through that again." Amanda nods vigorously.

Cruising to the nursery in her Jeep Grand Cherokee, the client regales Amanda with nightmarish tales about the construction of her small, ultramodern seaside house. It seems she was getting on famously with Bruce, her contractor, until she cut down three pine trees. "I mean, that one tree had an interesting top," she says, "but I just wanted them gone." "To each his own," manages Amanda. "Well," responds the woman, "I do respect his wont for keeping everything natural—oh, shit! Did I just run over a squirrel?" She glances in her rearview mirror. "I don't want to hurt it," she says. "I'm an environmentalist."

Amanda admits that this is the most delicate part of her job: handling the clientele. When she bought the business from her boss (she was just a 21-year-old environmental-science student at the time; her grandmother helped her out), she could name plants and deadwood dormant trees by sight, but she had a hard time "learning how to read people."

"Now, what I really want is an Oriental theme," the client says at the nursery. "There's something serene, yet calm and elegant, about the Oriental garden." Amanda smiles at her. "Well said!"

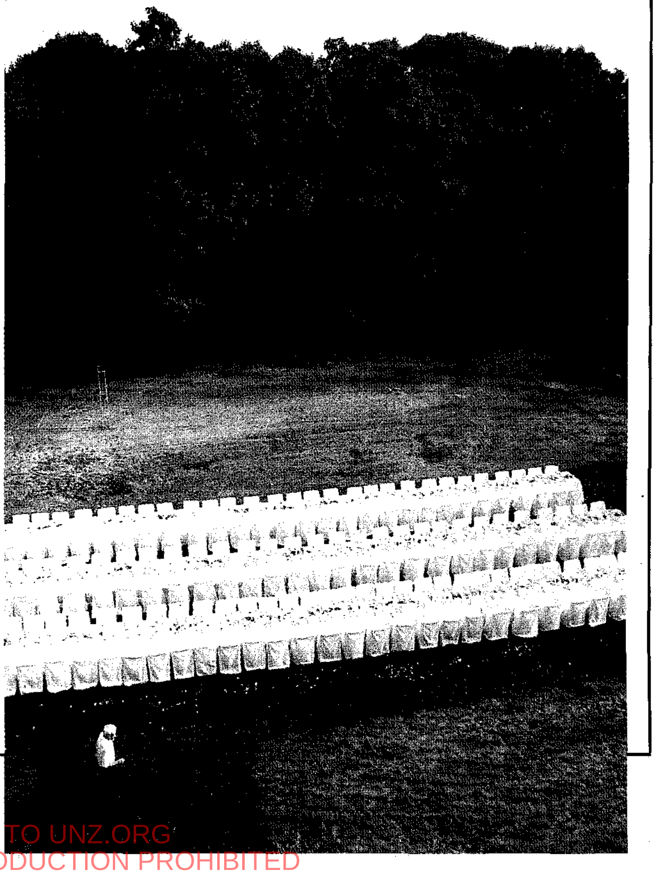
SUNDAY AFTERNOON

DEMI, DONNA, ROSS, BIANCA; A HAMPTONS VALEDICTORY

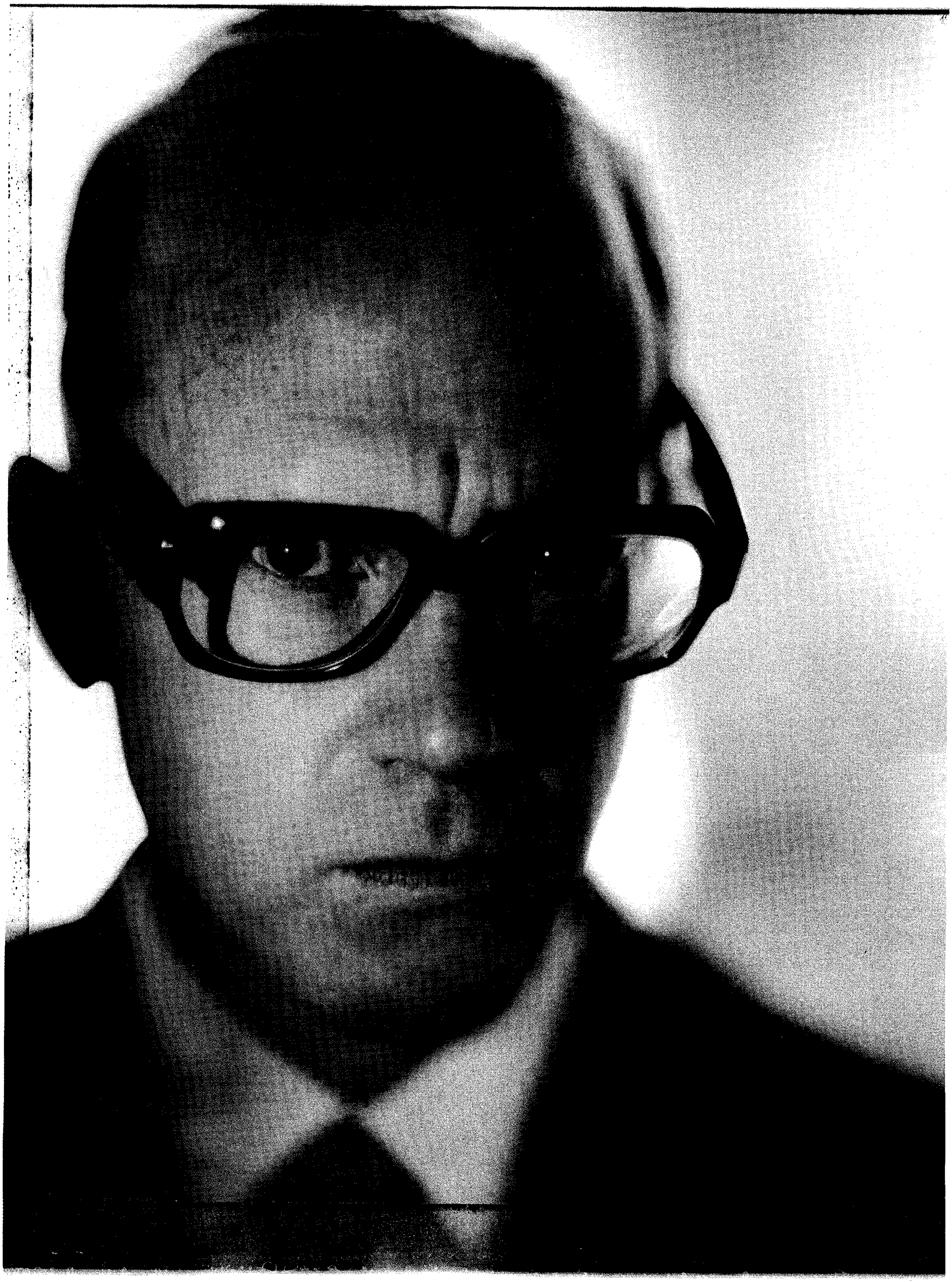
ROSS BLECKNER IS RESTLESS. At a little past noon on Sunday, the artist, clad in a gray T-shirt, skimpy blue shorts, and a pair of paint-splattered black loafers, is simultaneously balancing a cell phone on his shoulder and frantically stirring an aluminum pot filled with wax and paint. Bristling with manic energy, he bounces around his Sagaponack studio like a pinball, talking all the while.

The studio is large and airy, with high ceilings, sliding wooden doors, and giant windows that stare out on a sleepy green field. About two dozen canvases—works in progress—are lined up neatly against the wall. Bleckner stands over a long thin table, applying layers of pigment to a small canvas—preparatory studies for a larger work. Moments later, a hazy flower blooms on the canvas, but Bleckner pushes it aside. "This isn't work-

(continued on page 81)



Photographs by Michael Ackerman.



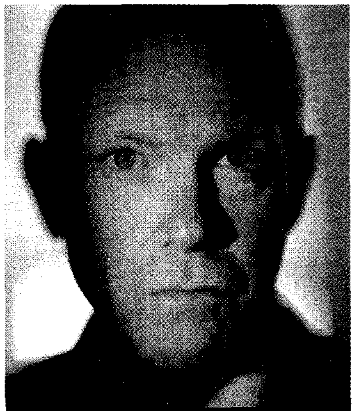
ANDREW WYLIE'S GREAT INVENTION

A failure as a writer, he re-made himself as a cartoon villain of an agent: The Jackal, scourge of publishers, hijacker of other agents' writers. Is Wylie serious about the role he is playing?

By Rebecca Mead

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3
FOR *NEW YORK*

A COUPLE OF SUMMERS AGO, AFTER THE *fatwa* against Salman Rushdie had been in effect for several years and those close to the author of *The Satanic Verses* had had more experience with security techniques than anyone ever would wish were necessary, Andrew Wylie, who is Rushdie's literary agent, was having lunch in a midtown restaurant with another of his authors. Suddenly, a man stumbled into the restaurant, ranting incoherently, and staggered in the direction of Wylie's table. "I was just ignoring him, but Andrew had gotten right up and was really paying attention to the guy," the writer remembers. "It showed what a different world he lived in—he was much more aware of the danger of that kind of thing." The interloper was eventually removed, and when Wylie sat down, he passed on to his writer a piece of wisdom about spotting a would-be assassin that he had picked up from the security detail of a onetime client, former Philippine opposition leader Benigno Aquino, who did succumb to an assassin's bullet. "Watch for his hands" was among the advice dispensed. Whatever distractions an attacker might conjure up, he can kill you only with his hands: Keep your eyes on them.



"I think the general line is, 'He's aggressive,'" Andrew Wylie says nonchalantly. "So there will be less of that."

It may be illuminating, then, to watch the uses to which Wylie puts his hands, clean and pale, as he sits and talks about the business of agenting and his own, somewhat satanic reputation. While, for example, declining to discuss the details of the seven-figure deal he has just done with Henry Holt for Rushdie's next, as-yet-unwritten novel (a rumored $2.2 million for the new book and some backlist rights), he leans back in his chair with hands raised in front of him, rhythmically bringing the mere tips of his fingers together in a kind of vestigial clapping motion—a clap with the energy refined out of it. There is the way in which, while describing what he considers the necessary ruthlessness of his first years in the business, when he became notorious for poaching clients from their established agents and for demanding astronomical advances for literary authors, he examines his clean, perfectly manicured fingernails, as if to demonstrate that no trace of blood remains lodged beneath them.

Then there's the way, as he contemplates the future trajectory of his reputation now that he is establishing his own international agency—having since April broken up with his former partners, the British agents Gillon Aitken and Brian Stone—that he plays repetitively and deliberately with a rubber band, pulling the band taut, then letting it snap back, never quite flicking it across his desk.

"I think the general line is: 'He's aggressive,' if I understand the general beef," he says, with nonchalance. "So there will be less of that."

He snaps the rubber band aggressively.

"The Wylie Agency Lite. Charm Incorporated." *Snap.* "Estée Lauder. As nice as I know how to be." *Snap.*

"Diplomatic." *Snap.*

"Sweet." *Snap.*

"Gentle." *Snap.*

"Generous to a fault." *Snap.*

"All the things you are supposed to be, as quickly as possible." *Snaaap.*

IN THE SIXTEEN YEARS SINCE HE SIGNED UP HIS FIRST CLIENT, I. F. Stone, Andrew Wylie has managed to establish himself as the most formidable literary agent in the English-speaking world, with a Pantheon of clients—heavyweights like Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, Norman Mailer, and Janet Malcolm; newer talents like Adam Gopnik, Ian Frazier, and Susanna Moore; the estates of Jorge Luis Borges and Italo Calvino—and an unsurpassed reputation for unsweetness, ungentleness, ungenerosity, and lack of diplomacy. Wylie, who is 48, is generally acknowledged to have altered profoundly the ways in which the publishing industry conducts its business: He has made it, if not quite acceptable, then at least expectable for agents to be aggressive in seeking advances for their more literary clients; he has encouraged the loosening of the traditional bonds of loyalty between agents and their writers, the most recent and notorious case being Martin Amis's abandonment last winter of his longtime British agent in favor of Wylie; he has, in bad-boy displays for the press (being rude about rivals like Lynn Nesbit; drinking copious amounts of alcohol while being interviewed—the latter habit, at least, he appears to have outgrown), helped to generate a climate in which the activities of literary agents can earn headlines as easily as can the works of their clients. The extent to which Wylie's tactics have spread throughout the industry is evidenced by the fact that while he used to be roundly rebuked among publishing types ("Wylie is to the literary business what Roy Cohn is to the legal business" was agent Mort Janklow's verdict in 1989), it is now often said of him that his much-discussed deviation from the conventional way of doing things has been wildly exaggerated. What Wylie does, it is said, is not so different from what any agent does. Q.E.D.

IT IS THEREFORE INTRIGUING THAT A CONSEQUENCE of the establishment of Andrew Wylie as a figure to be reckoned with is that Andrew Wylie has, in fact, been transformed into a figure it is almost impossible to take seriously. At this advanced stage in the development of his persona, Wylie has become an almost entirely comic character, a cartoon version of a ruthless agent, drawn in clever but crude outline. He plays at being intimidating—as in his ridiculous slingshot-spoofing with the rubber band—but the point of the activity is that both he and his interlocutor understand that a ritual of intimidation is being ironically enacted. His manner of speech—he enunciates precisely, with affected sonorousness, his voice thrilling with arrogance—is likewise a self-conscious reference to his reputed self-regard, not merely the instantiation of it.

While in the eighties Wylie's persona was unequivocally noisy, confrontational, and unafraid to talk about big bucks—very much of the era—the current incarnation of Wylie is lighter, more playful, more of a piece with these endlessly ironic, resolutely uncommitted times. Consider the absurd nickname the Jackal, which had, to the best knowledge of anyone, never been used to refer to Wylie until, during the Amis affair, the British press began to assert that it was the name by which

THE JACKAL ON THE HUNT: Clockwise from top left, with Martin Amis and Sonny Mehta; with Jamaica Kincaid; with Allen Ginsberg; with Si Newhouse (was it something he ate?).

he was known in New York publishing circles. The Jackal has indeed now become a name by which he is known in New York publishing circles, but one that comes swathed in layers of irony and self-referentiality.

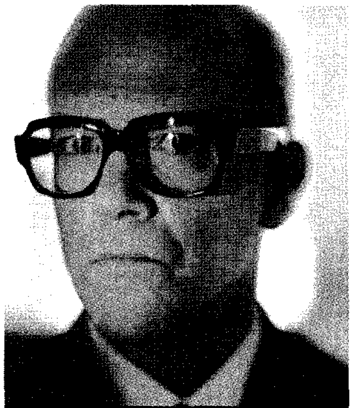
Wylie's very appearance seems to be an ironic commentary upon his own Eng-lit-hit-man reputation. His face is pallid, cadaverous; his skin is desiccated and drawn. His eyes, which he sometimes hides behind heavy, Swifty Lazarian glasses, are a startling, watery blue, and he has the striking talent of willfully making them appear to dim and brighten, turning them up more vividly when he is playing at being intimidating, toning them down when his affect is more languid. He's very bald, with, at a far receded hairline, something that has the look not of hair, exactly, but rather of a gesture in the direction of hair, scraped back against his head. The effect is reminiscent of a dime-store doll that has had most of its nylon tresses pulled out of their regularly spaced rows and been left with only a few random strands. He sheathes what seems to be a powerful body in English-tailored pinstriped suits and crisp white shirts, as if he were a Wall Street banker or an expensive defense attorney. The overall contrivance is impeccable formality combined with bullet-headed thuggishness, resolving into a parody of both.

The effect is ineffably comic. The mistake would be to dismiss it as such—because, for all the obvious hamminess of Wylie's self-presentation, his menace is not entirely insubstantial. "He wants to be seen as a shark at some level because it is amusing, it is absurd," says David Rosenthal, the publisher of Villard. "And there is probably an intimidation factor in any negotiation, because if you think somebody has aces up his sleeve, it is just as good as having them there." What Wylie does have, apart from a talent for annoying publishers and rival agents, is a remarkable list. And his writers seem to be the one group of people in whose eyes it is very important for Wylie to make a good impression.

There are countless tales of Wylie's wooing of writers—he sang Homer, for instance, to I. F. Stone—and while these stories are often recounted by journalists and by publishing types with Wylie in the role of the serpent tempting Eve, it's hard, actually, to see what is objectionable about the tactic, certainly from the writer's point of view. Wylie is a genuinely literary man and a highly intelligent one, and when he says things like "I think the really good writers are just breathtaking," his enthusiasm is palpable and infectious. In a world where literature is increasingly marginalized, this is the sort of thing that makes writers weak with adoration, particularly when it is combined with promises of large advances. "Did you know that he can recite great passages of *Finnegans Wake*?" says Norman Mailer fondly. Wylie's loyalty to Salman Rushdie throughout the *fatwa* is much remarked upon by his friends and detractors both. The agent makes writers feel important, which is not something they get a lot of, and his clients speak remarkably highly of him. "He is one of the eight people in his generation with negative capability," says one of his clients. "Most of us were brought up to project our pitiful selves all over the world; we have no straight men. Andrew has an enormously huge personality; however, he is able to set it aside and concentrate on you in a very strange way. It is like hearing yourself amplified, like the first time you speak through a microphone or something. It is weird to have that much attention."

Photographs by Marina Garnier.

And as a man who understands literature and also seems positively to relish throwing his weight among those who decide how much money writers should be paid, Wylie saves writers from all sorts of discomfort. Being represented by Wylie is, says writer Andrew Solomon, "sort of like shopping at Bergdorf Goodman. You have that sense that there are probably things that are too high-flown for you—I am not, at the moment, going to get any of those Salman Rushdie contracts for untold millions for my next novel, sadly—but you do have that sense of everything being up to a certain standard, and properly dealt with and properly coped with. And he has taken on a very comforting manner, as if he were running Bergdorf Goodman: It is all okay here; it will be tailored properly; don't worry about it; it will come with a hanger." Wylie functions as an ideal extension of the writer's self, taking over all the distasteful stuff, giving voice to all the aggression the writer might feel toward his publisher but be too repressed or cautious or busy to express. "He is brilliantly good," says Solomon, "at calling up and arguing on your behalf; you get a call an hour later and it is all taken care of. I sort of wish that I could get him to intervene in various personal relationships in the same capacity—if he could intervene with family and lovers with the same swift, gracious ease, we would be set."



"He wants to be seen as a shark at some level because it is amusing, it is absurd," says one publisher.

But what looks to his devotees like evidence of a sympathetic spirit looks to his critics like a weird compulsion. "Andrew started out as a person who was specifically interested in books, who wanted to defend a certain kind of literature," says Deborah Karl, a former colleague of Wylie's in New York who left the agency a year and a half ago after a very acrimonious falling-out. "He still does some, but it becomes a process of endless acquisition, like a drug."

It can be an expensive habit. A little-publicized aspect of the much-publicized Amis deal, during which time Wylie became an international celebrity of a minor sort (HarperCollins UK ended up paying a reported £480,000 for Amis's novel *The Information*), is that Wylie's cut was relatively small, since Amis's supplanted agent, Pat Kavanagh, had already negotiated a sum close to the final deal with the same publisher before Wylie came on the scene. He spent, he says, $50,000 on wooing the widow of Borges before there was any sign that he would win the representation of the estate. Wylie keeps his finances very private, but there is some marveling in the publishing industry at his capacity for taking short-term losses. It certainly provides another rationale for getting big advances, if the need to pay literary writers properly were not reason enough.

Wylie's theory of super-size advances holds that if a publisher pays a lot of money for a literary book, he will be obliged to publish it as vigorously as he would publish an airport novel. This theory, which puts the publisher in the role of philistine and Wylie in that of literary avenger, is, unsurprisingly, disputed by publishers, who insist that Wylie exaggerates his leverage. "Publishers generally pay money for books that they want to publish, and find readers for those things they are enthusiastic about," says Sonny Mehta, the head of Knopf. "Nobody I know or respect does it for any other reason than that they believe they can find an audience for this, and they want to. That determination and commitment is something that comes from a publishing house; it doesn't come from the level of the advance you pay." But there is usually a publisher somewhere who is eager enough to upgrade his list that paying more than the odds for a top name makes sense, even if the numbers don't add up in any simple fashion: Such is the case with Holt and the recent Rushdie deal.

All of which means, say his critics and even his champions, that Wylie's writers can get swept up into deals whose long-term benefits may be questionable. It is not at all clear, for example, that even after paying all that money, HarperCollins UK has done a more than respectable job of publishing *The Information,* the new paperback of which has only reached No. 13 on the best-seller lists. That said, Wylie's methods have shaken up houses like Farrar, Straus & Giroux, which traditionally paid authors minimal advances, and have forced them into coming up with competitive prices for writers like Susan Sontag and Jamaica Kincaid. "I think he's like a very powerful force that you have to use wisely," says one of Wylie's authors. "And I think he can do things that sometimes writers should know better than to do. He is so powerful that you will think, *Well, Andrew says . . .* You have to remember that he is working for you."

Wylie's urge to represent important writers—all of them—is remarkable for its intensity. "In building the agency, I was forced to be more aggressive than I think is pleasant or even interesting; it is sort of dull, childish, obnoxious, tedious, and annoying, but here I am," he says. "What am I supposed to do? I have got to represent these people." The force of that "got to" is the not-quite-rational core at the heart of Wylie's enterprise. For representation seems to be more than mere business for him; it is a kind of personal completion. Just as Wylie functions as an ideal extension of his writers' selves, they, as makers of the literature he loves, seem to perform the same function for him. "I have a nature that is sort of adoptive," he says. "I don't have a very stable character of my own; I have a series of sort of borrowed personalities. So I think the reason why I can frequently represent someone successfully is, I am literally able not only to see the world from their perspective but actually to become them. So I know pretty accurately what they want because I have abandoned my former personality and climbed inside theirs. So if I spend a day and a half with Susan Sontag and you catch me at the end of the day, you'll swear it's Susan Sontag."

WYLIE ONCE ASPIRED TO BE, IF NOT SUSAN SONTAG EXACTLY, THEN a creator of literature rather than just a handler of it. As well as doing journalism in his early twenties—interviews for *Oui* magazine, a low-rent *Playboy* offshoot—Wylie published three volumes of poetry (a fact that he is unlikely to be allowed to forget: One poem, "Sunset," reads, "lie down/in yellow flowers/it's the whole/world." "Very bad, but there it is," he says. "I think I probably feel it is less bad than most people do, but I am perfectly happy with everyone's assessment of it"). As a bookish, obstreperous youth, Wylie longed for but lacked poetic inspiration; a nervous breakdown he suffered as an adolescent was, he says, a would-be poetic gesture. "I wanted to be some-

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where between Robert Lowell and Arthur Rimbaud, and I knew that I wasn't. And I thought, well, I need to have a near–Robert Lowell–Arthur Rimbaud experience, so you have got to go a little crazy, you have to have a *dérèglement de tous les senses,* you have to have a poetic life, so trip on out to the edge of the cliff, dangle yourself by your fingernails, and see what happens; the result may be illumination or something like that. That was sort of what the sixties were all about anyway. I was nothing if not age-appropriate."

Wylie's contempt for the proprieties of publishing begin with a rebellion against his father, who was an editor and eventually editorial director at Houghton Mifflin. "One of the things that did not attract me to the publishing world as a child, and as an older person, was that I felt that it was very sort of prudish and Bostonian," he says. "Houghton Mifflin was a typically Bostonian company. It was proud of having published Longfellow. Now, Longfellow stinks, and Boston is unbelievably dull and arrogant and prudish, and I sort of wanted to take a baseball bat to the whole thing." The conventional pop-psych wisdom holds that every time Wylie hits a publisher up for a lot of money, he is getting back at Dad; in this instance, the conventional pop-psych wisdom may be onto something.

"I don't have a very stable character of my own," Wylie says. "I have a series of borrowed personalities."

Wylie went to St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, where he was thrown out for drinking, and then Harvard, where he studied under Robert Lowell and Harry Levin. "Harvard was okay," he says, "but it was so arrogant. I lived in Somerville, just to sort of keep my nose to the grindstone. I would take a bus out to the middle of this completely prosaic neighborhood to get away from these bricks of Harvard Yard. Harry Levin started criticizing Marcel Proust, and that was the end of our friendship; I told him to fuck off, and he told me to fuck off." He graduated in three years and moved to New York, where he fell in with Patti Smith and Robert Mapplethorpe, went to Max's Kansas City, and hung around Andy Warhol. Warhol was, he says, "the teacher I had been looking for at Harvard and failed to find. He was just frighteningly clever—I was afraid of his intelligence, it was so daring. It was like taking acid, without the silliness." Taking drugs with the silliness included was also part of the Wylie youth, though he now emphasizes the more monkish aspects of his early New York career. "I was studying literature; I was memorizing James Joyce, reams of *Finnegans Wake.* I used to tear pages out and carry them around and try to memorize both sides of the page in a day. So I was a student, not a junkie. Good training for being a literary agent. Serious reading. Part of the job."

The job began in 1980, when Wylie took a desk in the hallway of the offices of John Cushman, literary agent, and began to gather his own clients. As a literary agent, Wylie found a way to achieve proximity to the writers who excited him while at the same time having ample opportunity to shock the bourgeoisie—a project of equivalent importance, by the looks of things.

He learned the trade, he says, by not following Cushman's example. "He was a wonderful man, very sweet, and probably disappointed," says Wylie. "He had been at Curtis Brown; he had run Curtis Brown; he had fought with Curtis Brown. He had negotiated himself into the position on leaving Curtis Brown of no longer being able to use his own name, which startled me. It seemed to me that an important part of being an agent was being able to negotiate successfully; and that you lost your own name, short of losing your underwear, was an indication that something had gone wrong. Your negotiating skills had been challenged, and you had not risen to the occasion."

IT IS A MORNING IN MID-JUNE IN LONDON, AND ANDREW WYLIE IS sitting in an almost entirely unfurnished office room at the transatlantic branch of the agency that bears his own, happily evocative name. The office occupies prime real estate on Knightsbridge, overlooking Hyde Park, around which Wylie likes to run when he is in town. So far, there are no books here; there are not even any bookshelves. By comparison with the room, Wylie, in his pinstripes and pale-pink tie, looks enormously overdressed.

Under discussion is the sale of *The Information,* the deal on which Wylie may have made little money but won Martin Amis's friendship, a prize of incalculable worth. "I sold it at 6 P.M. and then went out and played poker. Except I don't play poker, so I watched, but Martin was playing, and Salman. It was a good poker game. There was a buzz. Then I went to sleep, and then I went out running, and in the middle of the run I figured out the book. So then I ran back really fast and called Martin and said, in a state of high excitement, 'Martin, I just figured out *The Information.'* Boy, was he bewildered and bored."

As Wylie tells the story, his voice escalates, and he lets out the occasional yelp of laughter. His boyish zeal is quite winning. The fun of the deal is evident, and it even it sounds for a moment as if Wylie might give an insight into the workings of his own literary imagination and explain his interpretation of *The Information.*

No such luck. "I am too shy to say," he says when asked for details of his Hyde Park revelation. "I am not a literary critic. No, it had to do with the book at its core, what the book was about. In all the reviews of *The Information,* people seemed to me to avoid engaging in the book—everyone was so excited about other things that they forgot the book. They will get around to the book."

But won't he be less elliptical about his own interpretation?

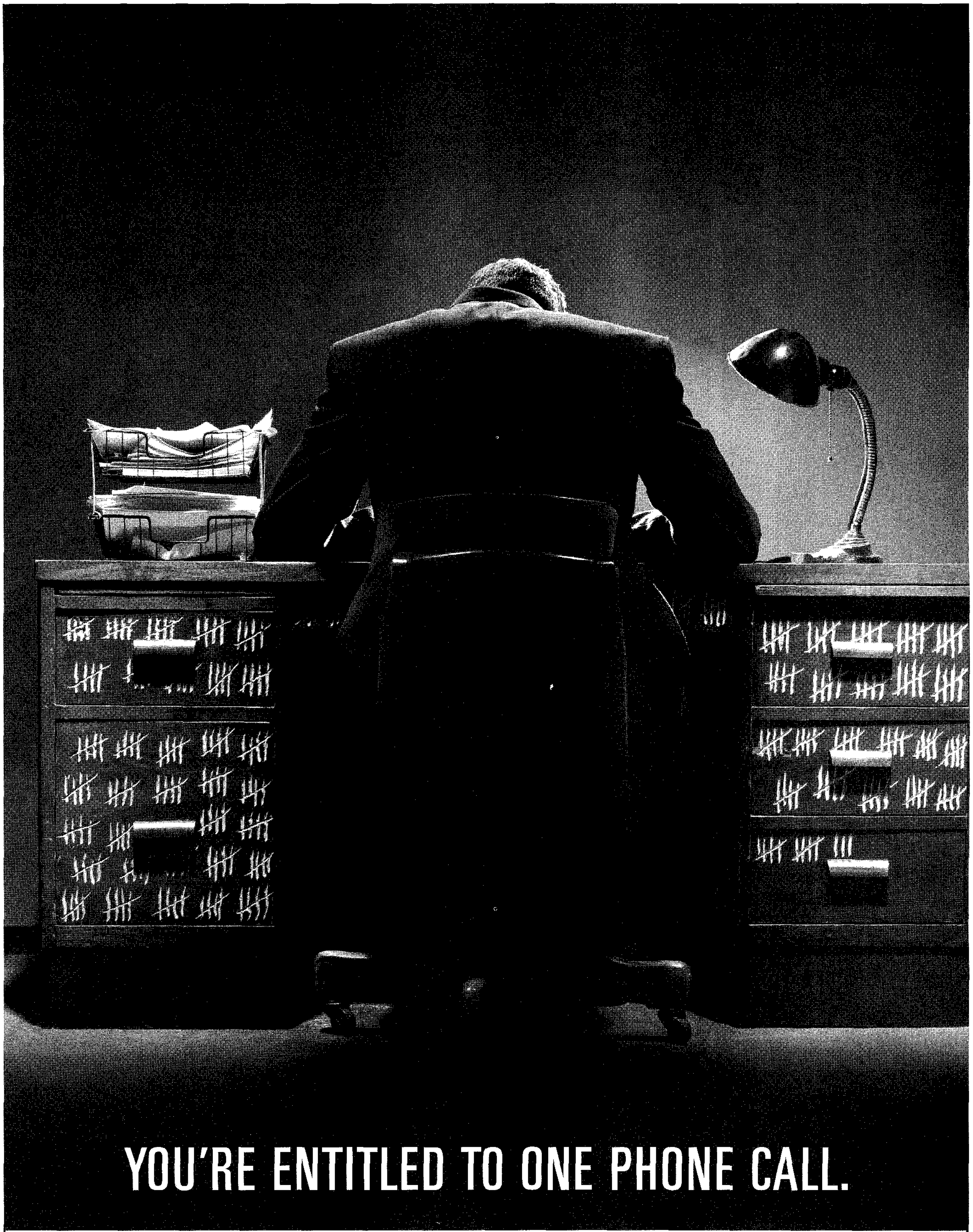
"No, I think that would be very boring."

But, he is pressed, he has a reputation for being such a good reader.

Wylie comes over all sonorous and ironic, aggressively languid. "No, I am just Mr. Pitch, or something." The enthusiasm for the work is quashed. He retreats into cartoon, adopting the lineaments of his own caricature. "Hired help. I am the muscle."

Then he changes tack. "I might be wrong, and I will not go down on the record in error. What would Martin think of me? For shame—how unsophisticated. I would never make that mistake, or at least I will try very hard not to. I will not commit myself on this point."

For a moment, his spoof aggression is supplanted by a transparent defensiveness. Wylie, so reckless with his reputation among publishing types, is scared of looking silly to his writers. This is oddly heartwarming. So *that* is who gets to intimidate Andrew Wylie. ■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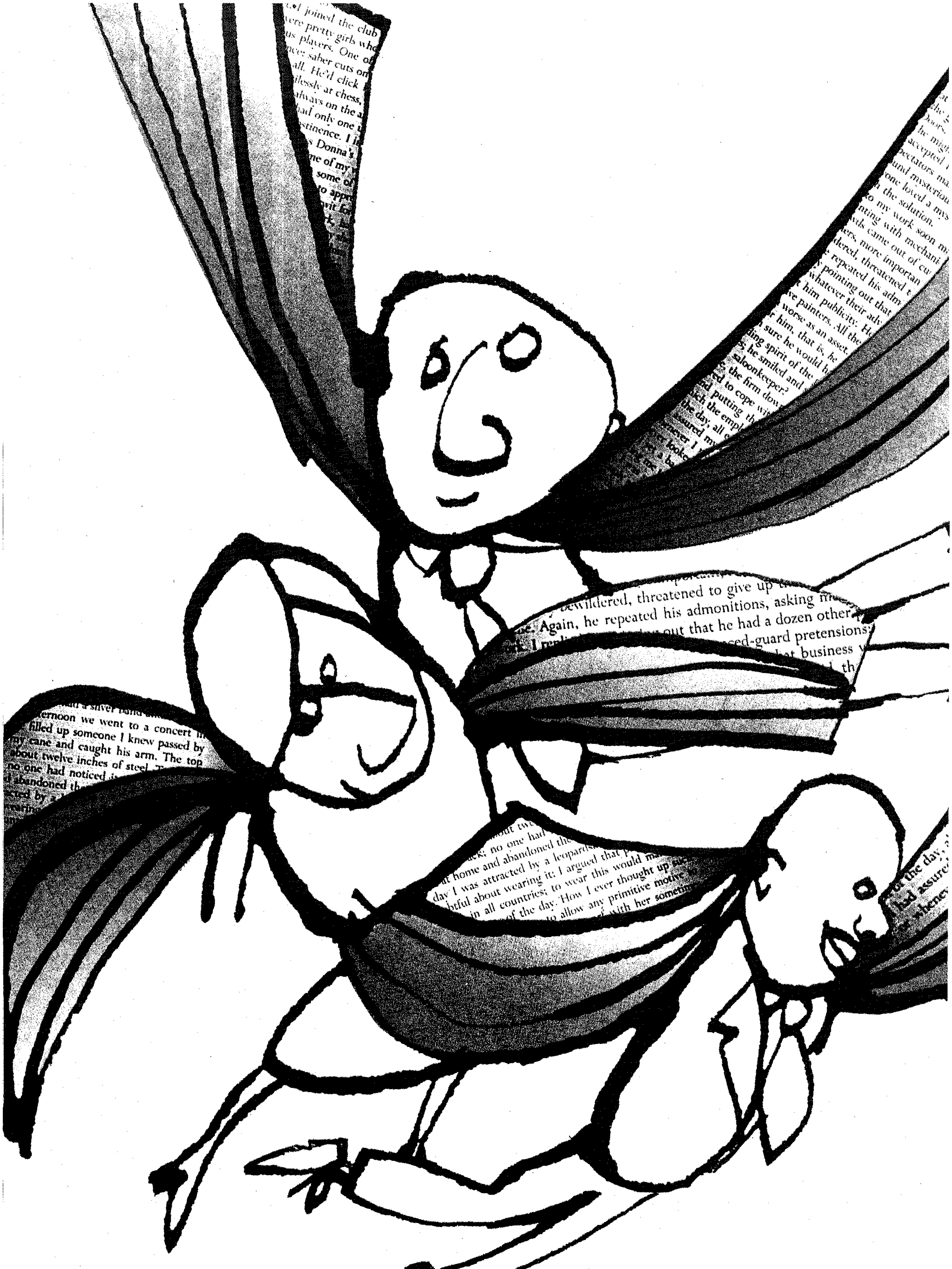joined the club
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ADULT EDUCATION '96

COOL CLASSES, GREAT TEACHERS

BY LINDA HALL AND MAUREEN CALLAHAN

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT ADULT EDUCATION—the attractiveness of the course descriptions, maybe, or the informality of the classroom—that makes people lose sight of a very basic truth: A class is only as good as its teacher. And if you haven't actually matriculated at the institution, it is almost impossible to identify its really supreme professors. We've rounded up some—but by no means all—of the best who will be giving classes this fall (for more information on specific courses, see page 65). Our only criterion, aside from the desire to represent a range of disciplines, was an ability to inspire and transform. In how-to studies (how to play the guitar, how to do Japanese flower arrangement), the effectiveness of an instructor is easily measured. In the liberal arts, excellence is a trickier matter; we went looking for professors who exerted a significant influence on their students. We found sonorous speakers and nurturing listeners, Socratic interlocutors and teachers-by-example. All of them care equally about their students and their subject. And in doing so, they prove the tenets of progressive education right: Great teaching is nothing less than a performing art. *Additional reporting and writing by Alexandra Lange, Christopher Bonanos, Vanessa Grigoriadis, Edith Newhall, Randall Short, Charles Runnette, Shannon Black, and Mark Jacobs.*

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT MENCHIN
FOR *NEW YORK*

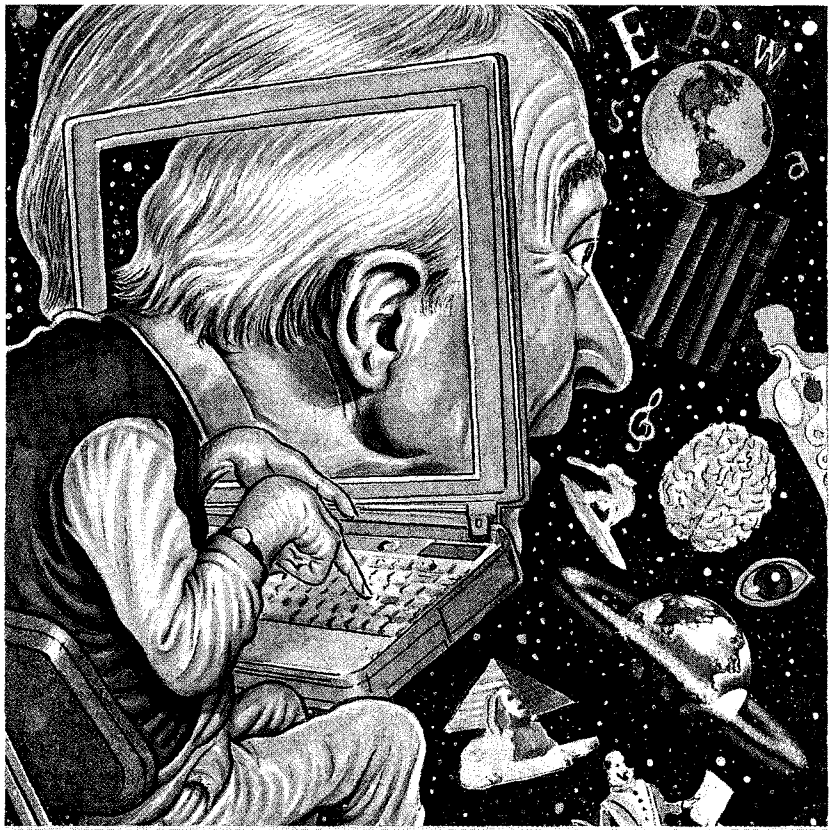
ADULT EDUCATION '96: COOL CLASSES, GREAT TEACHERS

CYBERSTUFF

New Media Design, *Yaron Gissin, School of Visual Arts.* Though a class that utilizes SVA's formidable hardware selection—more than twenty Silicon Graphics computers and a slew of PowerMacs—sounds like a technophobe's nightmare, technophobes are precisely who will most benefit from taking the course. New media, says Gissin, is "just another tool for people to communicate, and that's how I teach the course. The main message is how to get the message across, no matter what medium you're using." Gissin begins his course with an overview of design principles and shows students how old tools can be adapted to new forms of communication.

Web Page Design and Construction, *Eden Akavia, The New School.* For Internet types with no time to attend classes, this selection—an online design course—is just the ticket. Instructor Eden Akavia teaches his virtual class how to combine text, images, sound, and digital video to build an of-the-moment home page. "Everyone loved Eden," says Amy Dunlop, a recent student who learned how to assemble a Web page from her home in Connecticut. "Everything was clear and concise and easy to follow. It's high-quality instruction." *Also recommended: "Making Web Pages With HTML," Barry Joseph, School of Visual Arts.*

Digital Production for Entertainment Industries, *Peter Bardazzi, NYU.* "Hollywood has discovered that it's cheaper to blow up a building digitally than physically," says Bardazzi, the cyber-pyro professor who can teach you, among other things, how to build and demolish your own virtual city. An enthusiastic technophile who knows his way around a digital studio, Bardazzi is also a painter—his work is in MOMA's permanent collection. As a visual artist, he is especially wary of the notion that technology will ever replace a good eye: "I want to teach students not only how to use the software and hardware but to consistently produce a high level of art."



CYBERSTUFF: "The main message is how to get the message across, no matter what medium you're using."

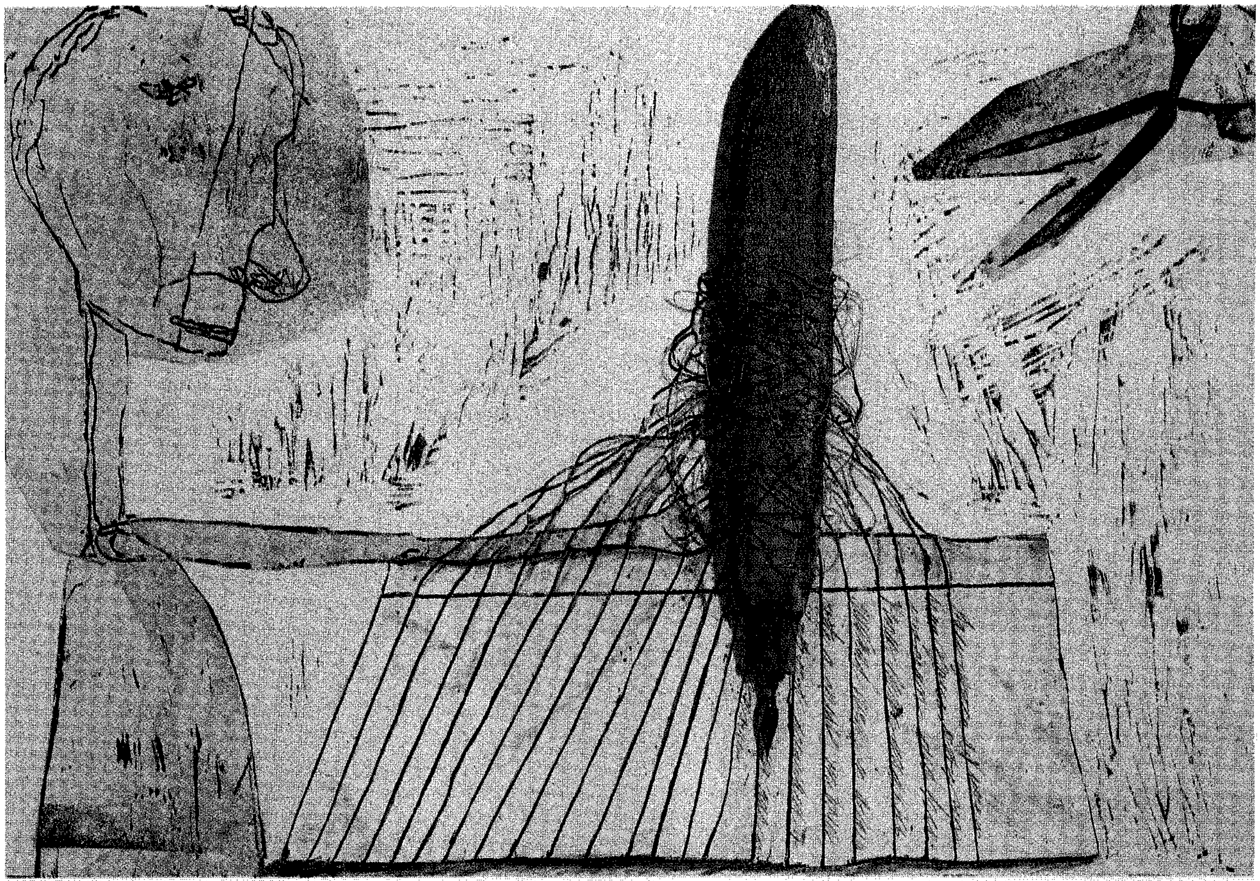
COOKING

La Technique and **Mini-Pastry,** *various teachers, French Culinary Institute.* If you're willing to commit to 20 or 22 Saturdays, five hours a day, FCI can make a (semi-) pro out of you. "La Technique" and "Pastry," the institute's two curricula for the devoted amateur, each take students a good portion of the way toward professional chefdom. "The instructors were really the nicest and most helpful I've had," says Mark Lyn, a student who's been through both classes.

Tech 1, *various teachers, Peter Kump.* Kump, probably the best-known cooking school in town, consolidates its general-instruction curriculum into eight courses, of which "Tech 1," as the first level is often called, is by far the most popular. It teaches processes, not recipes; you learn, for example, general roasting techniques, not how to stuff a wild turkey.

Working Chef Workshops, *various teachers, Peter Kump.* More than the usual big-ticket demonstrations, these are genuine classes in which you'll learn real skills. Perhaps the best-known teacher participating in the series is Larry Hayden, formerly the executive pastry chef of the Union Square Cafe. He'll give a five-hour class September 6 in which he'll teach some of the simpler restaurant-grade desserts he's served. Scott Cohen, executive chef at the Stanhope, is giving a different sort of class on August 24, dealing with the chef's classic occupational hazard: packing on the avoirdupois. Since January, he's dropped 52 pounds himself. "I became sensitive to where all the fat is in gourmet cooking," Cohen explains. "So I'm gonna go down there and take dishes people think they wouldn't do and would see in a great restaurant, and show them how to watch all the fat . . . without giving up the taste and texture." *Also recommended: The New School's "Great Chefs" roster, which includes*

Illustration by Drew Friedman.



WRITING: "No matter how accomplished you are as a writer, you're always a beginner when you sit down to do the next thing."

Anne Rosenzweig of Arcadia and the Lobster Club and Michael Romano of the Union Square Cafe.

WRITING

Expanding Your Style, *Elaine Equi, The Writer's Voice.* Though Equi—an accomplished poet who has published several volumes—gives students a suggested-reading list (Barbara Guest, Philip Levine, Frank O'Hara), her main interest is in getting her students as excited about the possibilities of language as she is. "She attracts students who are serious about their work," says Rose Horowitz, a 35-year-old freelance writer who has taken Equi's class five times. "She has all these exercises that bring out fresh work—writing a poem in the form of a letter to a friend, or adding lines to a preexisting poem." Equi, whose poems made the 1989 and 1995 *Best American Poetry* anthologies, devotes 80 percent of class time to her students' efforts, and while she's more than thrilled to obsess over syntax and rhythm, she's most concerned with emotion. "For me, it's not so much about talent or skill," says Equi. "When someone writes something exactly as they're *thinking it*—that's when I get excited. Because no matter how accomplished you are as a writer, you're always a beginner when you sit down to do the next thing."

Make Your Own Children's Book, *Richard Rosenblum, Cooper Union.* Rosenblum's first children's book, *My Bar Mitzvah,* was published in 1970. Since then, he has written 12 books and illustrated 50. He suggests that his students consult folktales, myths, and legends to help spark the creative process but is a most avid proponent of drawing from your own life. "I think it's important for people to write about their culture and traditions," says Rosenblum, "because that's what I did. I really am my own favorite subject." At the end of Rosenblum's twelve-week course, he hopes, you will have a 32-page dummy in your hands—and after that, the world is yours. "I tell all of my students that there is no limit on what's publishable," he says. "And I also tell them to never give up."

Writing From Personal Experience, *Nancy Kelton, The New School.* "I think everyone who comes to New York wants to sing or act or write," says Kelton. "I get the ones who want to write." But those who enroll in Kelton's nonfiction course fast discover that mere wanting is not enough. Students describe her as patient, encouraging, warm—and deadly serious. "I've heard every excuse for not doing it," she says. "I tell them that writing is not sitting at Barnes & Noble over a latté. I don't want them to come just to listen to me. They have to do *a lot* of work at home." That may be, but Kelton's classroom discussion is considered one of the best things about her course. "It's rare that a person won't show up, even if he or she doesn't have a piece of writing that week," says current student Michele Bender. "Because you get something wonderful from every single class. I've taken advanced composition

Illustration by Frances Jetter.

Louis XIV to Le Corbusier, Federal to Fin-de-siècle, Moscow to Manhattan

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courses at Northwestern as a grad student and as an undergrad; they weren't as good as Nancy's."

The Craft of Magazine Journalism, *Charles Salzberg, The Writer's Voice.* "I'm not of that Gordon Lish school, where if you pay several thousand dollars I can teach you how to write," says Salzberg. "I teach the class anecdotally. I try to do what I would like to have had done for me: show how a magazine works." Salzberg's career started in 1976, in the mailroom of Clay Felker's *New York.* "I thought that was the place to get into journalism," he laughs. "And I guess it was, because I sold one article to *New York* and another to the *Daily News* magazine section within two weeks of quitting the mailroom." Salzberg is "very good on giving clear steps about how to get to editors," says former student Monika Gross, and "helpful about sharing his own personal experiences with assignments and deadlines. But the main thing is that he creates an environment where you do the work. His relaxed, informal manner set people at their ease; and the next thing you knew they were bringing in work that was very, very strong. He just very cannily guides the discourse." CeOtis Robinson agrees: "He just made you feel you belonged. He knew everyone's name by the second class, and was so informal and informative at the same time. Not at all like the writing classes I took and abandoned after a week."

ARTS/CRAFTS

Judaica Metalsmithing, *Bernard Bernstein and Harold Rabinowitz, The 92nd Street Y.* This is the only course of its kind in the country; Bernstein and Rabinowitz were both schooled in the art of crafting Jewish liturgical and ceremonial objects by a silversmith named Ludwig Wolpert, who ran his Tobe Pascher workshop out of the basement of the Jewish Museum. "The guy was a genius," says Bernstein. Wolpert died in 1981, and in 1987, Bernstein and Rabinowitz began teaching two courses a week at the 92nd Street Y. Their sessions are always booked solid. "When my husband and I went to Israel," recalls student Loren Stein, "he bought a tallith [prayer shawl], and he wanted to buy a clip for it. They were horrible. I said, 'You can't buy those; I'll make you one,' and so I signed up for the course." Stein crafted her pin, but she's returned year after year. "Bernie is so skillful," she raves. "He fixes all the machinery, and when someone has a question or an issue, he comes up with a solution—sometimes it takes five minutes, sometimes it takes a week, but he comes up with it."

METALSMITHING.

The Art of Ikebana, *Yi-an Chou, Parsons.* Chou has been practicing and teaching ikebana—which is basically a very sparse, spiritually oriented kind of flower arranging—for more than twenty years. "You learn the rudiments," says Chou, "and then you become free." Those rudiments include how to extend floral and plant life, working with branches and other floral materials, and preserving the beauty of a flower as it would appear in a natural setting. Chou, who has updated the ancient art to be more attuned to modern, Western standards, has instructed everyone from professional landscapers and gardeners to "burned-out nurses and Japanese businessmen." Lynette Chatanow, who first took the course a few years ago and now does ikebana for the Millenium Hilton, credits Chou with her success. "She pushed me on," says Chatanow. "She was always just as concerned with helping you find out who you are and what you're about as she was with ikebana."

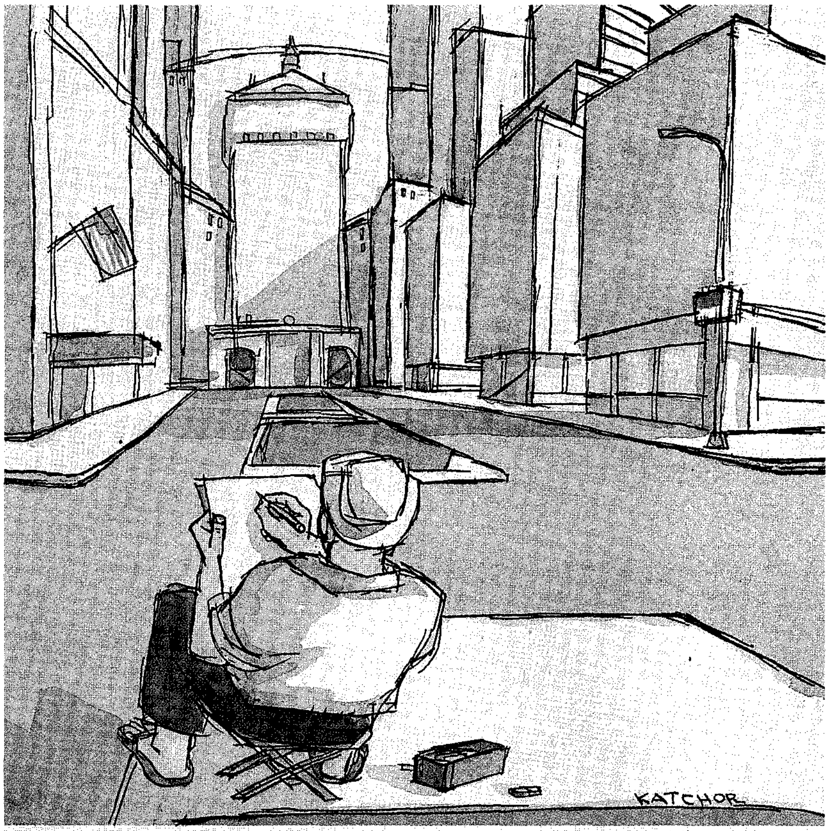
Drawing New York City, *John Ruggeri, School of Visual Arts.* Your first assignment will be no less daunting a subject than St. Patrick's Cathedral. You will also sit inside Grand Central, go down to the South Street Seaport, sketch in a Little Italy café, draw Chinatown's fish markets, and hang out in night court—which Ruggeri himself admits is no easy task. "Between the prostitutes and everything else," he says, "my students usually go into shock." Still, Ruggeri believes there is no substitute for the immediacy of a live subject in close proximity. "When you're outside," he says, "every location is an opportunity to create a visual diary." But exactly how does Ruggeri teach an absolute neophyte to sketch total strangers in public places? "He has no fear," says

Photograph by Bernard Bernstein.

disciple John Paul Leon, who has taken the class six times. "He just takes his board and stands in front of people, and they'll look at him, and he'll smile—and that's how you learn to talk to strangers." Ruggeri, Leon says, prefers to let his students develop at their own pace. "His philosophy is that things may be left out, or technically wrong, but your work will be more true to life."

Intimacy and Distance, *Allen Frame, International Center of Photography.* It is perhaps the only photography class in New York in which your instructor will ask you: What were you like as a teenager? What's going on in your life right now? What are you trying so desperately to avoid? "It's like seeing your shrink!" says 42-year-old writer Sheryl Fragin, who studied with Frame two years ago. "He asked very personal questions of everyone. And you know what? Everyone answered them." This is Frame's most effective method for helping his students transcend artistic cliché. "Many of my students have a lot of technical proficiency but no vision," he says, "and I love those people the most. If you can steer them into themselves, you can really see the growth."

Fundamentals of Glassblowing I, *Zesty Meyers, UrbanGlass.* You won't produce a masterpiece by the time you've finished this class, but you'll have mastered the basic techniques of glassblowing and have an *objet* or two for your efforts. You may, in fact, become addicted to the medium—Meyers, one of four instructors who teach the course at UrbanGlass, says that at least four of his nine students (the limit for most classes at UrbanGlass) go on to take more advanced courses. "I don't believe in any one way of teaching," says Meyers. "I figure out what each student needs—whether they respond to verbal or visual instruction, for instance—and approach them in that manner." In the first classes, Meyers emphasizes the importance of teamwork—"that everything you do will get done faster; that you're only as good as your assistant; that there has to be a high level of communication"—and instructs students on the various materials and tools they'll be using. By the third class, he begins showing them how to use their bodies. "Glassblowing is like a dance," says Meyers. "You have to learn how to move."



ARTS/CRAFTS: "When you're outside, every location is an opportunity to create a visual diary."

CURRENT AFFAIRS

Protection of Rights and Privacy Issues in the Information Age, *Carol Aciman, NYU.* Aciman specialized in corporate and intellectual property law for four years, then, in 1990, turned her attention to counseling fellow lawyers in this nebulous arena. This year, she began lecturing to law students at NYU, but Aciman designed this course—offered for the first time this fall—with civilians in mind, because, she believes, "privacy and security on the Net is a huge issue now, and it's going to be a while before law catches up with business." Protecting creative works published on the Net; freedom of speech; copyrights and trademarks; aliases; the security of personal records; and the integrity of online commerce are just a few of the topics she'll address. "The Internet is quickly becoming a way of life," she says, "and that frightens some people. There are a lot of legal issues that are being tested in a different context. It's all new for all of us."

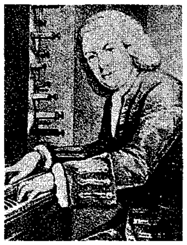
The Watch on the Times, *Edward S. Cabot, NYU.* "I want to tell you something about continuing ed," says 74-year-old self-described perennial student Hilda Blyn. "It's never that serious." Fine, but why, then, is Blyn so zealous, so expansive, so fiercely serious when the subject is Professor Cabot? Cabot's method is Socratic conversation. "People really do learn best in a discussion," he says. "I can broadcast for about ten minutes, but that's my limit." The verb is apt. The course consists of case studies of the news, from yellow journalism to 60-second sound bites. "There's a great tendency to believe that everything [bad] started with television," he says.

Illustration by Ben Katchor.

The course will look closely at this fall's presidential campaign, and Cabot will use other (relatively) current events as a lens through which to view history. "Pat Buchanan gave us a wonderful opportunity to talk about the role of religion in American politics; it reminds us of William Jennings Bryan's Cross of Gold speech."

MUSIC

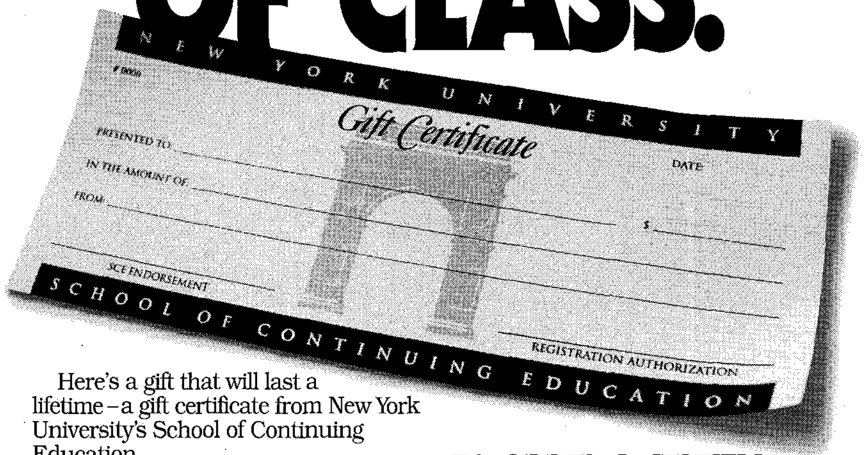
Johann Sebastian Bach, *Michael White, Juilliard.* Those who know next to nothing about classical music probably don't realize that a course specializing in J. S. Bach is actually a perfect introduction to the subject. Or that White, who spends much of his day instructing aspiring professional musicians, is the perfect person to learn from. "[Courses devoted to] Beethoven or Stravinsky wouldn't be the best to begin with," but Bach, says White, is. "The case could be made that he's the most important of all great composers because of the influence he exercised on those who came after—Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms." White teaches Bach's life and music through lecture, discussion, and demonstration (he'll play passages on the piano as well as selections on CD). The lecturing is in nontechnical English: "At first, I'd use the same language I'd use with professional students, and I got a very polite letter, the gist of which was 'I don't understand what the hell's going on.' Now I'm careful to ask if everyone knows what something means. But I don't talk down. They tend to be a very intelligent group. They participate much more than my regular classes do. They really get me going."



BACH AT JUILLIARD.

African American Percussion Ensemble, *David Pleasant, Bloomingdale House of Music.* "There are thousands of drummers out there playing with no drums—with their hands, on their desktops," says Pleasant, instructor of the African American Percussion Ensemble. "When they come in here, we give them whatever instrument attracts their gravity and start playing tunes right away." Pleasant, whose ré-

A GIFT WITH A LOT OF CLASS.



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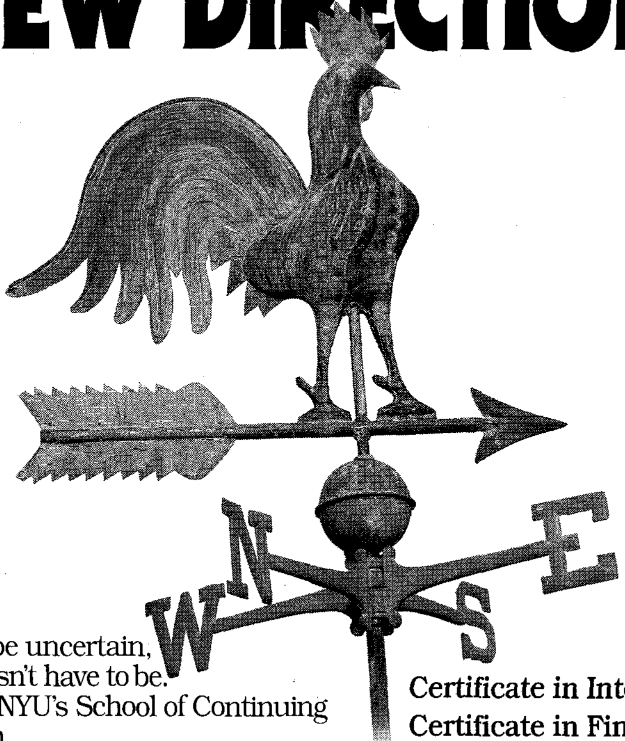

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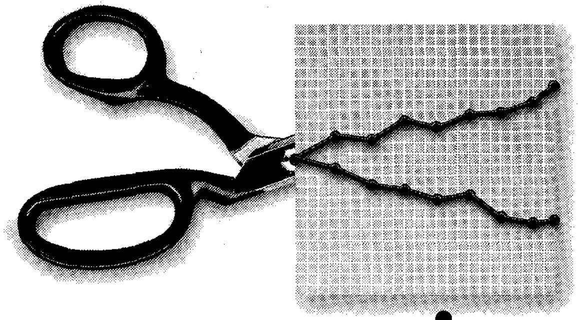

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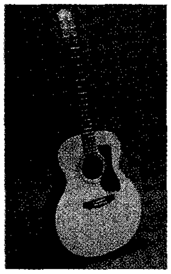
sumé includes stints with Wynton Marsalis, avant-garde experimentalist Charles Gayle, and *The Muppet Show*, uses rhythms based on roots music from the Sea Islands off the coast of Georgia, where he was born.

Beginning Guitar, *Terre Roche, The New School.* Roche welcomes utter neophytes who aren't even sure which end of the guitar is up, yet she won't indulge you if you claim to be tone-deaf or musically inept. "I believe that anybody can play the guitar," insists Roche, who has recorded and toured with her sisters in the folk-pop group the Roches for 21 years. "It all depends on the interest level—every single person I've met has been able to do it." Roche schools her students in rudiments: how to hold the pick, how to twist your arm around the fretboard, how to master at least three chords. If all goes well, after nine weeks you'll have mastered a song—but there's absolutely zero pressure. "I really foster a noncompetitive atmosphere," says Roche. "Because I myself have had a lot of music teachers, and I feel very strongly that people can either inspire you or turn you off completely."



EASY GUITAR.

Sight-Singing, *Liz Fleischer, The Lucy Moses School of Music and Dance.* As defined by Fleischer, sight-singing "allows you to pick up a piece of music and sing it with no preparation"—that is, to read the sheet music like the set of vocal instructions it is. Though she has coached numerous pop and opera stars (with a few jingle-warblers thrown in the mix), many of Fleischer's students have had no previous musical training. "But I see enormously quick progress," she reports. "From the moment the concept clicks, you have a new skill. When the students go to concerts, they tell me that they can appreciate the music more because they can understand the language and analyze it."

ARCHITECTURE

Italy's Amazing Architecture, *Janetta Benton, Metropolitan Museum of Art.* At the end of every lecture, Ben-

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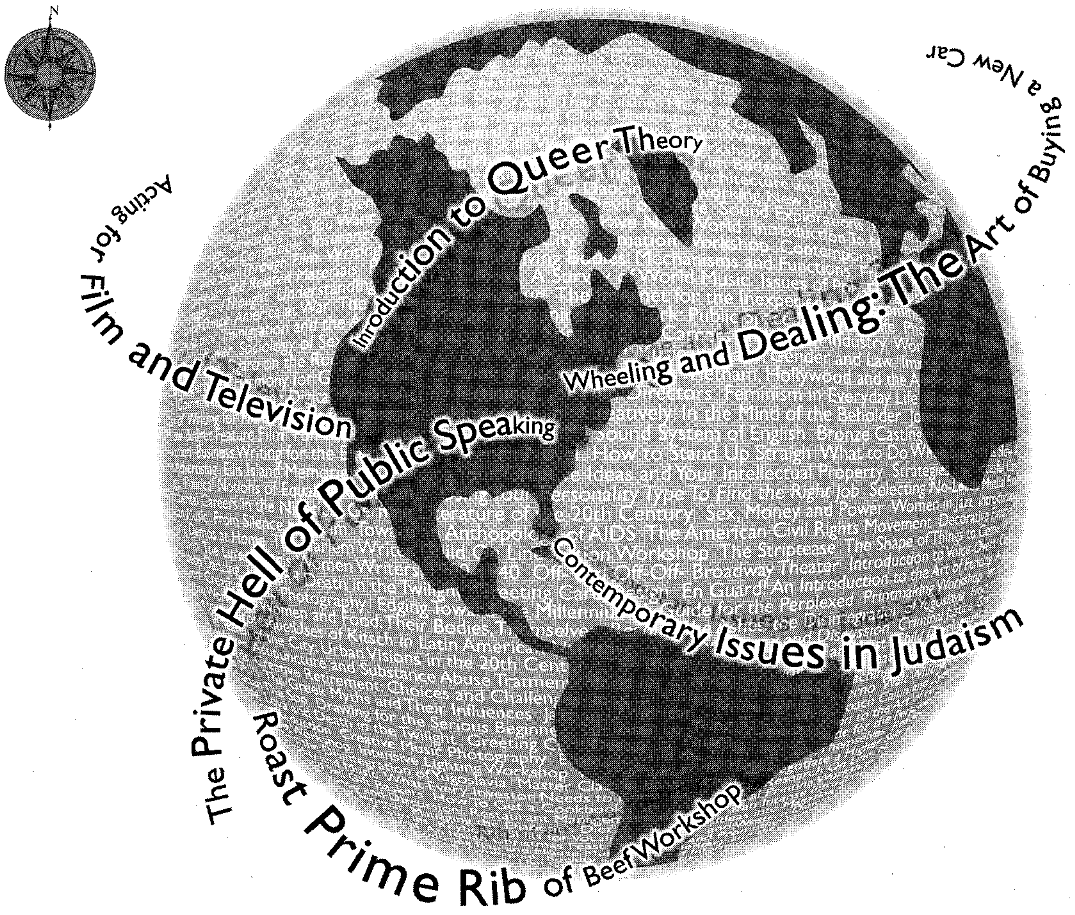
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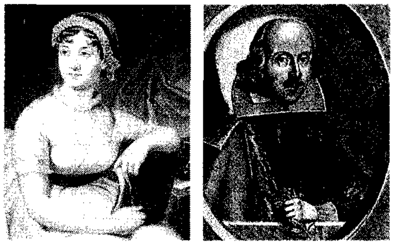
ton concludes with a self-written, and admittedly schmaltzy, poem. For her series on Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Raphael, she recited these lines: ". . . or Michelangelo's many-muscled men / Did men look so magnificent way back then? / Please, Michelangelo, I'd like just a peek / At the model for that fantastic physique." "I know it's not great poetry," she says, "but the humor is instructive—it sticks in your mind." Benton's lectures at the Met (ongoing since 1988) are always sold out. "All I hear about myself is, 'She really packs it in,' " she says with a laugh. "It really is an onslaught of information, though; I will not waste people's time or money." For this fall's series, she says, "we will start with the Pantheon in Rome, and we will move chronologically and geographically until we conclude at St. Peter's, where the dome—which has moved from pagan times to Christianity—reappears." She pauses. "It's all so fascinating!"

LITERATURE

Great Books, *Walter James Miller, NYU.* Miller expects his students to do their reading assignments and come to class, but not necessarily in that order. "Most adults don't go to a play until after they've read the review; I understand that," he says. And he recognizes that most students don't read the classics until they've picked up, just through living, plenty about them. "I had heard about 'To be or not to be' long before I read *Hamlet,*' " he says. Coming from most of us, it would be an unstartling admission. Coming from a teacher who is passionate about Aristophanes and Austen and Le Guin—and passionate about conveying their artistry to continuing-ed students—it is bracing evidence of common sense. Miller, once a public-affairs officer for General Patton, is able to draw, and captivate, students from 15 (a girl who sat in on a class with her father) to 75, from literary novices to ardent rereaders. "I've been an adult-ed student for a little over two decades, and I've had 40 to 50 courses," says Joe Haedrich. "There is no one else like Professor Miller. I took the class because I had been a business major—didn't know anything about literature—and felt my education was lacking. But you



GREAT BOOKS: AUSTEN AND SHAKESPEARE.

learn as much about history and philosophy as you do about fiction. He himself knows everything. It's not smartness he has; it's wisdom."

Western Literature I, From the Classical Period to the Enlightenment, *Karen Kaplowitz, John Jay.* Like most other teachers and students in the field, Kaplowitz believes in literature for its own sake. But within the classics, she examines ideas that perfectly complement the main thrust of the curriculum—criminal justice—at John Jay. Her course this fall looks at the concept of revenge and the development of a system of justice, from Homer through Shakespeare: the first literary instance of a trial, the first depiction of civil disobedience, 2,500 years of sex and violence and its consequences. "And the role of women in these works," Kaplowitz emphasizes. "They're very strong characters, strongly represented, whether as victims or as victimizers." Kaplowitz realizes the reading may be hard for the students "in the same way that it would be hard for someone thousands of years from now to pick up a copy of today's *Times* and get all the references. I start with the *Odyssey* by telling them it's a real MIA story." By the time students get deep into the works, however, the experience is purely literary. "She had us reading for pleasure, and making connections between centuries," says former student Jacqueline McCarthy. "Some of them tell me after a course, 'I really feel I'm part of the world now,' " adds Kaplowitz. "They recognize, I think, that they've learned a language of the entire world, that they're becoming . . . *citizens* of that world."

The Yiddish Theatre: From Second Avenue to Sunset Boulevard, *Arthur Liebman, NYU.* As Pauline Kael lamented in several famous *New Yorker* columns, moviemaking power passed sometime in the fifties from the first-generation Jewish immigrants who built Hollywood's studio system into the

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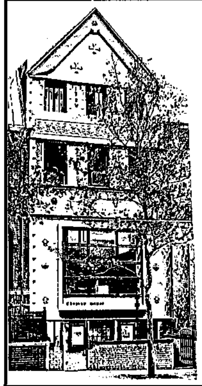

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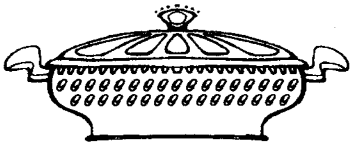

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hands of demographically obsessed bean counters. The former, she noted, had taken many of the cues for their instinctively populist style—direct and gut-wrenching emotional appeal, intercut with generous dollops of fantasy for the working Joe—in no small measure from lessons learned in the Yiddish theaters of New York's Lower East Side. Those roots of American film are explored in this class. Beginning in the 1880s with the Eastern European family dramas and sentimental songs adapted to soothe homesick immigrants, it tracks the emergence of performers like Paul Muni and Boris Tomashevsky as they came to dominate Broadway's early "golden age" and their subsequent migration westward in the twenties and thirties.

Art of Drama, *various speakers, 92nd Street Y.* Arguably more so than any other form of popular entertainment, theater manages (often against the commercial odds) to maintain at least a hint of its time-honored role of intellectual provocateur. Those looking to deepen that page-to-stage experience should check out this lecture series, which offers a pleasantly informal overview of the guiding ideas behind work by contemporary theater's leading names, in presentations by the names themselves. The course features a number of prominent playwrights reading from scripts, memoirs, and other background material as a prelude to discussion and analysis. The roster for this season includes Harold Pinter, David Hare, Wallace Shawn, and—hey, he *has* been getting weightier lately—Neil Simon.

MISCELLANY

Morality in Everyday Life, *Ezra Kopelowitz, The New School (taught online from Jerusalem).* This is the only course Kopelowitz instructs online, and he finds it a particularly apt setting. "This course deals with the interaction of different types of people from different types of cultures, and how technological progression has changed the way we interact with one another," he explains. "We examine the ever-evolving sets of ethical systems, philosophical questions, and communal spaces." During last spring's nine-week semester, students like Norma Loeb, an executive secretary at the New York *Times,* logged in several times a week, at all hours, to post letters, ask questions, and download their reading lists. Loeb, who has never felt comfortable speaking in class, says she "felt free to type in all my thoughts. And you know, even though I never met Ezra, there was a warmth about him that you could feel online. It was a very considerate group all around."

Ninjutsu, *Jean-Pierre Seibel, New York Budo.* "People think we run around in black masks and kill people," says Liz Hiraldo, a 27-year-old graphic designer who for the past four years has trained in Bujinkan ninjutsu, a 900-year-old martial art started by deposed Samurai warriors. In addition to the grappling, striking, ground fighting, and kicking pandemic to the samurai arts, there's a therapeutic-spiritual side to ninjutsu—what Hiraldo calls the "mucky-mucky stuff"—that helps students become *tatsujin,* or fully developed human beings. Says Seibel, a former dignitary protection agent who founded the center in 1988 and usually teaches a Wednesday-night white-belt class and a black-belt class on Thursday: "This art is stunning in its completeness."

Orchestrating Fashion, *various lecturers, NYU.* David Ingram and Laurie Monroe, coordinators of this new course, are adamant that people should see the workings of the fashion business "in an interesting way, but not in an industry way—in a way that makes fashion fun." The best teachers, they figure, are people at the top of their fields—editors, designers, supermodels, agency heads. Each week, there will be at least one guest speaker; Michael Kors and Bonnie Pressman, a vice-president of Barneys New York, are two highlights, as well as a *very* major designer whom we're not at liberty to name. Ingram and Monroe wanted more than just big shots, though. "Because of my position [director of Personal Shopping] at Barneys New York, I've been able to work with so many young, excited, animated designers," says Ingram. "And we'll have them to the class to speak on how to get started in this business in the first place." ■

THE DIRECTORY

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Cooper Union, 30 Cooper Square (353-4195). Registration begins 9/9; classes 10/1.

French Culinary Institute, 462 Broadway (219-8890). Ongoing registration; classes begin in late August.

ICP, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1776, ext. 156). Registration begins 9/4; classes 10/1.

John Jay College of Criminal Justice, 445 W. 59th St. (237-8866). Registration begins 8/28; classes 8/30.

The Juilliard School, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000). Registration begins 8/26; classes 9/9.

Peter Kump's School of Culinary Arts, 50 307 E.92nd St. (410-4601). Ongoing registration; classes begin 9/1.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949). Tickets already on sale. Lectures begin 10/3.

Lucy Moses School of Music and Dance, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3360). Ongoing registration; classes begin 9/24.

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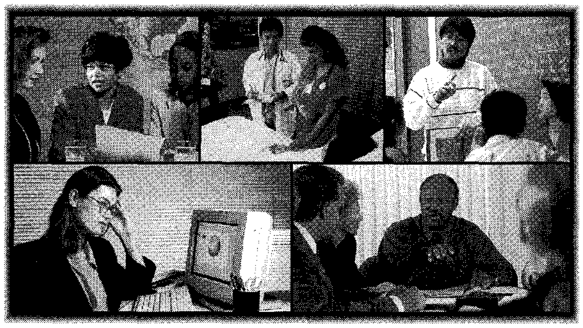

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Tray Chic

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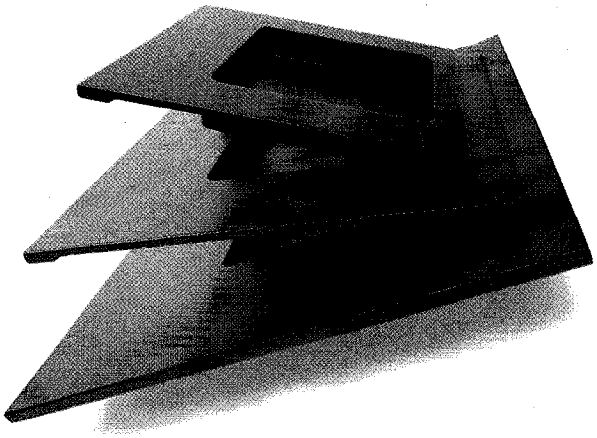

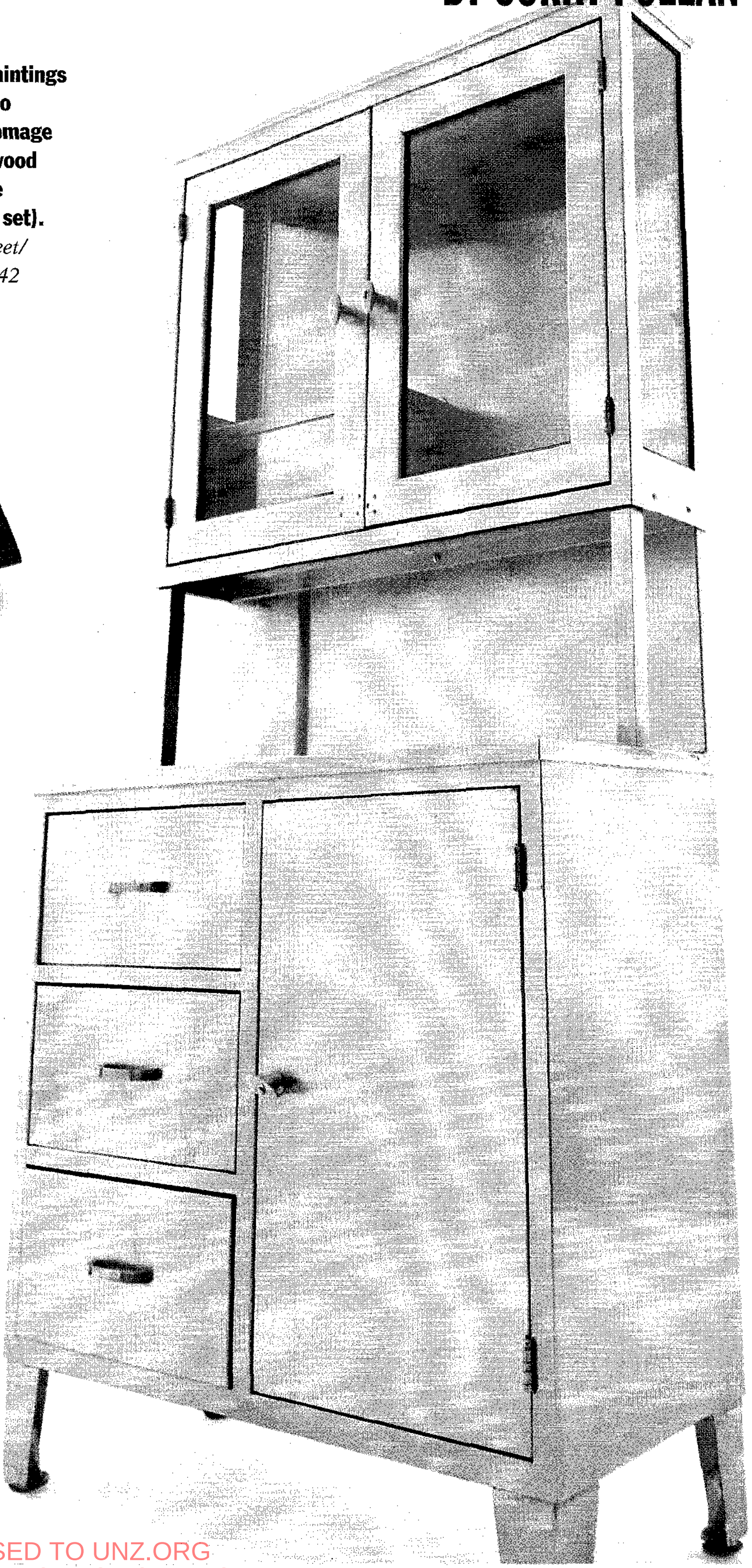

The Doctor Is Interior

Jan Staller is best known for his edgy photos of New York cityscapes, which have been described as eerily tranquil and even mystical. (He's also my nephew.) Staller recently gained notoriety in the interior-design world after the shelter magazines featured his apartment, which he'd furnished largely with re-purposed laboratory equipment. Staller is now into another unlikely furniture source, government-hospital surplus, and has amassed a collection from the sixties that includes streamlined stainless-steel nightstands, desks, tables, and cabinets (from $275 for a nightstand to $2,200 for a double-glass-door cabinet).

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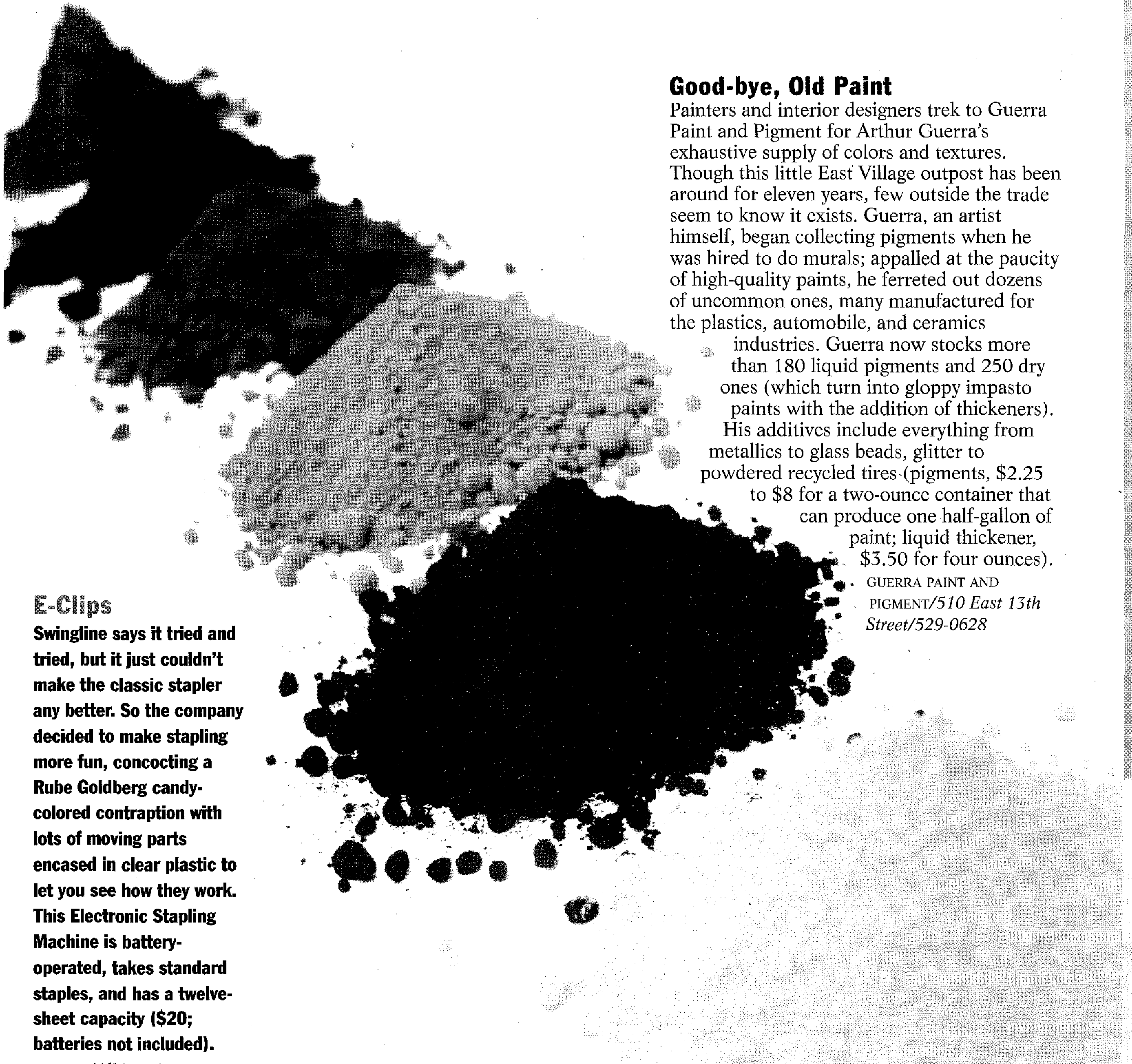

Good-bye, Old Paint

Painters and interior designers trek to Guerra Paint and Pigment for Arthur Guerra's exhaustive supply of colors and textures. Though this little East Village outpost has been around for eleven years, few outside the trade seem to know it exists. Guerra, an artist himself, began collecting pigments when he was hired to do murals; appalled at the paucity of high-quality paints, he ferreted out dozens of uncommon ones, many manufactured for the plastics, automobile, and ceramics industries. Guerra now stocks more than 180 liquid pigments and 250 dry ones (which turn into gloppy impasto paints with the addition of thickeners). His additives include everything from metallics to glass beads, glitter to powdered recycled tires (pigments, $2.25 to $8 for a two-ounce container that can produce one half-gallon of paint; liquid thickener, $3.50 for four ounces). GUERRA PAINT AND PIGMENT/*510 East 13th Street/529-0628*

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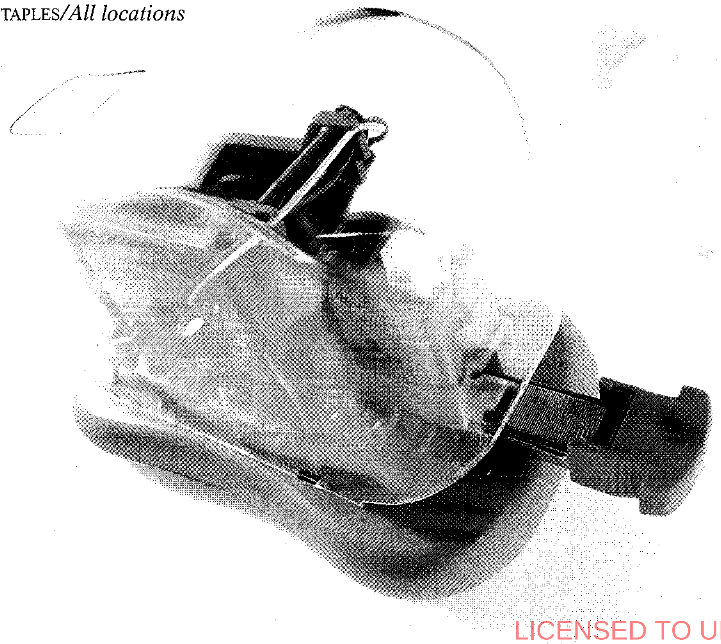

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Down Underware

In the supermarkets of Australia and New Zealand, things look familiar—until you notice the pilchard-flavored cat food.

WHEN MOST PEOPLE TRAVEL abroad, they sample the local culture by doing things that are, y'know, cultural—visiting museums, going on walking tours, checking out ancient historical sites. Culture, however, is where you find it, and an even better place to find it is the local supermarket. The supermarket, as I like to remind people, is just that—a *super market*—and as such is unusually evocative of a country's psyche. For better or worse (guess), you can tell a lot more about America by strolling down the cereal aisle at Price Club than by visiting the Statue of Liberty, and foreign supermarkets function similarly as cultural barometers.

As it happens, I vacationed recently in Australia and New Zealand, where the most obvious thing about the supermarket culture is how thoroughly it's been infected by *our* culture. The rise of multinationals and licensing was evident upon a quick perusal of a small New Zealand grocery in Wellington, which revealed scores of familiar products and brand names, including Planters, Colgate, Vaseline, Tampax, Spam, Uncle Ben's, Drano, Oreos (but no Hydrox, alas), Crayola, Hershey's, and a *lot* more; most of these were also present in Australia, as were others, like Sara Lee, Kraft, Chips Ahoy, and Weight Watchers.

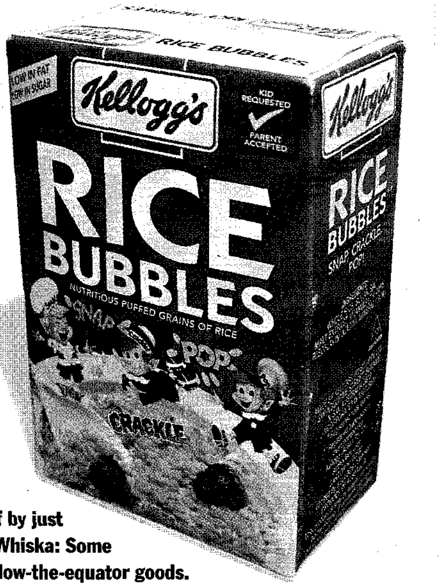
whiskas
Chicken & Rabbit
NET 410g

Soon, however, an indigenous consumer landscape began to take shape. I learned, for example, that just about every grocery establishment in New Zealand, from the biggest supermarket to the lowliest corner store, is well stocked with five-ounce cans of Salisbury Whole Peeled Lamb Tongues, testimony to the country's 60 million sheep (as against 3 million humans). And while you can get a Milky Way bar in New Zealand, complete with the Milky Way logo, the bar itself is more like what we'd call a 3 Musketeers. Other observations:

Breakfast. Both New Zealand and Australia are rife with Kellogg's products, most of them quite familiar. Rice Krispies, interestingly, are available under the name Rice Bubbles—identical to the American version in almost every other detail, right down to the depictions of Messrs. Snap!, Crackle!, and Pop! on the box. Of course, there are plenty of non-Kellogg's options as well, including Cappuccino Flakes, a box of which I bought in Melbourne. "Now you can have the full flavour of Cappuccino," says the back panel, "without having to use your espresso machine." For those willing to at least boil some water, there's Nestle Coffee & Milk, an instant coffee with the milk and sugar already mixed in. I found a canned, powdered variety in New Zealand and a syrupy *squeeze-tube* version of the same product in Australia. Both make really crummy coffee but, thanks to the milk-and-sugar factor, taste great on ice cream.

Cat food. It's no surprise that people in other parts of the world eat different foods than we do; how these gastronomic distinctions might shake out in the pet-food aisle, however, is a bit less obvious. I hadn't given the matter much thought until I visited a Melbourne supermarket and found an assortment of Whiskas cat food—a common American brand—in flavors like "Salmon, Prawn, Marrowbone & Cheese," "Beef, Lamb & Rabbit," and "Pilchards & Whiting." Other brands offered similar choices. Just for the record, my cats ate the Australian flavors without incident, which means either that they have very culturally flexible palates or, more likely, that all cat food tastes the same anyway.

Alcohol. If you're sitting around your house in Christchurch feeling parched for a cocktail, you don't have to go to your neighborhood bar—you can just go to the supermarket (the best one in Christchurch is the splendidly named Big Fresh) and buy yourself a premixed bottle or can of Jack Daniel's and Coke, Jim Beam and Coke, or what have you—convenient but appalling. And while home brewing may have some sort of yuppie cachet here in America, in New Zealand it's just a low-budget way to get drunk. Home-brew kits for most major New Zealand beers are widely available in the country's supermarkets, and my Auckland pal Lesley says they're "very popular" with the down-and-out set.



Off by just a Whiska: Some below-the-equator goods.

Finally, I had a disorienting experience at Daimaru, a Melbourne department store whose upscale-ish gourmet department featured an abundance of supposed delicacies from America. Among the culinary delights on display were a jar of Jif Peanut Butter (selling for an outrageous $12.35—the equivalent of $9.88 in American money), a squeeze bottle of French's Mustard ($3.16 American), a small box of Minute Rice ($4.13), assorted flavors of Jell-O ($2.19 a box), a bottle of A.1. Steak Sauce ($7.96), a small can of Crisco ($5.36), and a can of Campbell's Manhattan Clam Chowder whose expiration date had passed five months earlier ($3.96). If this represents a typical foreign notion of American "gourmet" standards, it makes you wonder about all those high-priced European foods they sell at Zabar's. ▬

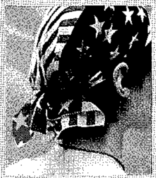
SEND PRODUCTS, gadgets, promotional literature, and suggestions to Paul Lukas, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. E-mail address: krazykat@pipeline.com.

Photographs by Wayne Simpson.

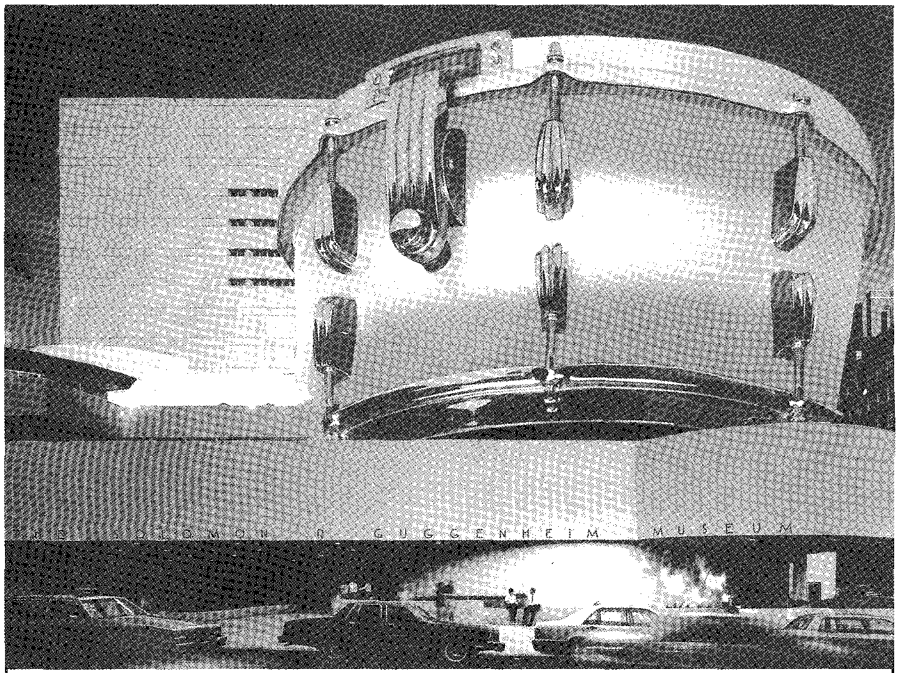
DRESS CODE

BY JADE HOBSON CHARNIN

THE HIGH-LOW LIFE



HEAD CASES: It's so much more fun when fashion trends are started by the kids, get spotted on the streets, and then trickle *up* to designers, instead of the other way around. This summer's case in point: scarves worn around the head, but in a style that looks more like a snug-fitting snood than like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farms. Aside from being sexy in a slightly tough, gamine kind of way, they're perfect for covering up the various indignities summer's heat and humidity can dish out. All you need is an eighteen-inch square scarf folded on the bias: The one pictured above is from a stall on Canal Street. Both Pucci and Echo, as always, have come through with great patterns. And there is a fun selection of vintage styles, all of them $5, at Anna (150 East 3rd Street, at Avenue A), a tiny new vintage-clothing store that's already attracted a following among the neighborhood's many fashion stylists, who would very much have liked to keep the place their little secret. **ART AND COMMERCE:** Fashion followers love to use words like *fabulous* and *genius* to describe everything from a new hem length to a model's dye job, but in the case of *Visionaire* magazine's all-fashion issue, out August 1—and packaged in a special-edition Louis Vuitton case (below)—the superlatives are quite apt. Photographers like Nan Goldin and Arthur Elgort teamed up with designers like Helmut Lang and Junya Watanabe and were directed to produce whatever their hearts desired. The results—like the Comme des Garçons dress photographed by Craig McDean (left)—is further evidence that the connection between fashion and art is as strong as ever. The magazine will go for $75, and they're only printing 2,500; act fast. ▬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SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Racked With Gilt

Extravagance turns (nearly) economical with sales on Georgette Klinger's skin care, Lederer's leather, and Zegna suits.

A ZEGNA SUIT FOR $495 IS REASON enough to get yourself over to the Riflessi sale, but if you need further enticement: Ermenegildo Zegna and Loro Piana Tasmania suits in Super 100 wools, were $1,200, now $495; Canali suits, were $1,100, now $495; sport jackets by Valentino Uomo and Zegna, were $875–$650, now $350; shirts from Canali and Bresciani are $49; all ties (Pancaldi, Balenciaga, and Claude Montana) are $35. Sizes 36S to 60R; alterations free of charge. *Riflessi, 260 Madison Ave., near 39th St. (679-4875); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–8 p.m., Sat. till 7 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 8/31.*

Grab Bag

THE HANDBAG SALE AT LEDERER DE PARIS gets so out of hand they put an NYPD DO NOT CROSS barrier out front and limit sales to ten per customer. Bags that usually run $150 to $400 are now $79.95. In addition, get 20 to 50 percent off a select group of leather goods. *Lederer de Paris, 613 Madison Ave., at 58th St. (355-5515); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 6:30 p.m.; 7/29–8/3.*

Curious Georgette

ONE THING IS CLEAR: THE FOLKS OVER AT Georgette Klinger don't *need* to have an annual sale; they *want* to. "It's really our way of giving back," a spokeswoman explains. "It's like Cartier; they have an annual sale, too." Through August, Klinger is magnanimously offering discounts on skin-care products and packages, like facials, body massages, and other services. Save $140 on a series of six of the new Alpha Hydroxy acid facials (was $480, now $340); save $115 on a series of six body massages (was $420, now $305). Also, 35 percent off select Klinger's skin-, body-, and hair-care products (like Sea Extracts Hair Collection, and Advanced Oxygen Moisturizer and Mask). Products can be ordered by phone at 1-800-KLINGER. *Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Ave., near 53rd St. (838-3200); 978 Madison Ave., near 77th St. (744-6900); and locations nationwide; A.E., M.C., V; call for hours; through 8/31.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

At Riflessi, suave Italian suits (like this one from G.V. Arena) are on sale at even suaver prices.

Clouded Thoughts

DIANE YOUNG'S ENCYCLOPEDIC KNOWLEDGE of all things epidermal—coupled with charming touches like the dreamy celestial designs painted on the ceiling of each of the treatment rooms—make this self-styled anti-aging salon a worthy find. Specials now being offered: the Age Eraser, $125 (regularly $180), includes facial, enzyme exfoliation, firming mask, eye treatment, hand and foot treatment, and anti-aging makeup application; the Summer Spa Special, $100 (regularly $150), includes a facial, enzyme exfoliation, hand and foot treatment, and makeup application. *Diane Young, 38 E. 57th St., eighth floor (753-1200); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m.; through 8/31.*

Uptown *Babe*

OVER AT THE VINEGAR FACTORY, ELI Zabar's moderately priced cousin to E.A.T., they stuff sausages with ingredients usually associated more with angel-hair pasta than with a squirt of Gulden's. Variations include tomato and mozzarella, broccoli rabe, cheese cervelat, and chicken and apple. They were $6.99 a lb., but through the end of August, they're $3.99. Butcher Robert Chopak is also willing to custom-make sausages. *The Vinegar Factory, 431 E. 91st St. (987-0885); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sun. 7 a.m.–9 p.m.; through 8/31.*

Fruit of the Loom

COLUMBUS AVENUE'S PONDICHERRI peddles a wide range of home-wares, including hand-printed fabrics made in India. Most of the stock is now on sale: 50-in.-by-50-in. table linens, were $29, now $14.50; 60-in.-by-90-in. tablecloth, was $60, now $30; dinner napkins, were $6.50, now $3.25; duvets, were $112–$164, now $56–$82. *Pondicherri, 454 Columbus Ave., near 82nd St. (875-1609); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–8 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; through 8/31.*

Recovery Program

RICHARD'S INTERIOR DESIGN IS NOW DIScounting its stock and services. Balloon and Roman shades, were $16–$18 per sq. ft., now $10 per sq. ft. (fabric not included); 25 percent off labor for draperies, slipcovers, and reupholstering. Custom-made upholstered headboards in twin, full, queen, and king, were $495–$695, now $295 for twin, full, and queen, $350 for king (fabric additional). Floor samples will also be 40 to 60 percent off; 20 percent surcharge on fabrics brought in; in-stock fabric reduced 40 percent. *Richard's Interior Design, 1390 Lexington Ave., near 92nd St. (831-9000); A.E., M.C., V.; checks as deposits only; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 9/4.* ■

Photograph by Norman.

RESTAURANTS CORBY KUMMER

The Riviera Runs Through It

The former owners of the Provence-inspired seventies hot spot La Colombe d'Or missed it so much, they bought it back. If only the food could be resuscitated.

NOW THAT THE SEVENTIES ARE BACK AND TOM Ford has revived psychedelic nylon for Gucci, why not reconsider tasteful Pierre Deux flowered prints? When George and Helen Studley opened **La Colombe d'Or** in a Gramercy-area brownstone in 1976, New Yorkers still held fast to the idea that sophistication meant sipping Lillet on ice in the namesake restaurant-inn in St.-Paul de Vence, high above the Riviera, looking at original Picasso oils and hoping Yves Montand might walk in. Now, of course, chefs in search of inspiration have crossed the border, to Italy. But Provence never disappeared in the New York imagination, as demonstrated by the current best restaurant on the Upper West Side, Picholine. Twenty years ago, who knew that a picholine was an olive?

The Studleys sold La Colombe d'Or in 1994, the year Helen Studley published *Life of a Restaurant,* an account of the pleasures and (mostly) tribulations of a self-taught couple fulfilling a dream that, as John Mariani noted in the introduction, "is not unlike a sexual fantasy: Most people don't really want it to come true." Wayne Nish, now chef-owner of March, bought the restaurant, and the Studleys went to live in Provence proper. This year, they bought it back, apparently unable to exorcise a desire to feed people and suffer. (Nish found running two places to be too much trouble.) After wading through three fax-paper rolls of résumés, the couple decided to rehire La Colombe d'Or's Moroccan-born longtime chef, Naj Zougari.

A good deal of what kept Colombe d'Or in business through years of changing fashions is still there: It's pretty and serene. The farm implements hung on the stuccoed dining-room walls side-by-side with Léger reproductions (the closest the Studleys could get to the original paintings in the Provence restaurant whose name they took) creakily evoke sixties French glamour. So does the food. The Studleys still hold to a kind of purity and French concern with good value for restrained portions. A four-course prix fixe in the main dining room costs $45, and right by the entrance, there is a new bar and lower-priced café, similarly pretty, where you can order many of the same dishes that appear on the dining-room menu.

So far, though, the food—always reliable under Zougari before it was enlivened by Nish's whimsical twists—is surprisingly spotty. Of the first courses, ratatouille (a holdover from Zougari's former tenure) is definitive. The flavor of each vegetable is distinct, the texture soft but not mushy. Garlic adds a subtle pungency (it's first sautéed in oil, then slowly braised with the vegetables to make a confit); the sautéed onions, sweetness; and fruity olive oil, a silken gloss. Vinaigrette on field salad is sweet with unusually fresh hazelnut oil. But chilled tomato soup with crabmeat is almost chokingly flavored by raw garlic, and the crab is very meager. Goat-cheese gnocchi with truffle oil taste of neither and are so dry, they're powdery. "Terrine de cassoulet" is a curious idea gone wrong—cold white beans and congealed sausage suspended in an unappealing, opaque gray-brown jellied broth.

Fish seems to come out well. Thin slices of house-smoked skate, served with sweet red cabbage braised in red wine (a second course on the prix fixe), are delicate and tender. A thick rectangle of pan-roasted cod is firm but not overcooked, surrounded by white beans in intensely green olive oil. The dish, another holdover, is the best on the menu. Grilled salmon is similarly easy to finish fast. Zougari seems expert with

A holdover from the *ancien régime:* The definitive ratatouille.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

chicken, too, managing to retain flavor in thick slices of sautéed breast meat with roasted shallots and lavish mashed potatoes. Most of these dishes are available on the à la carte menu in the café, at the solid-value prices of $10 to $18.50. But the entrées specific to the café have problems. We try a lobster-salad sandwich, but even the garlic lovers can't get through more than two bites of the overwhelming chunked raw garlic. Salade Niçoise ought to be as much a signature as the ratatouille, but it's stingy and bland, with undercooked haricots verts and shockingly pallid white tuna, instead of oil-packed dark tuna from the ports around Nice.

The chef falters with meat. Daube of beef, a Provençal (and house) classic, has the necessary nearly black roux-thickened sauce, but the strips of braised meat are dry and gristly. "Steak aux 4 poivres" is brown and tough and thick and accompanied by greasy and soggy French fries one night; the next night, it is pink, tolerably tender and thinner, and the frites are acceptable. Desserts are so far unexceptional, and the kitchen seems to run out of most of them by ten. The holdover lemon sabayon tart is pleasant; sorbets, bought from the high-quality producer Ciao Bella, are excellent.

The Studleys seem willing to tolerate rude service from their waiters, which seems French, and also incompetence, which doesn't. The large and admirably multiracial staff passes tables frequently but seldom stops even when signaled or heeds requests, and is unfamiliar with many dishes (an understandable side effect of being new). One night, Dwayne Collins, listed on the menu as maître d'hotel, tries very hard to dissuade me from ordering a Côte du Rhône, the kind of wine I'd order in Provence, and one of three on the list costing just $18 to $25. My choice is too heavy, he insists: A $40 St.-Emilion will suit the menu better. In fact, the spicy, medium-bodied 1995 Perrin Côte du Rhône ($25) he finally agrees to bring is just what we wanted, and far apter than a big Bordeaux.

As I am leaving, laden with two bags, the front door catches when I try to open it, and a rod falls to the floor with its two new white canvas café curtains. "Could someone pick these up before they get dirty?" I call. Eventually, Collins arrives. Noticing that the rod was held up by two homemade and seemingly temporary hooks, I ask, "Are you redecorating?" "Yes," he replies with an ambiguous little laugh, holding the door, "as soon as you leave."

La Colombe d'Or, 134 East 26th Street; 689-0666. Dinner, 5:30 till 11 p.m. daily (lunch, starting after Labor Day). A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

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Lyme disease? **ankylosing spondylitis?** scleroderma? **gout?** systemic lupus erythematosus?

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Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in York

art 82

bars 92

concerts 93

dance 93

kids 102

the mix 100

movies 74

nightlife 90

online 101

radio 100

restaurants 94

sports 101

theater 86

the written word 100

A Great Week In Harlem

An annual celebration swells to nearly a full month of food, film, music, dance, and theater: **Harlem Week** *kicks off August 5* (page 101)

movies

Flirt...John Garfield...Three on a Match

Opening Blow Out

In 'Chain Reaction' (opening August 2), Keanu Reeves is a scientist-in-training (!) who squares off against the twin evil empires—government and big business, natch—when he makes a hydrogen-related breakthrough.

New Films

The Adventures of Pinocchio—A live-action adaptation of the fairy tale with Jonathan Taylor Thomas as the marionette and Martin Landau as Gepetto. Directed by Steve Barron. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris, who is best known for her 1982 film *A Question of Silence*, about three women who kill a man who has accused them of shoplifting. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Cinema 3.*

Celestial Clockwork—An aspiring opera singer moves to Paris, where she encounters a woman who continually tries to thwart her success. Directed by Fina Torres. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Chain Reaction—Keanu Reeves stars as a scientist-in-training whose life is threatened when he discovers a cheap, effective method for harnessing energy. With Morgan Freeman. Directed by Andrew Davis. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's latest is a funny but rather smug little movie based on Stella Gibbons's funny but smug little 1932 novel about an impoverished, well-brought-up girl, Flora (Kate Beckinsale), who goes to live with her dim, depressed relatives on a Sussex farm. Flora won't stand for anything but the best and most rational behavior, and the men and women on the farm are so abashed by her that they go along. The book is an implicit rebuke to the loamy novels of the early thirties influenced by D.H. Lawrence, with their sexy-peasant heroes who inflame well-born ladies. The sexy peasant here, played by Rufus Sewell, is thoroughly tamed—gelded, really. In all, life doesn't put up much of a fight. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Regency.*

★**Courage Under Fire**—Denzel Washington gives an intense, imploding performance as Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Serling, a Gulf War tank commander who gives an order at Al Bathra that accidentally destroys an American tank and kills the men inside—men from Serling's own company. But Serling is also a hero, and the Pentagon buries the friendly fire incident. The colonel is given a lousy desk job, and becomes obsessed with the case of a Medevac-helicopter pilot, Captain Karen Walden (a convincing Meg Ryan), who died on the ground while trying to rescue some stranded soldiers. What is the truth about Karen Walden? Screenwriter Patrick Sheane Duncan and director Edward Zwick obviously took a good look at the familiar Kurosawa masterpiece *Rashomon*, in which the audience sees the same story—a rape and a possible murder in a forest—from the point of view of four different participants. Colonel Serling travels the country tracking down Walden's crew, and from the point of view from one man and then another, we see the helicopter go down. Did Walden maintain her authority? Or did she panic? Zwick stages the events again and again, with overlapping details—but significant and fascinating details. (Denby; 7/22/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema.*

★**Emma**—Gwyneth Paltrow stars as the titular matchmaker in this wonderful adaptation of the Jane Austen classic. With Toni Collette and Ewan McGregor. Directed by Douglas McGrath. (2 hrs.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Eraser—Arnold Schwarzenegger plays a man on the right side of the law—he guarantees the safety of the people in the witness protection program—yet whether Arnold is "good" or "bad," whether he's the Terminator or the Eraser, he kills people by the dozen. That's his job: He produces corpses and explosions. The movie is not as unpleasant, redundant, and ugly-looking as *The Rock;* some of it is entertaining in a preposterous, over-the-top style. Yet there isn't much to say about it. In these summer thrillers, explosions and punches, like rum in fruit punch, produce a mild kind of high. In order to keep the high going, audiences and moviemakers have made a kind of silent agreement about movie violence: It shall be as meaningless as possible. One comes away from *Eraser* sorely wondering if Hollywood has not caught itself in an endgame with no possible conclusion but declining interest, declining response, declining love. (Denby; 7/8/96) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Fled—Two escaped convicts (Laurence Fishburne and Stephen Baldwin), on the run from both the feds and the Cuban Mafia, attempt to stay alive by retrieving stolen money and a valuable computer disk. Directed by Kevin Hooks. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's new comedy waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with disaster, yet it somehow flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

"CUE" COVER ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC DROOKER
FOR *NEW YORK*

Ingrid Sischy, *INTERVIEW MAGAZINE*

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IT WILL MAKE SPARKS FLY!
Hats off to Jeffrey Wright."

Paul Wunder, WBAI RADIO

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BASQUIAT

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COSTUME DESIGNER JOHN DUNN PRODUCTION DESIGNER DAN LEIGH DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY RON FORTUNATO EDITOR MICHAEL BERENBAUM EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS PETER BRANT JOSEPH ALLEN
BASED ON A STORY BY LECH J. MAJEWSKI PRODUCED BY JON KILIK SIGURJON SIGHVATSSON RANDY OSTROW WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JULIAN SCHNABEL

R RESTRICTED DOLBY READ THE BOOK "LIFE DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME" FROM STEWART, TABORI & CHANG ARTWORK © 1996 MIRAMAX FILM CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. MIRAMAX FILMS

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(Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea, and he scores. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Frighteners—Michael J. Fox plays a con man who actually works with ghosts he's been hired to exterminate in this black comedy. Directed by Peter Jackson (*Heavenly Creatures*). (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema.*

Girlfriends—An anthology of short films from around the world by and/or about lesbians. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Harriet the Spy—An adaptation of Louise Fitzhugh's beloved children's novel about an insatiably curious young girl who spies on everyone. Starring Michelle Trachtenberg and Rosie O'Donnell. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *23rd Street West Triplex; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Heavy—Set in an isolated town in upstate New York, James Mangold's debut feature tells the story of a painfully shy, overweight cook (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with a beautiful new waitress. With Evan Dando, Liv Tyler, and Deborah Harry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Hunchback of Notre Dame—Disney's animated adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. With the voices of Tom Hulce, Demi Moore, Jason Alexander, and Kevin Kline. Directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise. (1 hr. 35 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; Lincoln Square.*

Independence Day— A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. Like the disaster movies of the seventies, *Independence Day* catches a wide variety of characters—selfish, screwed up, just plain busy—as they go about their little daily tasks. And then shadows pass over Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, and director Roland Emmerich gives us a recurring moment, The Look: The camera dollies in rapidly as one person after another raises his head and sees a huge, hovering craft, and is struck dumb. Mostly, the effects are cheesy. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *Stargate,* was cheesy on a smaller scale), seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible. (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Joe's Apartment—What was once a highly inventive MTV promo about a single guy in New York City and his roach-infested apartment has been stretched into a feature-length film. Directed by John Payson. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Plaza.*

Kingpin—Woody Harrelson stars as a former bowling champ with a prosthetic hand and an Amish protegé in this comedy from brothers Peter and Bobby Farrelly, who were also responsible for *Dumb and Dumber.* With Bill Murray and randy Quaid. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Previews
Broad Appeal

Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, and Ann Dvorak teamed up in the gals-together-outrageously thirties melodrama 'Three On a Match,' which wraps up AMMI's running tribute to the late Warner Brothers director Mervyn LeRoy. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

★**Lone Star**—John Sayles's latest begins with a skeleton discovered among the Texas cactus and a reluctant sheriff (Chris Cooper) trying to figure out whether his dead father, a hero, was also a murderer. What starts as a criminal investigation turns into a mini-epic. Two generations of white, black, and Mexican characters become mixed up in one another's lives, and while Sayles's ambition and ingenuity is surely admirable, one can't help but wonder how many packs of three-by-five cards he used to keep track of the plotlines. Characters who seem at first to have nothing to do with each other are brought closer and closer until they are all held in a tight web. Sayles, the veteran of many independent productions, will never be a natural. His screenwriting can be prosily overexplicit one minute, fancy the next, and his movies are visually undistinguished. Yet *Lone Star* is haunted by as sense of America as a peculiar destiny—uprootedness as a common fate. (Denby; 7/22/96) (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Manny & Lo—Two young sisters run away from their separate foster homes and, along the way, kidnap a kindly store clerk (Mary Kay Place) who is not what she appears to be. Written and directed by Lisa Krueger. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Matilda—Danny DeVito directed and stars in this adaptation of the Roald Dahl story about a magical little girl saddled with unresponsive parents. Starring Rhea Perlman and Mara Wilson. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Maybe . . . Maybe Not—Axel (Til Schweiger) has just been dumped by his girlfriend, so he goes to stay at the apartment of a gay acquaintance, and the usual sexual zaniness ensues. Directed by Sonke Wortmann. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

Multiplicity—Michael Keaton stars in this comedy about a beleaguered man who clones himself in order to meet the demands of daily life. Directed by Harold Ramis. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Nutty Professor**—This remake of the 1963 Jerry Lewis classic is a personal triumph for Eddie Murphy. It's still a Jekyll-and-Hyde story, but this time the chemist, Sherman Klump, is a huge fatty, with a chin that starts under his mouth and ends near the middle of his chest. The way Murphy plays the role, and Tom Shadyac (the first *Ace Ventura*) directs it, the physical details are cruelly precise and often grotesque, but the spirit is not cruel. When he falls in love with an appreciative graduate student (Jada Pinkett), he swallows the DNA liquid he has been using in experiments and becomes Buddy Love, a slender, handsome, fast-talking, and violently aggressive man. In brief, he becomes Eddie Murphy as we've always known him. But he does something interesting: He shows us that Eddie Murphy going over the top is destructive and horrifying. By movie's end, we realize that he is telling us what was wrong with his old screen character: He wasn't quite human. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Phat Beach—Two kids in search of some sun, some honeys, and some action head for the beach in a "borrowed" Mercedes-Benz, and havoc ensues when their cache of sunglasses—which they planned to sell—is stolen. Written and directed by Doug Ellin. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Phenomenon— On his 37th birthday, a pleasant mediocrity called George Malley (John Travolta) wanders drunkenly into the street and is sent sprawling by a small circle of light that descends from the sky. When he wakes up, he feels an insatiable curiosity and desire—to read any book he can get hold of, to poke into things and figure them out, to experiment with planting and soil, to crack a complicated military code. Travolta's George is chagrined by how easily he outclasses his friends, but he can't help doing it—and Travolta gives him a little smile of pleasure (not vanity) when he struts his stuff. The decision to keep George an informal country fellow makes sense; we know we're watching a tall tale and we're willing to be charmed. But then the movie changes its tone and starts to fall apart—it's a sanctification of simplicity, after all. When George saves a little immigrant boy, and people gather around him as though he were Jesus walking on water, you know there's trouble. (Denby; 8/15/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The Pompatus of Love—A comedy about three days in the lives of four longtime friends as they grapple with their troubled love lives. With Jon Cryer

Photograph by Photofest.

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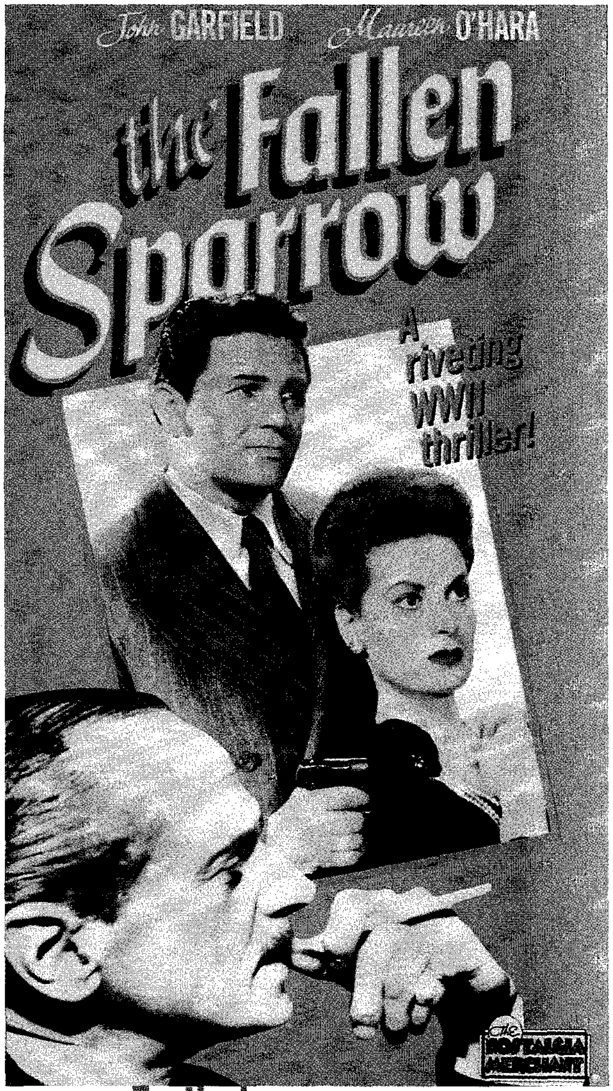


Festival
Fight the Power

A native Lower East Sider who stood up to both the oppressive studio system of the forties and the McCarthy blacklists of the fifties, the late actor John Garfield was as righteously iconoclastic offscreen as on. The Film Society of Lincoln Center presents the first major retrospective of his works (along with guest speakers like director Abraham Polonsky, who directed Garfield in *Force of Evil*) beginning August 9.

(who also co-wrote), Adrian Pasdar, Tim Guinee, Kristin Scott Thomas, and Michael McKean. Directed by Richard Schenkman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*.

★**Purple Noon**—Martin Scorsese presents this rerelease of Rene Clement's incredibly stylish, sexy, and intelligent thriller about an amoral young playboy (the stunning Alain Delon) who kills an acquaintance and adopts his identity. Not to be missed. Based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

The Rock—A group of mad military types, led by Ed Harris, takes some tourists hostage on Alcatraz Island and points missiles at San Francisco. The FBI matches up its young expert in chemical-biological weapons, Nicolas Cage, and a British agent who has been rotting in jail for 30 years, Sean Connery, and sends them to eliminate the renegade military unit and free the hostages. Cage and Connery try to give the movie a grounding courage, loyalty, humor, and other humane virtues, but they can't transcend the absurdly violent fascist-adolescent-adventure atmosphere, in which people are chained, melted, crushed, and dropped onto spikes. (Denby; 6/24/96) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin.*

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's latest film isn't very good, but at least there are some handsome bodies in it, and the shimmering golden heat of Tuscany. At an artist's villa in the hills near Siena, a group of characters found only in mediocre European movies—a sculptor, a dying playwright, an elderly antiques dealer, a declining earth mother or two—gather in various states of semi-nudity and conversational indiscretion and witness an *echt* art-movie spectacle. A beautiful American girl (Liv Tyler) has arrived from the States in order to find her father and also, it seems, to lose her virginity. Neither of these quests is carried out with any great sense of dramatic energy, but the movie is physically pleasing and occasionally very sexy. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Angelika 57; Beekman.*

Stonewall—A drama set in and around the 1969 Stonewall riots and subsequent gay-rights movement. With Frederick Weller, Guillermo Diaz, and Matthew Faber. Directed by the late Nigel Finch. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

Striptease—When Demi Moore loses her child in a custody battle, she takes a job as a topless dancer at the Eager Beaver club in Fort Lauderdale, but she hates stripping, just *hates* it—she does it only so she can get enough money to get her daughter back. We want her to take off her clothes (how could we not? The whole movie sets us up for it), but we're asked to identify with her anger. Moore herself is a huffy exhibitionist—the worst kind. She's so determined to demonstrate her virtue in *Striptease* that she never loosens up and gives a performance. The movie is based on a funny book by Carl Hiaasen and could only be played for comedy, but Andrew Bergman, the director, has a star on his hands with the wit of a John Deere combine. (Denby; 8/15/96) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

Supercop—Jackie Chan stars as a humorously determined police officer. Worth it for Chan's daring stunt work alone. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Gemini Twin; UA East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

A Time to Kill—Sandra Bullock, Samuel L. Jackson, and Matthew McConaughey star in this adaptation of the John Grisham novel about a young lawyer at the center of a racially charged trial in the deep south. Directed by Joel Schumacher. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

The Tin Drum—Volker Schlöndorff's 1979 epic about a 3-year-old who decides to stop growing and then bangs on his favorite toy to block out whatever frightens him—be it his father's flirtation with the Nazi party or the impending war itself. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; NR). *Film Forum.*

★**Trainspotting**—Director Danny Boyle's film adaptation of Irvine Welsh's novel about a bunch of smart-ass Scottish heroin addicts. With Ewan McGregor. Written by John Hodge. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Walking and Talking—Two lifelong friends (Anne Heche and Catherine Keener) begin to drift apart when one announces her engagement. Written and directed by Nicole Holofcener. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Lone Star; Manny & Lo; Stealing Beauty; Trainspotting; Walking and Talking; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Nutty Professor; The Frighteners.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *In the Realm of the Senses; Girlfriends.* Beg. 7/31: *Bladerunner* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Heavy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Celestial Clockwork; Cold Comfort Farm; Stonewall.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Maybe . . . Maybe Not.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Phenomenon; The Pompatus of Love; The Rock.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Time to Kill; Fled; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Multiplicity; Supercop.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Kingpin; Courage Under Fire.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Kazaam; Kingpin; Multiplicity; The Nutty Professor; Trainspotting.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Supercop.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Independence Day.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Fled; Joe's Apartment; The Frighteners.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Phenomenon; The Frighteners.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Phenomenon.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Jane Eyre.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Stealing Beauty.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Kingpin.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Courage Under Fire.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Welcome to the Dollhouse; Celestial Clockwork.*

Photograph courtesy of John Cocchi.

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; The Pompatus of Love; Trainspotting.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Multiplicity; Striptease.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Independence Day.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Walking and Talking.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Supercop.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam; Supercop; The Rock.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Phenomenon.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Spy Hard; The Arrival.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Nutty Professor; The Frighteners.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Purple Noon.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Eraser; Joe's Apartment; Trainspotting.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Kazaam; The Postman; The Rock.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Dragonheart; Heaven's Prisoners; Mighty Aphrodite; The Arrival; The Birdcage; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Independence Day.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Lone Star.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Independence Day; The Frighteners.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Kazaam; Kingpin; The Rock.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Stealing Beauty.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Fled; Kingpin; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Multiplicity; Striptease; Supercop.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Joe's Apartment.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Joe's Apartment; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Time to Kill.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Supercop.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Stonewall.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Phenomenon; Supercop; The Frighteners.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Flirting With Disaster; Lone Star; Manny & Lo; Walking and Talking; The World of Apu.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Time to Kill; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Kingpin; Multiplicity; The Nutty Professor; The Rock; Trainspotting.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Courage Under Fire; The Frighteners.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Fled; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Supercop.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Independence Day; Kazaam; Supercop; The Nutty Professor.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *A Time to Kill; Independence Day.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Cold Comfort Farm.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Kingpin; Multiplicity; Supercop; The Nutty Professor.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Supercop; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Fled; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Kazaam; Phenomenon.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Independence Day; A Time to Kill.*

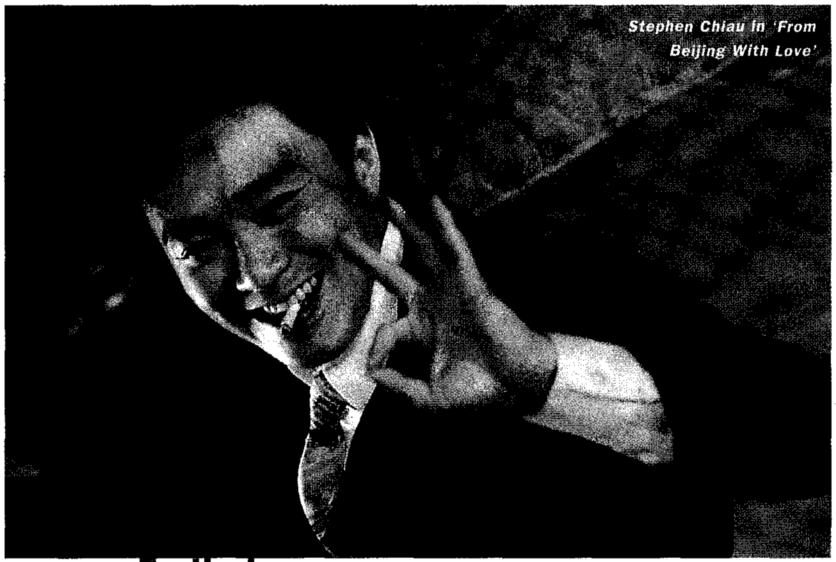
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Kingpin; Multiplicity; Supercop; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Harriet the Spy; Kazaam; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; Supercop; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Independence Day; Courage Under Fire.*



Stephen Chiau in 'From Beijing With Love'

Festival

It'll Be Okay, Really . . .

On the eve of Hong Kong's reversion to Chinese rule, the mainland is figuring ever more prominently as a character in the otherwise usually buoyant HK cinema. Now in its fourth year at Cinema Village, Festival Hong Kong (beginning August 9) offers not only the most-up-to-date glimpse at the direction of HK film but also an artistic airing of the city's anxiety over the end of Western rule. Among our five picks for the best of this year's program, China looms especially, yet curiously, large—as either the homeland of a virtuous warrior or a magical, intangible kingdom, glittering with promise.

HK FILM	CHINA CONNECTION?
'MY FATHER IS A HERO'	The beloved Jet Li—who specializes in morally upright characters—plays a cop from mainland China who must infiltrate the HK underworld.
'WING CHUN'	Femme fatale Michelle Khan (Jackie Chan's *Supercop* co-star) inventively kicks ass while balancing a tray of tofu.
'FROM BEIJING WITH LOVE'	In this James Bond spoof, Stephen Chiau is a special agent—employed by the Chinese government—on the trail of stolen dinosaur bones.
'THE MAGIC CRANE'	Romantic mythical imagery and furious martial artistry conflate gorgeously in Tsui Hark's visionary take on ancient China.
'THE SAINT OF GAMBLERS'	A goofy variant on this uniquely HK genre—a simpleton from mainland China who may possess nebulous, ESP-like abilities is recruited by some HK pros.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Independence Day; Kazaam; Supercop; The Nutty Professor.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Fled; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kingpin.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Fled; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kingpin; The Nutty Professor.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Supercop.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Supercop; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kingpin; Multiplicity.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *A Time to Kill; Independence Day; Multiplicity; Phenomenon.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Independence Day.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Fled; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Kingpin; Supercop.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Multiplicity; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Eraser; Fled; Independence Day; Multiplicity; The Nutty Professor.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *A Time to Kill; Eraser; Fled; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Kingpin; Phenomenon.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Time to Kill; Fled; Joe's Apartment; Kingpin; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Fled; Kazaam; Supercop.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kingpin.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Independence Day; Kazaam; Kingpin; Supercop.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Multiplicity; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Kazaam; Supercop; The Rock.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Multiplicity; Courage Under Fire.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Independence Day; Kingpin; Multiplicity; The Frighteners.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Independence Day; Kazaam ; Supercop; The Frighteners.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *A Time to Kill; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; The Nutty Professor.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *A Time to Kill; Eraser; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Kingpin; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Eraser; Stealing Beauty; Striptease.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Joe's Apartment; Supercop.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Fled; Harriet the Spy; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Independence Day; The Frighteners.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Independence Day; Multiplicity.*

Opening

Three of Hearts

In Hal Hartley's *Flirt* (starring his wife, Miho Nikaidoh, center), three couples in three cities grapple with commitment, unrequited longing for another, and a life-altering gunshot. The quirkily endearing film—in which the same scenario repeats with ever-so-slight variations—opens August 7 at Film Forum.

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Phenomenon.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Time to Kill; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; The Frighteners.* Opening 8/2: *Chain Reaction.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Independence Day; Multiplicity; Phenomenon.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Kingpin; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; Supercop; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Warner Bros. Whiz: Mervyn Leroy in the 1930s." 8/3: *Three on a Match* (1932) and *Elmer the Great* (1933). 8/4: *Hard to Handle* (1933) and *They Won't Forget* (1937). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—8/1: *Damnation.* 8/2: *The Outsider* and "Films of Saul Levine." 8/3: *Satantango* and *Made in U.S.A.* 8/4: *Almanac of Fall, Numero Deux,* and "Classics of the Twenties." 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—7/29: *On the Waterfront* (1954). Raindate: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Cinema Village 12th St.—Beginning 7/18: "Sick & Twisted Festival of Animation." 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—8/4: *Kitten With a Whip* (1959). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 8/1: *Picnic* (1955). Beginning 8/2: *The Tin Drum* (1979). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film in Void—7/31: *Fantastic Voyage.* Drinking and smoking permitted. 16 Mercer St. (941-6492); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—7/29: *Medea* (1988). Through 8/4: "The Fifth New York Video Festival." Call for complete program info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—7/30: *Mayerling* (1936). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Le Madri's "Film al Fresco"— 8/4: *The Misfits* (1961). 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022); $8 admission; no minimum on food or drink.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/12: "Scorsese at the Movies: Selections from the Martin Scorsese Collection." 7/29: *Unconquered* (1947) and *Silver River* (1948). 7/30: *Tension at Table Rock* (1956) and *The Searchers* (1956). 8/1: *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964), *Man in the Saddle* (1951), and *Shane* (1953). 8/2: *Streets of Laredo* (1949). 8/2 and 8/4: *Captain Lightfoot* (1955) and *The Black Rose* (1950). 8/3: *The Crimson Pirate* (1952) and *Prince of Foxes* (1949). 8/3 and 8/4: *Ivanhoe* (1952). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Queens Museum of Art—"Ordinary Heroes." 8/3: *25 Fireman's Street* (1973). New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-592-9700); free.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

Hamptons *continued from page 39*

ing!" he announces loudly. "I should have become an actor!"

Every June, Bleckner, 47, packs his life into a massive U-Haul and unloads it in Sagaponack, where he remains until early October. His house, on four isolated acres accessible only by a partially paved road, once belonged to Truman Capote. "I wanted a place of solitude," he says. "A place where I could be alone."

Well, not quite alone. On a typical weekend, the property houses about as many people as a struggling Holiday Inn, including Bleckner; his boyfriend, Terrence McFarland; his cook, Lynn McNeeley; and assorted other guests. Bianca Jagger, who stays here almost every summer weekend, has a small suite of her own. Bleckner's gardener, David Ryan—a sculptor and former model—lives year-round in a neighboring home that belonged to Capote's lover Jack Dunphy. Friends trickle in and out at whim. "Ross is the town yenta," says a friend. "He's everyone's Jewish mother."

Until recently, Bleckner's annual benefit for the Community Research Initiative on AIDS, held in a tent on his property, was the highlight of the social season. This year, however, the event has been canceled. "Everyone's tapped out," he sighs, "including me." No matter that the gossip columns track his progress almost every week. Nowadays, Bleckner insists, he leaves his house "only when absolutely necessary." The manic socializing of the Hamptons, he says, "is not my thing. I mean, I haven't set foot in a restaurant all summer." Instead, he spends his days hard at work, his nights at small, *intime* gatherings with close pals like David Salle, Sandy Gallin, and Calvin and Kelly Klein. Most of his other invitations end up in the trash. "The trick," he whispers conspiratorially, "is to tell everyone you never go out. Which, as you know, I don't. I mean, not usually. Very rarely. Sometimes. I mean, it's Sunday! Everyone is on the beach, and here I am working, see? I never go out!"

Today, however, Bleckner is making a rare exception. Or two. Later this afternoon, his friend the performance artist Robert Wilson is staging a benefit party and performance for Watermill, the non-profit artists' rehearsal space he runs. Bleckner—along with his old high-school classmate Donna Karan—has agreed to head up the host committee. An hour later, his presence will be required at a $5,000-a-head Democratic fund-raiser organized by his friend the socialite Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel. "It's the last thing I want to do," sighs Bleckner. "I have to work! But Barbaralee called and insisted. She demanded!" His voice drops a decibel. "And you know, she can be rather . . . persuasive."

He works intently for about an hour, pausing occasionally to exclaim into the phone ("You're dating a go-go boy?! Why?") and to entertain his dog, a wiry, neurotic—and relentlessly social—dachshund named Mini. "She's obsessive-compulsive," says Bleckner as Mini playfully mauls a guest, leaving tiny, artful paw prints on his pressed pants. "She just wants to have fun." By 1:30, however, both Bleckner and Mini are bored. "Time for lunch!" he announces.

A few minutes later, we're on the winding pathway that leads from the studio to his house, where we await Jagger and McFarland's return from a waterskiing expedition. They make their entrance ten minutes later, the trip cut short when McFarland, in a Cinderella-like mishap, was unable to fit his foot into the ski. But Jagger, it seems, is not really in a convivial mood. Small and darkly beautiful, dressed in white shorts and a T-shirt, she smiles grimly, waves, and darts into the house. "Bianca's a little shy," explains Bleckner.

Bleckner's boyfriend is a bit more forthcoming. A boyishly handsome 27-year-old, McFarland has just been appointed fashion director of *Details* magazine. He was introduced to Bleckner by *Interview* editor Ingrid Sischy a year and a half ago. "Ingrid was giving a party for Diesel jeans and she wanted me to come," Bleckner says. "She bribed me! She said, 'Ross, I have the perfect guy for you. He's smart, he's cute, he's perfect.' " He smiles. "And he was."

Back at the house, the genial McNeeley has set out a light meal on a table overlooking the pool: an enormous bowl of cold pasta, a crisp green salad, and a pitcher of icy lemonade. Bleckner has warned that the bashful Jagger may opt to skip the meal altogether. But a few minutes later, she appears carting a stack of plates and graciously pours lemonade for everyone. Jagger, a human-rights advocate who split up recently with New Jersey congressman Robert Torricelli, recounts a recent encounter with Arianna Huffington. "She's a very smart woman," says Jagger. "I saw her once at this fancy dinner, and she told me, 'Bianca, you are probably the only person in this room who knows anything about poverty and misery.' "

Later, while Bleckner scours his walk-in closet for an appropriate outfit, McFarland, a former Navy brat, stretches out in the sun and discusses the perils of life as Bleckner's boyfriend. "I know people look at me and think, *Oh, yeah. Boy toy,*" he says with disarming candor. "But that's not the way it is. For one thing, I have a job, a good job. I think what we have here is more like a family. You know, Ross is the dad and Bianca is the mom and David and Lynn and me. I don't know what we are, but it's like an alternative family." As he talks, Bianca labors in the nearby exercise room, working off her pasta salad on the Stairmaster. "One night, right after I met Ross, we all went to the movies, just Ross and Calvin and Bianca and me. And I thought, *Wow!* I mean, I used to read about these people. But after a while, you know, things change. Bianca is just Bianca now. You get used to it." Jagger, in a pair of tight nylon training pants, emerges to catcalls fifteen minutes later, glistening with sweat. "Now we can go," she says.

Soon after, following a brief fashion consultation, the party is ready to leave. Bleckner, dressed in white linen slacks and a beige shirt, sinks into the driver's seat of his Mercedes, a sporty silver two-seater. McFarland, in black Gaultier pants and a clinging Prada sweater, crouches uncomfortably in back. We speed down Route 27, with Mariah Carey emoting loudly on the radio, and Bleckner emoting even louder over her: "Traffic! This is why I never leave my house." Outside, the sun is finally peeking through the clouds; the air is fresh and clear. "You'll always be my baby!" sings Mariah. McFarland tenderly musses Bleckner's hair. "Remember when I sang that to you in Paris?" he says. Bleckner nods, happy and, for the moment, quiet.

Shooing off an overzealous valet parker, Bleckner squeezes his car into a tiny space near the entrance of the Watermill Center and skips into the front yard. An arty crowd clogs the entrance to the building, a sprawling, ramshackle factory once owned by Bell Labs. Here's Miranda Richardson talking animatedly with Philip Glass; there's the host, Robert Wilson, all in white, planting a kiss on the forehead of a Balinese flutist, dressed in a turban and bright, native garb.

Bleckner, energized, charges in, his sluggish posse trailing behind him. Disappearing behind a cluster of white-suited waiters, he emerges moments later beside Donna Karan, who pecks him affectionately on both cheeks and looks over his shoulder. Karan looks depressed and slightly dazed. Like all the other organizers except Bleckner, she's dressed all in white—Donna Karan dress, wrinkled jacket thrown casually over her shoulder, scuffed white canvas sneakers. "Donna," says Bleckner enthusiastically. "You look fabulous." Karan manages a meek smile.

Bleckner, after a perfunctory tour of the premises, races up to the roof, where he collides into the artist Donald Baechler. "Don-ald!" bellows Bleckner. "*Don*-ald Baechler! This is the hot young artist Donald Baechler! Hot! Young! Hot!" A blushing Baechler stares sheepishly into the distance, where a Greek "expressive dancer" is doing cartwheels atop a nearby shed. "Whatever, Ross," Baechler says.

But Bleckner is already gone, down to the "dorm room," a large, spartan space lined with about two dozen military style cots. The lanky Annie Leibovitz, sporting a pair of khaki military shorts, is sprawled out on one of them, her feet dangling off the end. Close beside her sits a stern-looking woman with *(continued on page 85)*

art

Heroic Painting...Jonas Mekas

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Honoré Daumier—A selection of original lithographs by the French satirist; through 8/3. McCarron and Schulman, 1014 Madison Ave. (772-1181).

James Lee Byars—A monumental work titled *Angel* that consists of 125 handblown Venetian-glass spheres arranged on the floor in a form suggesting a figure; through 8/30. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Luca Monzani—Paintings and drawings of architecture in Mallorca; 7/31–9/7. Murakami, 17 E. 71st St. (717-6085).

Larry Poons—New abstract paintings that continue the artist's interest in surface texture; through 8/30. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

57th Street Area

Laurent de Brunhoff—Recent abstract watercolors by the author and illustrator of the *Babar* books; through 8/2. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Paul Cadmus/George Platt Lynes—Drawings of the male nude from a series the artist began in 1965/A selection of photographs, including nudes, portraits, and fashion work. Through 8/2. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Myron Lechay—Paintings by this Russian-born artist (1898–1972), who became associated with Stuart Davis and other American modernists in the twenties and developed a style similar to Milton Avery's, using broad, thinly applied areas of color; 8/5–30. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Philip Pearlstein—Portraits executed between 1946 and 1996, including those of the artists Scott Burton, Alex Katz, and Raphael Soyer; through 7/31. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Shigeko Kubota—Kinetic sculptures, a video "rock garden," and overhead projections; through 8/2. Fung, 537 Broadway. (334-6242).

Edward Ruscha—A survey of the artist's books and book works; through 7/27. Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Other

Elizabeth Catlett—A survey of the African-American artist's paintings, sculptures, and prints from the past five decades; through 8/15. Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute, 408 W. 58th St. (307-7420).

Eric Karpeles—The *Sanctuary Project*—an installation of abstract paintings that forms a 30-by-50-foot enclosure intended as a place of contemplation and renewal; through 9/8. Grand Central Terminal, Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Vanderbilt Ave. and Lexington Ave. (340-3284), daily 10–7.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Works from the collection of the Federal Reserve Board celebrating the twentieth anniversary of its Fine Arts Program and a selection of trompe l'oeil paintings of currency; through 9/7.

Photography
Super Stills

Andy Warhol, Elvis Presley, and Jackie Kennedy were among the celebrated subjects of Jonas Mekas's experimental films of the sixties; now, enlarged and printed as Cibachromes, the stills constitute the 74-year-old filmmaker's first solo photography show in New York. At Laurence Miller Gallery, 138 Spring Street; through August 16.

Photograph courtesy of Laurence Miller Gallery.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). A summer selection of works by Lennart Anderson, Quentin Bell, Lucian Freud, Albert York, and others; through 8/30.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Going Places: Images of Travel and Transport," with works by more than 45 American and European artists dating from the nineteenth century to the present; through 8/16.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-7338). Works by Carol Diehl, Charles Garabedian, Grace Knowlton, John Lees, Joan Snyder, Robert Rahway Zakanitch, others; through 8/16.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works in media not commonly associated with a particular artist's *oeuvre*, among them films by Nancy Graves, photographs by David Smith and Richard Pousette-Dart, and an architectural model by Frank Stella; through 9/22.

57th Street Area

Adams—50 W. 57th St. (489-5064). "Going Places," with works by Robert Arneson, Luis Cruz Azaceta, Jim Barsness, Jose Bedia, Joan Brown, Peter Saul, James Valerio, others; through 8/16.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). Ceramic tulip vases by Ralph Bacerra, Kim Dickey, Anne Hirondelle, Philip Maberry, Matt Nolen, Adrian Saxe, Jan van der Waart, others; through 8/9.

Del Re—41 E. 57th St. (688-1843). Works by Adami, Arman, Indiana, Pousette-Dart, Stella, others; through 8/31.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). Recent paintings by gallery artists, among them Leigh Behnke, Alice Dalton Brown, Jane Freilicher, Candace Jans, Polly Kraft, Billy Sullivan, and Jane Wilson; through 8/23.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, and still life by Anderson, Briggs, Berg, Fields, Kelly, Linehan, Monafo, J. Patterson, W. Patterson, Zigmond, others; through 9/3.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). "Recaptured Nature," with works by Giovanni Anselmo, Joseph Bartscherer, Lothar Baumgarten, Dan Graham, Richard Long, Gabriel Orozco, Ed Ruscha, others; through 8/30.

MB Modern—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). "Sacred Matters: Works on Paper," with works by Bruno Andrade, Alan Gussow, Billy Lee, Emily Mason, and other gallery artists; through 9/21.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Barbara Hepworth, Donald Judd, Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Murray, and Joel Shapiro; through 9/7.

Reece—24 W. 57th St. (333-5830). Works by Gustavo López Armentio, Tsugio Hattori, Robert Natkin, Fred Otnes, and Sica; through 9/9.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "Breaking All the Rules: Art in Transition," with works by Gerd Arntz, Max Beckmann, Sue Coe, Lea Grundig, John Heartfield, Hector Hyppolite, John Kane, Gustav Klimt, Justin McCarthy, Emil Nolde, others; through 9/6.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Peep Show," with works by Gregory Barsanian, Paul

Caponigro, Janice Gordon, Holly Lane, Scherer & Ouporov, Idelle Weber; through 8/9.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "Affinities: Contemporary and Historic Art," with works by Milton Avery, Ilya Bolotowsky, Norris Embry, Laurie Fendrich, Hannah Fink, Luke Gray, John Obuck, Rolph Scarlett, Patrick Strzelec, Steve Wheeler, and others; through 8/16.

View—250 E. 51st St. (317-9757). "Sculptor's Drawings," with works by Agnes Denes, Richard Nonas, Clement Meadmore, Yoko Ono, Dennis Oppenheim, Mary Ann Unger, others; through 9/4.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). Images of dance in drawings, photography, and other media, by Laure Albin-Guillot, Brassai, Baron Adolph de Mayer, Arnold Genthe, Barbara Morgan, and Abraham Walkowitz; through 8/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by Will Berry, Holly Hughes, Wendy Miller, and Bob Penrose; through 8/9.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). A selection of Boliw shrine figures of the Bamana people of Mali; through 10/5.

Bonakdar—130 Prince St. (925-8035). Works by Uta Barth, Markus Baenziger, Mat Collishaw, Olafur Eliasson, Charles Long, Robin Lowe, Peggy Preheim, and Julie Roberts; through 9/7 (gallery is closed 8/3–9/2).

Bose Pacia—580 Broadway (966-3224). Works by Arun Bose, Ganesh Haloi, Madhoor Kapur, Manu Parekh, Arpita Singh, others; through 8/31.

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). Works by self-taught artists and by Haitian and Jamaican artists; through 8/16.

Donahue—560 Broadway (226-1111). Works by Laurie Fendrich, Vanessa Haney, Ruth Pastine, Li Lin Lee, Nachume Miller, Lenore Tawney, and Robin Utterback; through 7/31.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "Summer Pleasures, Summer Treasures," with works by Rafael Ferrer, Viola Frey, Frank Owen, Joseph Raffael, and others; through 9/3.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photographs, sculpture, and works on paper by twenty artists that depict the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and the Flatiron Building; through 8/31.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Sculpture by Donald Baechler, Konstantin Kakanias, and Nancy Rubins; through 9/21.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). Editions and multiples by Marina Abramovic, Ann Hamilton, Pieter Laurens Mol, Cathy de Monchaux, Julião Sarmento, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/6.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). "Splash," with paintings, photographs, and sculpture by Peter Begley, Christina Bothwell, Christopher Giglio, Mac James, John Risley, Jacqueline Schatz, others; through 8/16.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (944-0012). Works by Shirley Jaffe, Valerie Jaudon, Robin Hill, Harriet Korman, Carmengloria Morales, Joan Mitchell, Mia Westerlund Roosen, Denyse Thomasos, and Cindy Workman; through 8/4.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Each of the 60 artists in this show—among them Larry Clark, Jane Dickson, David Humphrey, Suzanne McClelland, Alexis Rockman, and Kenny Scharf—was provided with a standard Rawlings Official American baseball and asked to transform it into an artwork; through 8/9.

Moore—594 Broadway (343-7016). Paintings by Fritz Drury, Kirby Fredendall, Elinore Hollinshead, Neill Slaughter, and Nancy Witt; sculpture by Matthew Fine; through 8/31.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). "Space, Mind, Place," with works by Michael Ashkin, Francis Cape, Craig Kalpakjian, Susan Goldman, Rachel Harrison, Calvin Seibert, and Andrea Zittel; through 8/7.

Shafrazi—119 Wooster St. (274-9300). Paintings by Jean-Michel Basquiat, Donald Baechler, Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, Keith Haring, David Salle, Kenny Scharf, and Julian Schnabel; through 8/2.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Approaches toward Abstract Expressionism from nine painters and sculptors; through 9/28.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Recent works by Eric Drooker, Paul Garrin, and David Rokeby; through 8/2.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). "Photoworks/Artworks," with works by Victor Burgin, Patrick Faigenbaum, Kathy Grove, Louise Lawler, Allan McCollum, John O'Reilly, others; through 8/30.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West at Hicks St. and Old Fulton St., Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251). Creative Time's "Art in the Anchorage 96," with works by Doug Aitken & U-Ziq, Rebecca Bollinger, Jim Campbell, Shirin Neshat, Penelope Umbrico, others; through 8/25.

Fredericks—504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555). "Everything Is Real," with works by Matthew Antezzo, Robin Lowe, Kellie O'Bosky, Richard Phillips, Douglas Wada, Royce Weatherly, and Brenda Zlamany; through 8/9.

Morris Healy—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). Wall drawings and other wall-dependent works by Robert Adams, Quisqueya Henriquez, Steve Keister, Joyce Pensato, Cindy Poorbaugh, Mark Sheinkman, Meg Webster, and Kathleen White; through 8/23.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St. at Motorgate Parking Garage, Roosevelt Island (832-4540, ext. 359). Recent sculpture by Mary Carlson, Nina Levy, Heidi Schlatter, others; through 11/15.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.–Sun. 12–6, $2 suggested donation. "Siah Armanjani: The Staten Island Ferry Pedestrian Bridge and Other Works"; through 9/22. . . . "Norman Pate: Retrospective Exhibition"; through 9/22. . . . "Studio Artists Exhibition: In the Spirit of Norman Pate"; through 9/22.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819), daily until dusk. "Tenth Anniversary Show, Part I" with outdoor sculptures by Colin Chase, Kurt Delbanco, Julie Dermansky, Darrell Petit, Kazumi Tanaka and George Mansfields, and others; through 8/15.

Photography

Anthony—589 Broadway (925-2300). "Nude York," with images of nudes by 31 New York–based photographers; through 8/17.

Arsenal—Fifth Ave. at 64th St. (360-8143), "Games People Play," with vintage and contemporary photographs from the New York City Parks Photography Archive; through 9/13.

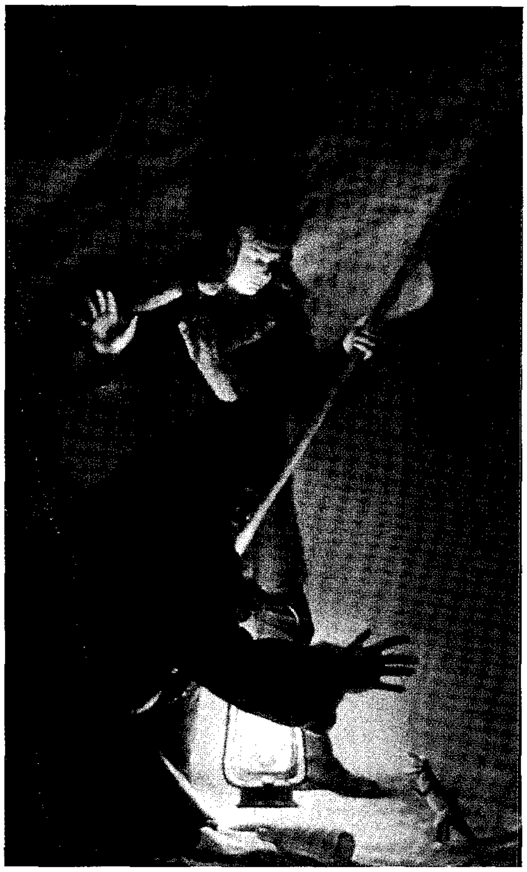
Anthony Barboza—Black-and-white jazz photographs; through 8/16. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Third-annual summer salon show, featuring works by Evans, Frank, Weegee, and emerging artists Peter Garfield, John Goodman, David Stephenson, others; through 8/10.

Bing Wright/Jenny Saville and Glen Luchford—Monochromatic photographs on the theme of nature/Photographs taken by Luchford of Saville's nude body pressed against a sheet of glass above him. Through 8/30. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Steven Brock—Black-and-white portraits of the people of Pomabamba, a remote Andean village in North-Central Peru; through 8/16. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

I.C.E.—521 W. 23rd St (727-3612). "La Dolce Vita," paparazzi shots of Federico Fellini, Marcello Mastroianni, Sophia Loren, and others prominent in fifties Italian cinema; through 9/1.



On View **You don't read a lot about it, but new allegorical painting has had a dedicated following since the seventies. What the form has lacked is a catchy pitch. Until now: "Heroic Painting" gathers the variously humorous, ironic, and revisionist works of eight of its better-known practitioners (above, Komar and Melamid's *Bolsheviks Returning Home After a Demonstration*). At the Queens Museum of Art through September 8.**

Photograph courtesy of the Queens Museum.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society; through 11/10. . . . "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection: 100 Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "In Times of War and Peace: The Photographs of David and Peter Turnley"; through 9/8. . . . "Emerging Photographers #2: Award-Winning Work by New York City Students"; through 9/8.

Petra Karadimas—Computer-manipulated portraits; through 9/14. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

Gustav Klutsis—Photographs and photomontages of designs for agitational-propaganda posters, plus original posters, poster sketches, and spatial studies; through 8/17. Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. (737-6647).

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). An exhibition of photogravures dating from 1903 to the present, ranging from examples from *Camera Work*, the illustrated periodical published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz, to contemporary projects by Robert Rauschenberg and Roy DeCarava; through 8/16.

Jonas Mekas—Large-scale color film stills of Elvis Presley, Jackie Kennedy, Lou Reed, Andy Warhol, and other personalities by this filmmaker who has been one of the driving forces behind New York's underground- and experimental-film culture since the fifties; through 8/16. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Pedro Meyer—Computer-enhanced photographs whose imagery comments on the similarities and differences between Mexico and the United States; through 8/17. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Ricco/Maresca—152 Wooster St. (780-0076). Works by Robert Frank, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally

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Mann, and other photographers chronicling attitudes toward delirium over the past two centuries; through 8/15.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Out Takes," with obscure images by Sally Apfelbaum, Lorna Bieber, Sally Gall, Bill Jacobson, Geanna Merola, John Schlesinger, Jan Staller, Tseng Kwong Chi, and Penelope Umbrico; through 8/16.

Marc Wilkins—Images of New York's annual end-of-summer drag festival from the photographer's new book *Wigstock: Holiday on Heels* (St. Martin's Press); 8/1–30. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Two," with photographs of couples by Bill Brandt, Robert Doisneau, Janine Niepce, and Edward Weston; more couples in Gallery Two, showing works by Evelyn Hofer; through 9/10.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft." Works by Wendell Castle, Dale Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Scientists and Journalists—One Story, Two Voices: A Century of Science Reporting in The *New York Times*"; through 9/29. . . . "Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. . . . "Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsey Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, drawings, photographs, and memorabilia by or about the youngest member of the famous Philadelphia family of artists; through 2/28/96. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. till 8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks"; through 8/18. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6–8 free), Sun. 12–5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 8/11. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"On the Prowl: Hunters and the Hunted" with hunting images in paintings and sculptures by Antoine-Louis Barye, Jean-Lèon Gèrôme, Constant Troyon, and others; through 10/5. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-visions of El Barrio." A selection of photographs and drawings made by East Harlem youths during a ten-week class held by El Museo del Barrio and the International Center of Photography; through 8/18. . . . "Working Shoes: A Site-Specific Installation by Ana Busto"; through 9/15. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." The first retrospective of the Swiss artist's work in the United States, spanning the early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. . . . "Africa: The Art of a Continent." The first major survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/25. . . . "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Mediascape." Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 9/15. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour; round-trip fare is $5); $4, $2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—"Marc Chagall 1907–1917." An overview of the artist's early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Winslow Homer." The first comprehensive retrospective of the American painter's work in more than twenty years, featuring approximately 180 paintings, watercolors, and drawings from all periods of his career; through 9/22. . . . "American Printmaking 1880–1900: Winslow Homer and His Contemporaries"; through 9/22. . . . "Toulouse Lautrec." Lithographs, related paintings, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 9/15. . . . "Ancient Art From the Shumei Family Collection"; through 9/1. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28. . . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18. . . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . . "Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/6. . . . "American Painting: 1930–1940, Selections From the Collection"; through 9/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 9/8. . . . "The Art of the Contemporary Doll"; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . "Pictures of the *Times*: A Century of Photography From the New York *Times*"; through10/8. . . . "From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson"; through 9/3. . . . "Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . . "Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980–95"; through 9/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish). Note: Admission to "Picasso and Portraiture" is by timed-entry tickets, available in the museum's lobby or by calling Ticketmaster at (212) 307-4545, for $12.50 (adults), $9 (seniors and students), and $4 (children 6 to 15).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. . . . "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"171st Annual Exhibition"; through 9/1. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880);

Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—“Crossroads Alaska: Native Cultures of Alaska and Siberia”; through 8/8. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily; free.

New York Public Library—“Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue 1896–1996”; through 10/19. . . . “The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters”; through 7/31. . . . “The Global Library http://www.nypl.org.” An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5,000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—“July 9, 1776: New York’s Independence Day”; through 9/15. . . . “In Search of Light: Tiffany Lamps at the New-York Historical Society”; through 9/15. . . . “Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933”; through 11/24. . . . “Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897–1917”; through 8/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—“Documenting the Times: Adolph S. Ochs and the Early Years of the New York *Times*”; through 9/15. . . . “Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition”; through 9/1. . . . “Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815–1860.” An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. . . . “Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond”; through 9/1. . . . “Morris’s Medieval Manuscripts”; through 9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—“Heroic Painting.” Works by Bo Bartlett, Vincent Desiderio, Walton Ford, Lawrence Gipe, Julie Heffernan, Komar and Melamid, and Mark Tansey; through 9/8. . . . “Visions of Ireland: Jack B. Yeats.” Paintings by Ireland’s most noted modern painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871–1957); through 9/8. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—“The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden”; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—“Shigeko Kubota.” An installation of the artist’s video sculptures; through 8/25. . . . “NYNY: City of Ambition.” Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; through 10/27. . . . “An American Story.” Works from the museum’s permanent collection; through 10/6. . . . “Perpetual Image: Photographic Narratives of the Desert West”; through 9/22. . . . “Collection in Context—Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy.” The artist’s paintings of carousing sailors on shore leave in Riverside Park in the early thirties; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—“Ik-Joong Kang: 8,490 Days of Memory.” An installation that uses chocolate as a metaphor to revisit the past from the perspective of the present, specifically referring to the artist’s memories of the candy bars given to him by GIs when he was in grammar school in Korea; through 9/27. 120 Park Ave. (570-1807); Mon.–Fri. 11–6; free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/31 at 10: “Contents of Abandoned Safe Deposit Boxes.” On view from 7/27. 8/14 at 10: “End of Summer Sale.” On view from 8/10.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 8/7 at 2:30: “Posters.” On view from on view from 8/3.

Hamptons

continued from page 81

a skunklike streak in her hair. “Susan Sontag!” bellows Bleckner. Sontag looks up with a start. “We were talking about the beds,” she intones, after a momentary silence. “They’re so . . . hard. So wonderful. Lie down, Ross. Try the bed.” Bleckner flashes a wary smile. “Aaaaah. We’ve got to go,” he says. “We’ve got to find Bianca.”

At last, Bianca is located, hovering with her friend Gabé Doppelt behind a pillar on the roof, begging to leave. Happily reunited, the group decamps en masse to the Spielvogel affair in Southampton.

Later still, just before Robert Wilson’s benefit performance is to start, a muscle-bound Demi Moore—shaved head wrapped in a red bandanna, and carting a teddy-bear knapsack—makes a surprise entrance, trailed by Karan’s husband and daughter. The bald *Striptease* star initially goes unrecognized by many of her fellow guests. “Who’s the chick next to Donna?” brays a hapless *Daily News* photographer. Another lensman, determined to shoot Karan alone, orders “the hippie” to step aside.

Moore, who is a Karan houseguest, bounds athletically up the steps into the building, repeatedly slapping Donna on the ass. The group arrives in a room occupied by Sontag, who until now has been sporting the dyspeptic demeanor of a nun who has mistakenly found herself in a brothel. At the sight of Moore, however, her mood brightens considerably. After a brief, animated exchange, the procession quickly moves on, leaving Sontag, alone again, staring at the wall.

Out in the parking lot, Yoko Ono is sitting alone in a parked gray Mercedes, apparently dozing. The Balinese flutist, who appears to speak no English, watches her quietly, chewing thoughtfully on a peach. Ten minutes later, her reverie suddenly over, Ono flings open her car door and sprints frantically across the lawn, nearly toppling a waiter. “No one knows what’s wrong with her today,” says a harried Watermill employee as she disappears into the building. “She keeps running from room to room and slamming the door.” With Ono safely out of sight, the Balinese flutist lovingly runs his hands over her car. “Mercedes,” says his translator instructively. “Can you say *Mercedes*?”

“YOU CAN JUST SORT OF TELL FROM THE WAY they’re looking—they don’t want to miss anything.” Bob Keene, 78, points at a brown Mercedes creeping up Southampton’s wide and leafy Main Street. He’s playing one of his favorite games—spot the day-tripper—and before you can suggest that the Mercedes just might be looking for a parking spot, Keene launches into a familiar refrain: “The year was 1963. Bridgehampton Commons opened up . . .”

Keene has lived in the Hamptons since 1946, and has acted as the Southampton town historian since 1979. So it is with some authority that he can say: “I’ve seen the best of what there was, and now I see the worst of what there is,” the latter distilled down to the following points.

Traffic. “On a Sunday afternoon, it’s bumper-to-bumper. It used to start at 1 or 2 P.M.; now it starts in the morning and runs until midnight. A couple of years ago, I sat on my front porch in Bridgehampton, and I calculated 250,000 cars heading west on Montauk Highway. Last weekend, I calculated again, and without a question, my estimate is a minimum of a *million* cars. I only mention that because no one really understands or wants to understand.” But, Keene hastens to add, the traffic is only a symptom. The real problem lies with . . .

Developers. “That’s what’s ruining everything. We now have, between the Southampton village line and Water Mill, which is two miles, 400 to 500 houses in an area that didn’t have one. Year after year now, big trailers go by. They’ve got lumber, they’ve got cement, they’ve got rolled-up grass. What you begin to wonder is, *Where the hell are they going?* I found out. Montauk is developing very rapidly. So is Springs, and Three Mile Harbor. But what is creating the change is not necessarily what I said. It’s the kind of . . .”

People. “You look in the papers, and you look in the magazines, and say, *What in the hell?* There’s an awful lot of ego, and there’s a lot of money. Now, what bothers me—the one name I’ll use, I’ll call it the Barbra Streisand Syndrome. This is what that Liz and that Cindy Adams are writing. Almost every day, there will be a little section saying So-and-so was in the Hamptons, seen here and seen there.”

Bob Keene, it turns out, is not only the old family doctor who makes the diagnosis. He’s a fellow sufferer. “I’m not very popular these days,” Keene had complained earlier at the Candy Kitchen before commencing a litany of marginalizaton. “The Chamber of Commerce has dropped my work, because of the new members—the people that, like, run the Jitney. The historical museum kicked me out after 43 years. My horoscope says not to worry, ’cause I’m going to get famous overnight. Now, I’m not trying to be famous, but when you’ve been appreciated for nearly 50 years and people now say, ‘Who’s Bob Keene?’—they don’t even want to know about me.”

Later, though, his spirits are renewed. “Let me know when this runs,” he says, rising from the bench in Southampton. “So I can add it to my file.” And with that, Keene gets into his red station wagon and joins the line of cars heading north toward 39A. His car’s license reads LIZA K—his daughter. Bob Keene, institutional memory of the Hamptons and resident Cassandra, has vanity plates.

theater

Kaspar Hauser...Mama Drama...Pig Deal

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Hughie—Eugene O'Neill began his life in a seedy hotel at Broadway and 43rd; a few blocks up the street, Al Pacino is currently inhabiting the seedy hotel in which that life drew (metaphorically) to an end. This moody chamber piece about a self-deluding small-time hustler—the playwright's next-to-final Broadway production, staged posthumously in 1964—is in previews for an 8/22 opening; it runs through 8/31. $55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Circle in the Square, 50th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (239-6200).*

Timon of Athens—Following (relatively) closely on the heels of Tony Randall's fine National Actors Theater production in the fall of 1993 with Brian Bedford, Shakespeare in the Park's second production this summer is the Bard's rarely seen late parable of curdled naïveté in a disillusioned idealist, starring Michael Cumpsty (*L.A. Law*). Free, with a limit of two tickets per applicant. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Tickets may be picked up on the day of performance, starting at 1 P.M. at the *Delacorte Theater in Central Park,* and between 1 and 3 P.M. at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.*; the closest entrances and footpaths to the Delacorte are at *81st St. and Central Park West* and at *79th St. and Fifth Ave.* Beginning performances 8/6; through 9/1. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (539-8750).*

Photographs by Gerry Goodstein.

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beckett Festival—This marathon presentation of all nineteen of Samuel Beckett's stage works by Ireland's Gate Theatre runs through 8/11 as part of Lincoln Center Festival 96. All performances at *John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave.,* are $45; those at *Clark Studio Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., Floor 7,* are $30. Call *721-6500* for tickets and scheduling information and *998-8705* for information on the series of related symposia sponsored by New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture and Ireland House.

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

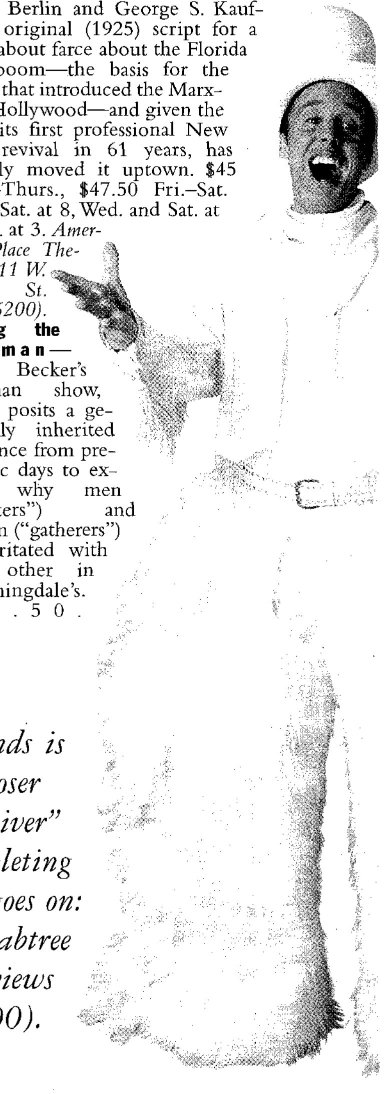
Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, having successfully dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and given the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years, has recently moved it uptown. $45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.–Sat. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50.



Previews
Oink (Swoosh)

One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like 'Rent' composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show goes on: 'Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly,' developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, begins previews Thursday at the Douglas Fairbanks Theater (239-6200).

Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

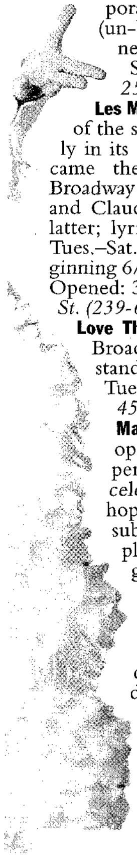
A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee, the writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent, ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara (*Another World*) as bad boy Danny Zuko, Debby Boone as Rizzo, and Sally Struthers as Miss Lynch. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*



Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 6/10: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Onstage
Word Up

The story of Kaspar Hauser, a vagrant, speechless German youth who, prior to his mysterious death, became a celebrated test case for nineteenth-century theories of education, has provided artists as diverse as Paul Verlaine, Peter Handke, and Werner Herzog with a framework for considering the dependence of civilization upon linguistic conditioning. *K.,* a staged compilation of various writings on the subject, plays this week at the Hamlet of Bank Street Theater, 155 Bank Street (286-9896).

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).*

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical

Photograph by Sarah Lambert.

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Previews

Mama Drama

It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road. 'Born to Sing!,' a new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected 'Mama, I Want to Sing,' begins performances Wednesday at the Union Square Theatre.

annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) Ms. Buckley will be with the show until 8/26, when London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) takes over. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Thousand Clowns—Well before sixties counterculture developed its full head of steam, playwright Herb Gardner was already providing Broadway with characters who marched to a different drummer. Judd Hirsch stars in this revival of his 1962 play about a refugee from the Manhattan rat race. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 8/11. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Born to Sing!—$15-$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. Beginning previews 7/31 for a 8/8 opening. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700)*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—$40. Mon.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. Beginning previews 8/1 for a 8/14 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A musical revue about what seems an amusingly quaint subject these days, heterosexual bonding. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Opening 8/1. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Aliens in America—You think *your* parents didn't understand you? Check out Los Angeles writer and performer Sandra Tsing Loh's chronicle of growing up in Southern California in the context of a family background composed of equal parts of Chinese and German cultural influences. Chopsticks with that sauerbraten, anyone? $32.50–$37.50. Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sun. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it,

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Da—"So we beat on," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald, "boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." That point is brought home in a particularly vivid manner in the Irish Repertory Theater's revival of Hugh Leonard's 1978 play about a returning expatriate coming to terms with the ghost of his dead father. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway,* has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. $19.96 through 8/11, $35–$40 thereafter. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Heavenly Days—The Greek myth of Amphitryon has been retold so many times that André Gide gave up on the renaming process and simply appended a number in the high thirties to *his* version. John Glines's updated restyling of this classic text looks at it from a modern gay perspective—not so far from the original as you might at first think, actually. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sun. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. south of Christopher (924-1198).*

Jasper in Gramercy Park—An elderly couple find themselves mysteriously sustained through the trials of "various and multiple lifetimes" by the presence of a large bossy dog (and hey, we're here to tell you it *does* happen) in Mary Mitchell's new play. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (598-2385).*

Making Porn—Ronnie Larsen's play about life in the gay-porn industry. With Rex Chandler; directed by Mr. Larsen. $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri.–Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Phaedra—Everett Quinton, doing that Everett Quinton thing he does to Euripides' classic tale of a mom with one bad case of ants in the pants for her stepson. (All right, that's not *exactly* what it says in *The Oxford Guide to Classical Literature,* but you get the idea.) $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. at 10th St. (307-4100).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 7/31. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

A Midsummer Night's Dream / King Lear—Free. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. The currently playing "Dream" runs through 8/8; "Lear" begins performances 8/22 and plays through 9/15. *Washington Square Park (330-8086).*

Beyond Therapy—The New York Actors Alliance's third-annual summer production of Christopher Durang's comedy about a pair of New Yorkers whose earnest efforts at romance run into the brick wall of their respective, and less-than-encouraging, psychoanalysts. $12, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. at Charles (330-7607).*

Charlie!—The plot here has something to do with a renegade mastermind's fiendish plot to kidnap a big wheel in the cosmetics industry, but unless you're the sort who, say, submits Angie Dickinson movies to really rigorous critical analysis, that is likely to be of less immediate appeal than the opportunity the show offers an impressive quartet of downtown drag divas—Sherry Vine, Misstress Formika, Candis Cayne, and Justin Bond—to strut their not inconsiderable stuff. $12. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Godspell—Steven Schwartz's musical-comedy re-telling of the Gospel of St. Matthew. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 9/1. *Oasis Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

K: The Unauthorized Story of Kaspar Hauser—$10. 7/31–8/3 at 8, 8/3 at 2. *Hamlet of Bank Street Theater, 155 Bank St., west of Hudson (286-9896).*

Kidnapped—$12. 8/1–8/4 at 8. *42nd Street Workshop, 432 W. 42nd St., Floor 3 (695-4173).*

MCC Theater Performance Lab—A program of assorted comedy, performance art, and short plays. Free; suggested donation $8. 7/29, 7/30 at 7. *MCC Theater, 10 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Much Ado About Nothing—Free. Sat. at 6, plus a special performance on 8/4. Through 8/10. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. and 42nd St. (860-4981).*

Orestes: I Murdered My Mother—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 8/18. *One Dream Theatre, 232 W. Broadway (279-4200).*

Premium Bob—$10. Thurs. at 8. Through 8/15. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (431-9220).*

Romeo and Juliet—Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. *Municipal Parking Lot, across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (253-1813).*

Summerfest '96—A program of new scripts and revivals; call for scheduling details. $10; $8 for groups of ten or more. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/21. *42nd Street Collective, 432 W. 42nd St. (967-1481).*

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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AC/DC...Geri Allen...A New Orleans Invasion

Concerts

AC/DC—When coed alt-rockers Veruca Salt nicked an AC/DC line for their album title *American Thighs,* it was probably a more heartfelt tribute than many post-punk ironists realized. For heavy-metal lore, the Australian band has all the essentials—fans crushed to death at concerts, a vocalist who choked to death on his own vomit, inspired use of a school uniform—but as a blueprint for simple hard-rock joys they have even more: concise blues riffs, an impeccably funky rhythm section, and a knack for straightforward, bone-crunching party jams that are as irrefutable as they are retarded. The band that taught a generation how to rock with a straight face. They play 8/1 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

Marcia Ball—A former Professor Longhair protégée, the pianist and singer sails her brand of boogie-woogie around New York in the last of these Summertime Blues Cruises. 7/31 at 7 P.M. and 9:30 P.M. *Pier 16 at South Street Seaport (630-8888). $20.*

Alvin Batiste and Mark Whitfield—As one of New Orleans's most versatile and innovative clarinetists, Batiste has lent his considerable talents to both Ornette Coleman and Ray Charles. As a bandleader, he has explored the byzantine vagaries of his native New Orleans, most notably on 1985's *Musique D'Afrique Nouvelle Orléans.* On 8/4 at 3 P.M., he teams up with 29-year-old Baton Rouge guitarist Mark Whitfield. *Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn. $6, including entrance to the museum.*

Talent

Hit Man

New Orleans's one-man Brill Building, ace songwriter Allen Toussaint—who's been covered by everyone from Glenn Campbell to Etta James to Devo—brings his own NYNO New Orleans Rhythm Revue to the Bottom Line on August 1.

Tracy Chapman—With her smash hit "Fast Car," Chapman secured a place in the hearts of many a baby-boomer and a permanent slot in the VH-1 rotation. Since then, Chapman's produced dependably pleasant folk rock, including this year's *New Beginning,* whose put-up-or-shut-up blues tune "One Good Reason" bespeaks roots in the Mississippi Delta rather than the Boston subway stops where she cut her teeth. She plays with Bay Area jazz-guitar phenomenon Charlie Hunter and his quartet. 8/5 at 7 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

"Classic and Cool on the Hudson"—A summerlong series of concerts showcasing talent from around the globe. Dancing is encouraged. 7/31: Klezmer supergroup Brave Old World. 8/7: Zairean Soukous singer Dominic Kanza and the African Rhythm Machine. Shows at 7 P.M. *World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Free.*

Everything But the Girl—After almost losing cofounder Ben Watt to a stomach illness, the ethereal, vaguely anachronistic British pop duo wrote the older-and-wiser *Walking Wounded.* Those expecting to hear material from 1994's CD101.9-ready *Amplified Heart* may be surprised by a darker, dance-inflected sound that skillfully adapts jungle to thoughtful and resonant songwriting. 8/1 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $30.*

Nona Hendryx—Part of the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival at the Prospect Park Band Shell. 8/3 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Free.*

Hootie and the Blowfish—With John Hiatt. 8/4 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $26.*

Asser Levy Seaside Concert Series—A monthlong series of weekly shows by the Coney Island Boardwalk. 8/1: Salsa by the Sea with Marc Anthony. 8/8: An evening with Beach Boys crooner Mike Love. Every Thursday through 8/22 at 8 P.M. *Asser Levy Seaside Park, Brooklyn. Free–$5.*

Lincoln Center Festival—On 7/22–8/11, the arts venue hosts a three-week-long celebration that includes more than 200 music, dance, theater, and cyber-arts events.

Wynton Marsalis and Judith Jamison—His ongoing effort to integrate jazz with other classical forms has led him to collaborate with the likes of Kathleen Battle and the New York City Ballet. Now fronting a seventeen-piece orchestra, the jazz ambassador dives into the world of modern dance, joining the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater for a performance of "Sweet Release," incorporating the music of Ellington and Robert Ruggleri, with pieces choreographed by Jamison and the late Alvin Ailey. 8/7–8/9 at 8 P.M., 8/10 at 2 P.M. and 8 P.M., 8/11 at 1 P.M. Part of the Lincoln Center Festival. *Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. (721-6500). $12–$66.*

Meatloaf—8/6–8/9 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $31–$41.*

Midsummer Night Swing—A monthlong event offering instructional ballroom dancing under the stars in the Lincoln Center courtyard. 8/1: The Artie Shaw Orchestra directed by Dick Johnson. 8/2: Jimmy Sturr and His Orchestra. 8/3: New Orleans Swing with Leroy Jones; Jackie McGhee and Charlie Womble. 8/7: New York–Buenos Aires Connection; Gabriela Anders Band. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at 8:15 P.M. *Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. (721-6500). $8.*

Mutabaruka—Since 1983's seminal *Dub Poets Dub,* Mutabaruka, along with British counterpart Linton Kwesi Johnson, has been considered one of the premier voices of dub, a trance-inducing Anglo-Jamaican art form revered by many hipsters. Still barefoot at 43, he brings his politically charged verse, bone-shaking bass grooves, and the world's largest dreadlocks into town on 8/1 at 8:30 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan—The world's foremost exponent of the Sufi Muslim devotional art form *qawwali,* Khan has been party lately to some of the stranger pairings in pop music, including a duet with Eddie Vedder for the soundtrack of *Dead Man Walking.* This led to a recent association with eclectic pop guru Rick Rubin, who signed Khan to his American Recordings label. Khan remains a mammoth performer in any setting, blending the whirling-dervish-like intensity of Sufi poetry with largely improvised, entrancing rhythms. He sings, chants, and smiles beatifically on 8/1 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $36–$46.*

Roots—Philadelphia's phenomenally talented live rap band plays here with Bass Is Base before hosting three nights at the Knitting Factory. Look for them to make a big noise here this week and nationally in the coming months. 8/3 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

The Warped Tour—Having survived an intra-band kidnapping and several overproduced albums, multi-genre rock tricksters Fishbone bring their formidable live act to town, fronting a traveling circus of skaters, Rollerbladers, bungee-jumpers, and some fifteen bands hoping to soon populate MTV's Buzz Bin, including the surprisingly competent, Descendents-inflected Southern California punk quartet Red Five. 8/2 at 12:30 P.M. *Action Park, Vernon Valley, N.J.* 8/4 at 12:30 P.M. *Stone Pony Festival Area, Asbury Park, N.J. (307-7171). $15.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/1: NYNO Records Rhythm Revue, featuring Allen Toussaint, Wallace Johnson, and Amadee Castenell. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. 8/2–8/3: The Kinsey Report. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." Mondays are given to the jungle D.J. salon, "Koncrete Jungle." *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thurs-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Joanne Savio/NYNO.

days, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—7/31: Paul Westerberg. 8/5–8/6: Sometime in the late eighties, Slayer bumped Judas Priest out of the No. 1 slot for talk-shows on kill-happy teens. Now, fourteen years into it, they're kings of death metal, a status that seems hardly to have suffered from their material's recent turn from comic-book themes of Nazis and serial killers and toward more reality-based horrors. They play for the synchronized headbangers here, 8/5–8/6. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/31: Babe the Blue Ox. 8/3: Eugene Chadbourne; Strapping Field Hands; Run On. 8/5–8/7: The Roots. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 7/31: Sleepy LaBeef. 8/1: Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Dutch craftsmanship, Amerindie fandom, and a singer who sounds like Rickie Lee Jones are what keep Holland's Bettie Serveert such a welcome presence in the alt-rock firmament. It's been nearly two years since *Lamprey,* their unspectacular follow-up to the irresistible *Palomine,* but any chance to hear the band's sweet jangle and moody grunge—along with singer Carol van Dijk's loopy imagery and tremulous voice—is a blessing. They play 8/2–8/3. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/31: Freedy Johnston; Splendora. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 8/5: Eddie Palmieri. Shows nightly. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. 8/2–8/3: Pucho and his Latin Soul Brothers. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Jazz

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists and charges accordingly. 7/30–8/4: Horace Silver Septet; Ray Barretto and New World Spirit. 8/6–8/11: Gato Barbieri Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. 8/4: The rugged, warm-toned, and, lately, feverishly inventive saxophonist Gary Bartz. 8/5–8/10: John Hicks, Idris Muhammad, and Curtis Lundy. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dali with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here since the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. Through 8/4: John Pizzarelli Trio. 8/6–8/11: Art Farmer Sextet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Through 8/4: Reggie Workman, Marty Erlich, Julian Priester, Anthony Davis, Pheeroan AkLaff. 8/6–8/11: Louis Hayes Quintet. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 8/4, it's the Catskills in Central Park festival, celebrating comics from the fifties and sixties. 7/30–8/4: Pat Cooper. 8/1–8/6: Jimmy Scott. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 8/4: Lou Donaldson Quartet. 8/6–8/11: One of the two or three best pianists of her generation, Geri Allen occupies a unique and vital place in the tradition—somewhere between Marilyn Crispell and Cyrus Chesnut, Herbie Hancock and Herbie Nichols—and she's not to be missed. She leads a trio here 8/6–8/11. Sets at

Talent

Lady Diana

Clearly a genetic-lottery winner, Diana Krall has the nerve not only to play an effortlessly swinging piano *and* sing with the smoky alto of some *noir*-film chanteuse but also to look like that film's femme fatale—a stunning blonde with smoldering eyes and a dangerous past. Her classmates at Boston's Berklee music school must have hated her. The improbably seasoned 31-year-old has dedicated her new record *All For You* (Impulse) to that other immensely talented singer-pianist Nat "King" Cole, and on it she evokes Cole the jazz pianist rather than the pop crooner. She flexes serious keyboard muscle in thorny Cole trademarks like "Hit That Jive Jack" and "Deed I Do" and draws surprising drama from a more typically demure Cole fave like "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You," which she renders PG-13 without changing a lyric. Krall may be a knockout, but there's enough heat, ache, and soul to these proceedings that we just might forgive her. She debuts this winning combination at the Algonquin Hotel's Oak Room, July 30 through August 24.

CHRIS NORRIS

Talent

Dance Musicology

As Everything But the Girl, Brits Ben Watt and Tracey Thorn use their nation's newest indigenous musical style, "jungle," to craft moody, haunting, and actually tuneful pop songs. They play them August 1 at Roseland.

9:30 and 11:30 P.M.and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, with a budget to match the terrain. 8/1–8/4: Bobby Slayton. 8/6: New York Comedy Nights. 8/7: Salsoul Comedy Sketch Troupe. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch A Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 8/4: Ray Romano; Greg Rogell; Dave Attell; Jim David; Rick Crom; Wanda Sykes-Hall. Shows Fri. 9 p.m. and 11 P.M. Sat. 9 P.M. 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 8/4: Joe Mulligan; Lenny Varnedoe; Quentin Higgs; Ben Creed; Nancy Redman; Billy Jaye. 8/5–8/11; Rich Ramirez; Nancy Redman; Ben Creed; Joe Mulligan; Billy Jaye; Quentin Higgs. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 8/2–8/3: Larry Amorose; Mario Cantone; Todd Barry. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's "The State" and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 8/1–8/3: Rich Ceisler; Ian Edwards; Dave Attell. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 8/24: Diana Krall in "All for You," a tribute to Nat "King" Cole. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 8/10: Barbara Carroll. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen has tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $25 cover, plus a two-drink minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 8/3, pop-folk star Richie Havens returns for his second summertime engagement here. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. Just down the hall, the **Rainbow Room's** "Hot Fun in the Summertime" series presents, for your dancing pleasure, the jazz ensemble Manhattan Latins and the new Rainbow Room Big Dance Band in alternating sets. Tues.–Sat. from 7:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. $20 music charge; an à la carte dinner menu is offered from 7:30, and supper is served from 10:30 Tues.–Thurs. and from 11:30 Fri. and Sat. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Judy Barnett sings the songs of Cole Porter. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme, and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. *358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave. at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Marcelo Krasilcic/Atlantic Records.

in concert

Merce Cunningham . . . *Four Saints*

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 30

Juilliard in Concert—Festival of wind instruments. *Continental Center, 180 Maiden La., at 12:30; free.*

Ralph Dorsey Jazz Ensemble—With Jerry Galante y Orquesta. *Hudson River Park, Battery Park City (416-5354), at 6:30; free.*

Naumberg Orchestra—Wind symphony explores the nineteenth-century roots of American jazz; Randall Brion, conductor. *Naumberg Bandshell, Central Park at 72nd St., at 7; free.*

New York Choral Society Summer Sings—Participatory choral reading of Bach's *Mass in B minor*; Frederic Ford, guest conductor. *CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique—Performs a semi-staged version of Beethoven's *Leonore*; John Eliot Gardiner, conductor. Part of Festival 96. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $48.*

Wednesday, July 31

New York Philharmonic—Concert version of Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Joseph Flummerfelt, director. Part of Festival 96. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Thursday, August 1

American Opera Projects—The world premiere of *Memoirs of Uliana Rooney*, with music by Vivian Fine, libretto/film by Sonya Friedman. *Bryant Park, 42nd St. bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves. (922-9393), at 6; free.*

New York Choral Society Summer Sings—Participatory choral reading of Haydn's *Theresienmesse* and Poulenc's *Gloria*; Clara Longstreth, guest conductor. *CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Templeton, and Schumann with clarinetist Thomas Hill. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique—See 7/30.

Hyperstring Trilogy—Three works for hyperinstruments by *Brain Opera* composer Tod Machover, performed by the EOS Ensemble. Part of Festival 96. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20.*

Friday, August 2

Bargemusic—The Peabody Trio performs works by Haydn, Ives, and Ravel. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Victor Herbert Festival—"It's a Great Night for the Irish," with the Brooklyn Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble and vocal quartet; Neil Harvey Gould, conductor. *Dyker Beach Park, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn (718-636-4137), at 7:30; free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

New York Philharmonic—See 7/31.

Morton Feldman Retrospective—Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center performs *Only* and *Why Patterns?* Part of Festival 96. *Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (721-6500), at 8; $20.*

Summergarden—Chamber orchestra works by Stravinsky, Hersant, and Murail. *Museum of Modern Art Sculpture Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9491), garden opens at 6, concert at 8:30; free.*

Saturday, August 3

Morton Feldman Retrospective—Pianist Aki Takahashi performs *Illusions* and *Triadic Memories*. Part of Festival 96. *Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (721-6500), at 1; $20.*

Morton Feldman Retrospective—The Kronos Quartet performs the six-hour *String Quartet II*. Part of Festival 96. *Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (721-6500), at 5; $20.*

Victor Herbert Festival—See 8/2, *at Asser Levy/Seaside Park, Brooklyn.*

Summergarden—See 8/2.

Sunday, August 4

Bronx Arts Ensemble—"From New York to the Pampas," with works by Gershwin, Lecuona, and Piazzolla. *Van Cortlandt Park, The Bronx (718-601-7399), at 2; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/31, at 3.

Bargemusic—See 8/1, at 4.

Morton Feldman Retrospective—*Three Voices* with mezzo-soprano Joan La Barbara. Part of Festival 96. *Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (721-6500), at 4; $20.*

Opera

New York Grand Opera—Maestro Vincent La Selva conducts Verdi's *Macbeth* on 7/31. A concurrent exhibition at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center displays Verdi memorabilia. *Rumsey Field, Central Park, 72nd St. off Fifth Ave. (245-8837), at 7:30; free.*

Four Saints in Three Acts—Robert Wilson's new production of Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson's 1934 spoof. Part of Festival 96. 8/1 at 7, 8/2 at 8, 8/3 at 2 and 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $15–$75.*

Dance

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—The New York premiere of *Ocean*, with music by John Cage and inspired by the writings of James Joyce. Part of Festival 96. 7/30–8/4 at 9:30. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $35.*

Bahia Ballet—One of Brazil's leading contemporary dance companies premieres *Orisha*, choreographed by Luis Arrieta. 7/29–8/3 at 8, 8/3 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $25.*

Feld Ballets/NY—Eliot Feld, New York's undisputed master at grafting classical ballet techniques onto a studiously irreverent modernist-hip sensibility, offers his yearly summer preview of new work (including, this time around, pieces titled *Industry, Shuffle,* and *Yo Shakespeare*) for the company's upcoming spring season. Through 8/17. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800). $30; children under 12 at matinee performances, $12.*

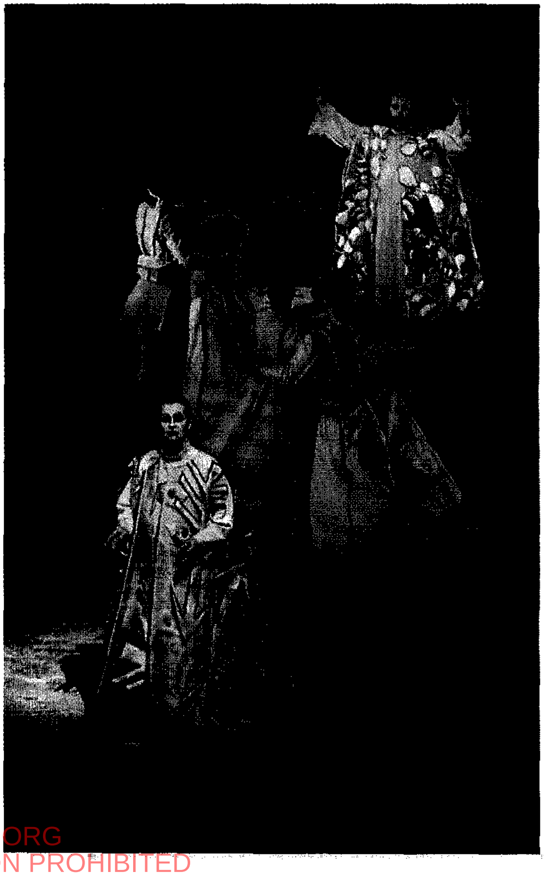
Amy Pivar Dances—Performance of *Not a Confession*. 8/2 at 8. On 8/1, Amy Pivar leads an open rehearsal/workshop at the Prospect Park Picnic House. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn (718-855-7882); free.*

SummerStage—David Dorfman Dance with special guests Dan Froot and Stuart Pimsler. 8/2 at 8:30. *Rumsey Field, Central Park, 72nd St. off Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS); free.*

Performance

Pigeons on The Grass, at Last

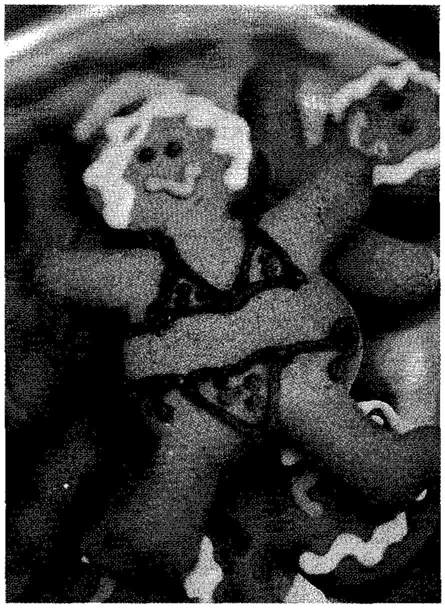
Robert Wilson furthers his career as avant-garde impresario with the first-ever New York opera-house production of Gertrude Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts*. Even though Stein's famous, impassively surreal libretto and Virgil Thomson's score belong to the heroic early days of the modernist movement, this rarely seen 1934 work arguably still fits under Festival 96's "new music" umbrella.



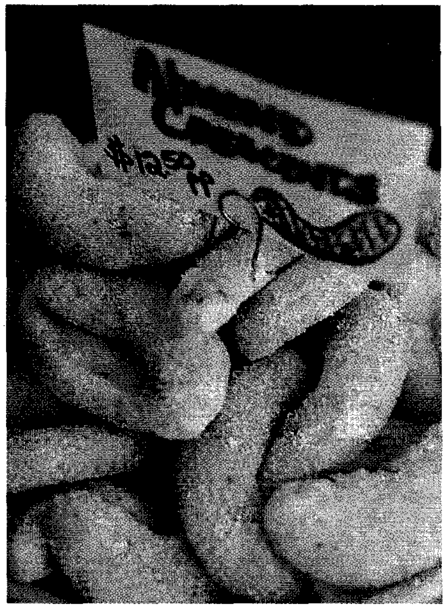
Photograph by Ken Howard.

restaurants

Sweet Fruit...Sandwich Story...A Bowery Bar



KATHY'S KITCHEN



Opening
Sweet Meat Market

A pocket of Manhattan heretofore known for slaughterhouses and streetwalkers has become home to Kathy's Kitchen. Just a little bit country, the frilly bakery and café specializes in ornately decorated cookies and gingerbread houses and has an especially tasty selection of oversize sandwiches like smoked turkey with herb stuffing and cranberry-orange relish, and salmon salad with fennel. (645 Hudson Street, near Gansevoort Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country and a fabulous selection of vegetarian dishes make this a downtown destination. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photographs by Eric Rank.

This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus at a table in the outdoor café. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 36 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Empire Korea—This 500-seat restaurant in midtown's Little Korea broadens the neighborhood's culinary offerings with forays into Japanese and Chinese cuisines, with entrées like marinated short ribs and rib-eye steak, sushi and sashimi, teriyaki, hibachi steak, and everyone's favorite translucent noodle, chap-chae. *6 E. 32nd St. (725-1333). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Notaro Ristorante—This new Kips Bay Italian restaurant has already attracted a loyal following form NYU Hospital across the street with dishes like New Zealand rack of lamb with Cabernet-wine sauce, spicy Tuscan seafood, and cacciucco alla Toscana. *635 Second Ave., nr. 34th St. (686-3400). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

The Crab House Seafood Restaurant—The first New York location of a Florida-based seafood emporium, this ulta-casual crab hall is justly famous for its all-you-can-eat salad and seafood bars and its variety of crustacean dishes. Drink or dine on the deck in fine weather. *Chelsea Piers; Pier 61 (835-2722). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. On Sundays, there's live reggae and a raw bar. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park*

Opening A New Bloom

Daphne Mahoney eagerly collaborated in the recent transformation of her humble Hibiscus into the spiffier, upscale Bambou. But fans missed her authentically folksy food, so last week, she opened Daphné Caribbean Express (233 East 14th Street), with a budget-priced menu of jerked meats, stews, curries, and patties, all available to go or to eat inside the colorful new café, a few doors west of Bambou.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Ask Gael

Pit Stop

Why doesn't anyone do cherry pie?

I keep asking and pleading. So when Henry Meer said he was serving sour-cherry strudel at the Cub Room, I raced downtown, pleased to rediscover this romantic spot and Meer's master hand at the range. I love his crispy wild bass with lemon-thyme vinaigrette and the taglierini with clams and pancetta. Alas, the cherries were shriveled and lost in their splendid wrap. "You're not from Michigan," said I, a native of the Cherry State. He sighed. Insatiable as always, I had a go at the napoleon of lemon and blood-orange curds—now, there's a sensuous triumph. (131 Sullivan Street.)

Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Wylie's Rib & Steak Joint—And a true "joint" it is, with messy finger food like baby back ribs, plus steak and barbecued chicken. *891 First Ave., at 50th St. (751-0700). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Emporium Brazil—Located in the heart of Manhattan's Little Rio, this casual lunchtime restaurant serves Brazilian food like Bahian shrimp stew in a bread bowl, and a smattering of Italian and American entrées for the timid. The mood is midtown tropical, with bossa nova on the sound system and fans overhead. *15 W. 46th St. (764-4646). (I) TM.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Limoncello—Sophisticated Italian restaurant serving specialties like fennel salad with blood oranges and balsamic vinegar and mussel soup with garlic and chili peppers. Leave room for the tirami su. *777 Seventh Ave., nr. 50th St. (582-7932). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito mixto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The

Opening

Joining the Pros

After two decades of stocking other people's kitchens, the owners of Pro-Kitchenware, at 316 Bowery, have left the cutlery-and-crockery business and converted the store into a restaurant of their own. Despite its darkly gothic design, Béla—with its cigar lounge and poly-ethnic menu, featuring raita-and-spinach pizza and pad Thai—is relentlessly of the instant.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed the formerly subdued Symphony Cafe space into a lively (for midtown) canteen, with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fitzers Restaurant—This Continental restaurant at the Fitzpatrick Manhattan Hotel boasts the best Guinness in New York and serves a traditional Irish breakfast until 10:30 PM. Or stop in for tea and scones after a tiring afternoon of shopping at Bloomingdale's two blocks away. *687 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. (355-0100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

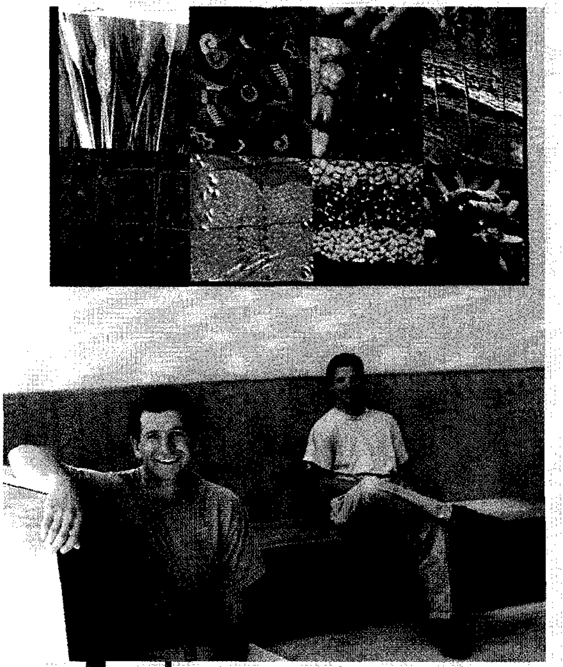
Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Colony—This Upper East Side pan-Asian features Thai, Vietnamese, and Malaysian cuisine in a room resembling Disney's version of a Polynesian village—except for the waitresses in Nicole Miller. Some of the cooks are fugitives from the wildly popular Ollie's. *1199 First Ave., at 65th St. (249-7338). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Von-



Trend
Wrapid Transit

First there was the burrito. Now—following a slew of carefully conceived business plans, venture-capital raising, and, most crucially, marketing—there is the *wrap*. Since its official debut last year, at San Francisco's instantly popular, rapidly expanding World Wrapps chain, this burrito variant—a flavored tortilla or flatbread stuffed with fusion fillings, from tandoori chicken and jasmine rice to saffron paella—has appeared on menus as mainstream as KFC's, T.G.I. Friday's, and Au Bon Pain's. Wrap Factory, launched in April by the Tex-Mex tycoons behind California Burrito Company, brought the trend to New York. This Thursday, competition intensifies with the opening of the much more elaborate, highly styled Emerald Planet (2 Great Jones Street).

The similarities between World Wrapps, which is taking credit for the concept, and Emerald Planet are considerable: Both were spearheaded by entrepreneurial twenty-something business-major types; both recruited well-known chefs to collaborate on the menu; both exploit the "global" theme in their décor and menus; and both companies' literature makes much of the putatively rugged, Outward Bound–esque genesis of their concept. (The World Wrapps foursome "combined their experiences backpacking through over 50 countries"; the Emerald Planet guys, on the other hand, were rescued from a freak blizzard "by an elderly sherpa who nourished them with curried lentils and vegetables wrapped in a tasty pocket," after which "they dedicated their lives to traveling the globe in search of the finest authentic regional cuisine.") But despite rampant similarities, Scott Fletcher and Clay Walker of the Emerald Planet (above), transplanted Californians themselves, give conceptual credit not to World Wrapps but to Rock'n Taco, a South Bay chain that served unconventional burritos but never had the marketing prescience to use the *W* word.

ROBIN RAISFELD

Photograph by Eric Rank.

gerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Monte's Italian Steakhouse—This two-in-one restaurant lets you OD on beef, with aged prime steaks prepared on a woodburning grill, or order Italian specialties like family-style chicken scarpariello or angel's-hair pasta with grilled eggplant and basil ricotta. *1294 Third Ave., nr. 74th St. (744-5924). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Twins Restaurant—With a staff consisting entirely of identical twins, this is the only restaurant in town where you're meant to see double. The menu features American food with a doubles theme, from twin lobsters every Tuesday night to double chocolate fondue. There's an outdoor garden and space for private parties. Children are welcome. *1712 Second Ave., at 89th St. (987-1111). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like veal capricciosa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I–M) ($).*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at $17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

O'Neal's—A standby for pre- and post-theater dining, this Lincoln Center restaurant serves American food like potpie and ribs in a room designed to convey the feeling of Old New York. Live music on weekends, and kids eat free on Sundays. *49 W. 64th St. (787-4663). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

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WhoWhere?...Harlem Week

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—7/30: Rossini's *Semiramide:* Overture, and Raff's Symphony No. 2 in C, Opus 140. 7/31: Herbden's String Concerto in E flat, Opus 2, No. 4, and Dvorák's Symphony No. 3 in E flat, Opus 10. 8/1: Handel's *Alessandro*: Overture, and Sibelius's Symphony No. 2 in D, Opus 43. 8/2: Schubert's *Rosamunde,* D 797: Overture (to *The Magic Harp,* D 644) and Bliss's Violin Concerto. 8/5: Berlioz's *Rob Roy* Overture and Copland's *Billy the Kid* (Ballet Suite). 8/6: Handel's Organ Concerto in B flat, Opus 7, No. 1, and Schumann's Symphony No. 4 in d, Opus 120. 8/7: Myslivecek's Symphony in B flat and Litolff's Concerto Symphonique No. 4 in d for Piano and Orchestra. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Breakfast at Random House—8/4 at 12:30 P.M.: "The Legacy of Dorothy Parker." With Kitty Carlisle Hart, Brendan Gill, Lauren Hutton, Ann Magnuson, Beverly Sills, and Charlie Rose. Harold Evans is the host and moderator. WNYC, 820 AM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—8/3 at 1: Sullivan's *Patience.* With John Shaw, Trevor Anthony, Elsie Morrison, Marjorie Thomas, and the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—8/4 at 8: Chausson's *Le Roi Arthus.* With Teresa Zylis-Gara, Gene Quilico, Gosta Winbergh, Giles Cachemaille, and the Choir of Radio France. Armin Jordan conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/30: Ted Sorensen talks about *Why I Am a Democrat;* Roger Parloff, author of *Triple Jeopardy,* a look at law at its best and worst. 7/31: David Kaplan, who wrote *The Cult at the End of the World,* discusses the story of the Aum Doomsday cult; Karen Ma, author of *The Modern Madame Butterfly,* talks about fantasies and reality in Japanese cross-cultural relationships. Every day from noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

Casper Citron—8/3 at 10 P.M.: Richard F. Shephard, author of *The Paper's Papers: A Reporter's Journey Through the Archives of The New York Times,* discusses the inside workings of this American institution; Katrina vanden Heuvel, editor-in-chief of *The Nation,* covered the Russian elections and discusses them with William Hartung, senior research fellow of the World Policy Institute; Derek Bell talks about his latest book, *Gospel Choirs,* which is about the worsening of racism in this country; Milton Feinberg talks about *World Ship,* a humanitarian exposition that he hopes will become a reality by the year 2000. WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

Readings at KGB—7/31: Beth Nugent reads from *Live Girls;* Rebecca Stowe reads from *The Shadow of Desire.* Kraine Gallery Bar, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free. All readings are at 7 P.M.

Summerstage— 8/1: Mutabaruka, Oku Onura, Lillian Allen. A one-night dub-poetry festival. Enter at 72nd Street and Fifth Avenue to Rumsey Playfield. Summerstage information hotline: 360-CPSS. Free.

Happening **Begun in 1975 as a one-day celebration, Harlem Week is now a nearly month-long neighborhood (and city) preoccupation. A food fair, a film festival, and a number of concerts—including a tribute to the late Ella Fitzgerald—are among the draws. (See listings for schedule information.)**

Tours

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights at Twilight—8/3 at 4: A walking tour across the Brooklyn Bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church, Walt Whitman's childhood home, the A. A. Low mansion, and the Brooklyn Historical Society. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Irish Ellis Island—8/3 at noon: A guided tour of Castle Clinton and the Ellis Island museum and grounds with a special emphasis on the Irish immigrant experience, including a talk on the history of American immigration. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park. Call 439-1090 for further information; $15, $13 students and seniors (includes boat ticket and movie as well as tour).

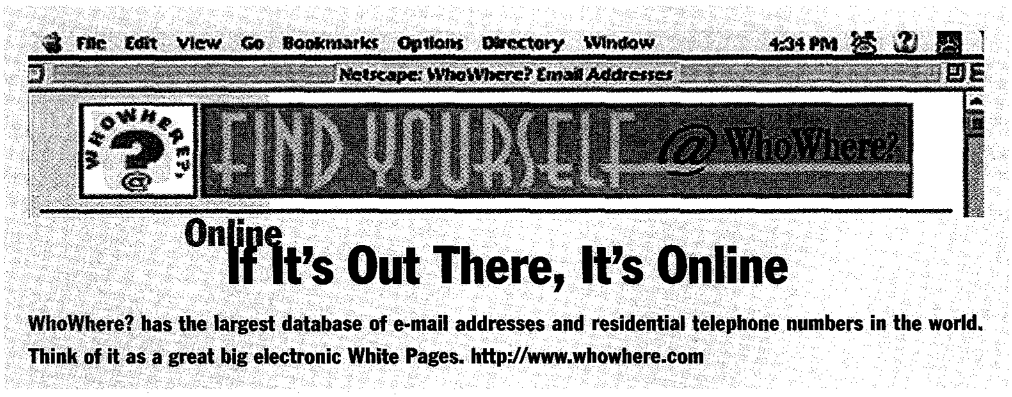
Greenwich Village—8/2 at 1: A walking tour of New York's legendary home to artists, writers, and radicals, with a special emphasis on the history and architecture of the area. Stops will include: the Jefferson Market Courthouse, Washington Square Park's "Hanging Elm," and St. Luke-in-the-Fields Chapel. Call 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

The Flamboyant and the Bohemian—8/3 at 1: Washington Square and How It Became Famous. Past luminaries including Stanford White, Margaret Sanger, and Eleanor Roosevelt. Such current personalities as Bella Abzug and Ed Koch. Sites such as the old hanging tree, the Triangle Fire, and the great coffee houses of the Beat Generation. Meet under the Washington Arch, Fifth Avenue below 8th St. Call Joyce Gold at 242-5762 for more information; $12.

Governors Island—8/4 at 1: Co-sponsored with the MWR Department of the United States Coast Guard. Governors Island has more than 350 years of fascinating history and is the largest Coast Guard installation in the world. Visit the homes of Ulysses S. Grant and General John J. Pershing; the site of the 1988 Gorbachev-Reagan mini-summit; and two early-nineteenth-century forts. Meet at the Coast Guard ferry terminal located in the Battery Maritime Building located in Lower Manhattan at South Ferry. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $12, $10 students and seniors.

A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money. But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably romantic. People smoked too much and slept on fire escapes and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kirchwey or Philip Rahv or (later) Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. On this Sidewalks of New York tour, you'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work as well. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park. The tour is $12; call 642-9166 for more information and a schedule of other tours.

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.



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Exhibitions

The New American Ghetto—Through 9/20: America's urban communities, in their decline and their renovation, are the subject of a photographic and video installation on display at the Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Galleries. The 140 color photographs form a chronicle of photographer and sociologist Camilo Jose Vergara's twenty-year journey around America documenting its ghettoes. Gallery hours are 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Municipal's Art Society's Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Events

Harlem Week—8/5 to 8/25. Music, dance, film, theater, and cultural events. All screenings will be at the Adam Clayton Powell Jr. State Office building. Call 749-5298 for information. Also a free performance of *Twelfth Night* at Riverside State Park as well as carnivals, fairs, and a food festival. For information on all the Harlem Week events, please call 427-3315.

Drooker—8/2 at 8: Eric Drooker will be giving a slide show about Art, Politics, and Mythology. This event is also a book-signing party for the new *Illuminated Poems* by Allen Ginsburg (which Drooker illustrated). Several Lower East Side poets, musicians, and rappers will perform. ABC No Rio, 156 Rivington St. (between Clinton and Suffolk). Call 777-1967 for further information; donation suggested.

Sports

1996 Olympics—While the *Times Magazine* was certainly correct in divining the buzz surrounding women's athletics in the centennial games, NBC, with its viewer-friendly "family programming" (geared to a mostly female audience, coincidentally), has largely played it safe (e.g., last week's 9 P.M.–midnight showing of the women's gymnastics-team final, the results of which Tom Brokaw had reported on the network's own Nightly News at 6:30). But with less than a week to go, maybe it isn't too late to lobby NBC to flip-flop broadcast times of, say, the men's and women's basketball teams. Banish the drearily invincible Dream Team—which has all the charm of Soviet tanks rolling into Czechoslovakia during the Prague Spring—to the late-night portion, and put the prime-time spotlight on Sheryl Swoopes, Lisa Leslie, and company, which is where the real action is. For those who enjoy watching the USA kick some major international butt, how about the women's softball team, which has been as dominant in world competition as that Siberian wrestler with the serial-killer looks? Moreover, how about some sports with real, you know, women? Like field hockey and soccer and volleyball, beach and indoor. While we must admit Kerri Strug and the Mag 7's gold-medal win was thrilling, we also confess to wincing whenever the camera panned to a mustachioed coach wrapping his muscular waif protégé in a bear hug in consolation/approval after each gravity-defying tumble. 7/29–8/4. On NBC Mon.-Fri. 10 A.M.–1 P.M., 7:30 P.M.–midnight, 12:41–2:11 A.M.; Sat. noon–6 P.M., 7 P.M.–midnight, 12:30–2 A.M.; Sun. 7 A.M.–5:30 P.M., 6:30– 11:30 P.M.

Yankees—The Yanks head into the dog days of August having endured their first real slump of the season. It's certainly no time to panic, and Joe Torre is not the kind to do so. But after four-plus months of timely hitting, semi-solid pitching, and plain, dumb luck, it seems as if time and the law of averages are catching up with Torre's team. One of the main ingredients of the 1996 Yanks' success has been a different player, whether it's Bernie Williams or Matt Howard, being Mr. Clutch in every game. So while the regulars (Bernie, Tino Martinez, Derek Jeter, Joe Girardi) sporadically succumb to the grind of a long season, it will be largely up to the reinforcements to plug the gaps: Mark Hutton, Melido Perez, Pat Kelly, possibly even David Cone and/or a starting pitcher to be named later. At Texas 7/30–8/1. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:35. At Kansas City 8/2–8/5. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8:05; Sun. at 2:35.

Mets—Perhaps it's Dallas Green's lot as Mets skipper to see his team's fortunes rise to wild-card contender one week only to sink to cellar-dweller the next. The Mets this season have been a classic tweener: good enough to play with the big boys, and even beat them, but lacking the power both at the plate (see Butch Huskey, Rico Brogna) and on the mound (see Jason Isringhausen, Paul Wilson) to turn the corner and become a winning team. Late-nineties baseball reasoning has convinced many that blame for most of the Mets' woes can be laid at the feet of the bullpen. But maybe when G. M. Joe McIlavine looks at his bullpen, he sees not just a group of talented though underachieving arms but also starters—both pitchers and everyday players—not doing their jobs, either. Vs. Pittsburgh 7/29–8/1. Mon. and Wed. at 7:40; Tues. doubleheader begins at 5:10; Thurs. at 1:40. Vs. St. Louis 8/2–8/4. Fri. at 7:40; Sat. at 7:10; Sun. at 1:40.

The Pro Am Basketball Tournament—At the Corona Louis Armstrong Center, 108th and Northern Blvd., Queens, and at Riverbank State Park, 145th St. and Riverside Dr. Mon. and Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 through 8/5.

New York Road Runners—The Prospect Park 10K. Sun., 8/4, at 9 A.M. Kids' Run at 10 A.M. Races start and finish at Harry's Wall in the Wollman Rink parking lot. For more info, call 423-2283 or 860-4455 (e-mail membership@nyrrc.org).

Online

Gay Parenting—Discuss issues relating to gay parenting with other gay parents and those interested in becoming gay parents in CompuServe's new gay- and-Lesbian forum, Pride Central: 7/29 at 8 P.M.

SR-71 Pilot—The SR-71 was the world's fastest and highest-flying reconnaissance aircraft, and Richard Graham flew it for many years while in the Air Force. He is now a pilot for a commercial airline. Richard will discuss his book, *SR-71 Revealed,* and relate his experiences with the SR-71, including his tour of duty in Vietnam. On Prodigy in the Military & Veterans area: 7/29 at 10 P.M.

KMFDM—Industrial legends KMFDM log on to talk about their new album, *Extort,* in the SonicNet area of Prodigy: 7/30 at 7:30 P.M.

De La Soul—Phat grooves and lyrical innovations from the soul children. On SonicNet: 7/30 at 8 P.M. Go to SonicNet's Web Central for an in-depth FAQ[*http://www.sonicnet.com/sonicore/chat*]

Editor of Juggs and Legshow—Dian Hanson is a twenty-year veteran of the porn business who's managed to retain her girlish charm. An expert on bizarre sex practices, a philosopher, a fascinating dinner companion, Dian smells clean in an atmosphere of pure filth. On Echo: 7/30 at 9 P.M. Chats are free and open to anyone with Internet access. Dial 212-292-0910 with your modem and log in as "echolive."

Sound Investment Advice—Christopher Browne is co-manager of two Tweedy, Browne funds that rank among the highest-pedigree value funds around. For the trailing twelve months, American Value is up 28.8 percent and Global Value is up 23.4 percent. He will give some common-sense investment principles and tell you how to take advantage of market inefficiencies. On Prodigy, in the Business/Finance area: 7/30 at 9 P.M.

David Spade—A popular former member of the *Saturday Night Live* cast who has yet to turn his celebrity into box-office gold chats with his fans about his latest work. On America Online: 7/30 at 10 P.M.

Dave Koz—His 1990 self-titled debut release spent 25 weeks on Billboard's Contemporary Jazz chart. Koz's long-awaited third release, *Off the Beaten Path,* is being promoted as the most inspired work of his career. Koz has also sat in on projects with Vanessa Williams, Celine Dion, Stevie Nicks, Paula Abdul, and Julio Iglesias—a ringing endorsement? On Prodigy: 7/30 at 10 P.M.

Ed Bennett—Prodigy president Ed Bennett will discuss the latest developments since the acquisition of Prodigy by International Wireless, Inc. He will focus on a soon-to-be-released new version of Prodigy, and will respond to members' comments and suggestions. On Prodigy: 7/31 at 8 P.M.

Dr. David Viscott—An authority on emotional health and the author of numerous books (he has more than 2.5 million books in print, in twenty languages), Viscott is known to national audiences as the host of a popular syndicated radio talk show and for his ongoing appearances both in print and on television. On Prodigy in the Medical Support area: 7/31 at 8:30 P.M.

***Independence Day* Producer**—Dean Devlin, producer and co-writer of the mega-hit movie *Independence Day,* talks about the making of this fluffy film. On CompuServe: 7/31 at 10 P.M.

Ruth Buzzi—Best known for her character on *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*, Ruth Buzzi has starred on literally hundreds of television shows, from *Saved By the Bell* to *Here's Lucy*. She is about to tape her fourth season as a lead on *Sesame Street,* a role for which she received an Emmy nomination. On Prodigy in Pseudo's Hot Seat Auditorium: 8/1 at 9 P.M.

Redo your Résumé—Résumé specialist Yana Parker helps you spruce up your dowdy old résumé for that autumn job search. On CompuServe in the Convention Center: 8/1 at 10 P.M.

Marilyn McCoo—From the fifth dimension to Broadway (or *is* Broadway the fifth dimension?): Singer Marilyn McCoo, who now appears in the cast of *Show Boat,* will chat with her longtime fans. On Prodigy in Pseudo's Hot Seat Auditorium: 8/4 at 9 P.M.

Jamie Lee Curtis—Adorable actress and apple of her kooky father Tony's eye, the delightful Ms. Curtis will talk about her upcoming films, including the rumored sequel to *A Fish Called Wanda*. On America Online: 8/6 at 10 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

kids

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Splash Olympics... Webmasters

Children's Events

Virtual Vocals—Conduct, compose, and create with Tod Machover's "hyperinstruments": a virtual baton, a melody easel, and a sensor chair. Your interactions with these funky, high-tech devices will be incorporated into a 45-minute musical experience titled ***Brain Opera,*** a highlight of the Lincoln Center Festival 96. Through 8/3, performances are in the lobby of Juilliard's Morse Theater every hour on the hour, from 1 to 7 P.M. Passes are distributed from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. at the Walter Reade Theater on each performance day. ●●

Splash for the Gold—Staten Island Children's Museum is hosting **Water Olympics '96.** Dress to get drenched: Racing with buckets of water, tossing water balloons, balancing laden ladles, and the all-time favorite event of splashing will produce some soaked, but satisfied, kids. Closing ceremonies for the outdoor races include a *Science on Stage* performance about the wonders of water. The starting gun fires at 1:30 and 3 this Sunday, 8/4. Additional weekend workshops: Make personalized stationary out of recycled newspaper (8/4 at 1, 2, and 3), and create a clay bust of your favorite African king or queen (8/3 at 1, 2, and 3). **Staten Island Children's Museum,** Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060). Admission is $4; relays are free; workshops are an additional $2. ●

Pugnacious Penguin—Wildlife Theatre stages a witty trio of plays. One Pete Penguin isn't satisfied with diving, fishing, and chillin' with the other Gentoos. As we follow his search for a new identity, we meet a crusty sea captain and a shark, and learn all about adaptation. Performances are staged near the sea-lion pool at 11:05, 12:35, 1:05, and 3:05 (and 4:35 on weekends) through Labor Day. **Central Park Wildlife Center,** 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. (861-6030). Performances free with admission: $2.50 adults, 50 cents children 3–12.

Deep Sleep—Sign up early for a family sleepover at the **New York Aquarium,** where flashlight tours shed light on whether sharks ever sleep and what beluga whales do at bedtime. Meals, snacks, T-shirts for fish printing, and other materials are provided with the fee. Just bring your pajamas and toothbrush. Boardwalk at W. 8th St. (718-265-3400); 8/23 from 6 P.M. to 9 the next morning; $82.50 for one adult and child, $35 for each additional person.

A Three-Hour Tour—Set sail on the Hudson River sloop *Clearwater,* a 106-foot replica of an eighteenth-century wooden ship. Kids of all ages can haul sails and nets, take a turn at the helm, and check out the aquarium on deck. A Zoological Society educator will identify the locals and give lessons in navigation. **Family Sail** departs Sat., 8/24, at 9 A.M. from the Cromwell Center on Staten Island and docks at noon. Preregister by 8/7 (718-442-3101); $35 per person.

Shrinky-Dink Theater—Marionettes, elaborate toy theaters, and costumed vignettes from the now-defunct King-Coit Children's Theatre (the first rotation of four is a scene from a 1958 performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) are on display starting this Thurs., 8/1. **"Performance in Miniature"** will augment the toy gallery's permanent exhibition. Museum hours are Wed. through Sat. 10 to 5 and Sun. 1 to 5. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave. (534-1672). Admission is $5, $4 seniors and children, or $10 for a family.

Fancy Free—The children's book-discussion group tackles ***Maniac Magee,*** by Jerry Spinelli, this Wed., 7/31, at 3:30; for children over 8. Jefferson Market Regional Library, 425 Ave. of the Americas, at 10th St. Call 221-7676 to save your spot. **Webmasters,** spider experts, that is, lead art-making activities about the creepy crawlers this Sun., 8/4, from 1 to 4. Wind your way through **Belvedere Castle;** then return to Central Park Conservancy to create your own clay masterpiece this Sat., 8/3, from 1 to 4. Both art workshops are held at the Henry Luce Nature Observatory, located in the middle of Central Park at 79th St. (772-0210). All activities are free. ●●

Cue

Kate O'Hara
Editor
Maureen Callahan
Movies
John Dioso
Sports
Barbara Ensor
Kids
Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio
Alexandra Lange
In Concert
John Leonard
Television
Edith Newhall
Art
Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music
Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars
Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Happening
Jousting in Jersey

In his new movie *The Cable Guy,* Jim Carrey visits the Medieval Times Dinner & Tournament, wearing one of those goofy cardboard crowns. Accordingly, some adults may find the real-life place—located in Lyndhurst, New Jersey—only slightly more scintillating than a case of bubonic plague. But kids love it—almost as much as they admire the thespian abilities of Mr. Carrey. The story line is that you are at an eleventh-century castle in Spain, seated in a color-coded section corresponding to one of the knights below. You root for him to joust, ax, lance, mace, or otherwise dispatch his opponents. There is some real Viennese-Spanish-riding-stables-type horsemanship, with a measure of pro-wrestling hokum thrown in. "Want some Medieval Pepsi?" says the serving wench as she fills your *faux*-pewter goblet. When you arrive, your picture is taken with the "King" (His Highness looks like a refugee from a seventies heavy-metal band), and a half-hour later, "My Lord" (that's you—the one paying the check) is approached to buy the photos. That's after you've forked over for color-coded pennants and a tour of the Dungeon Museum in the vestibule. A faintly institutional chicken-and-ribs dinner is served, at which utensils are prohibited, which may account for such reactions as "Mom, that was the best food I've ever had!" Medieval Times is an odd mixture of polished Orlando-theme-park theatricality and threadbare cheesiness—and it's pricey. But the vassals in the backseat will treat you like royalty on the way home. Admission for dinner and the show is $35.95 for adults, $25.95 for kids. Call 800-828-2945 for directions.

RICHARD TURNER

Photograph courtesy of Medieval Times.

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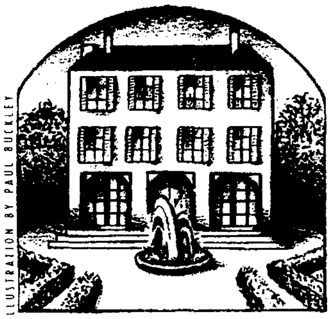
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Continued from previous page.

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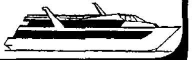

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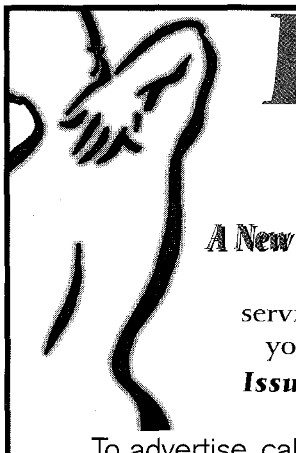

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Kind MD/PhD—Cultured, good-looking, very fit, successful, 5'10", funny, 42. Seeks warm woman under 38, for love, family. Phone/photo a must. 9511☒

Forty And Fabulous!—Jewish, divorced female (no children). 5'4", 110 lbs. Long brown hair, green eyes. Slim and fit. Beautiful inside and out. Looking for man, 38-48... Young at heart with an old soul. Emotionally and financially secure. Hardworking. Can share a good laugh... Bike the countryside of France (slowly). Adventurous but not a daredevil. Witty but not at the expense of others. Dog lover. Spiritually evolved. Accepts people with their strengths and weaknesses. Strives to be kind, compassionate and humble. Affectionate, sensuous, romantic. Can hold me with his heart so I can feel the warmth of his soul. Can dance with me in the rain...like two little kids with no inhibitions. Note/photo. 9470 ☒

Wanted For Life's Journey—A traditional Renaissance man with modern values. You: 35-50, intelligent, funny, professional and emotionally available. Me: 40, professional, attractive, funny, honest, independent, Rubenesque Hudson Valley woman. Enjoy good friends, country and city, long walks, learning, Home Depot and the arts! 9463 ☒

Beautiful, Green-Eyed Brunette—29, 5'6", slender, Ivy-educated, Manhattan resident - sweet and easygoing with a warm smile and an easy laugh. You're a never-married Jewish male, 5'10" plus, 28-38. 9498 ☒ ☎

Share Passion And Art De Vivre—With elegant, petite, French Jewish woman, 40ish, divorced, attractive, warm. Enjoys arts, cuisine, fitness, languages, travel. Seeks cultured, professional Jewish gentleman with similar interests, 45-55, capable of emotional intimacy. Photo. 9496 ☒ ☎

Saving Love Songs And Lullabies—Female seeks matching male. Photo. 9474☒

Vivacious, Adorable Blond—Jewish professional, athletic, 32, slim, 5'9" - seeks male counterpart. Photo. 9464☒☎

Abundance Of Creative Spirit—In a beautiful blond, green-eyed, 5'8", willowy form. My life is surrounded by creation and design in a diversity of mediums, from working with wood to being a corporate executive. I'm equally passionate about reading and making ever-growing discoveries in an age of new paradigms. I'm financially secure and enjoy working. Most important is my personal life, which I hope to intertwine with that of an embracing and endearing man. The man that I see beside me would be at least 50, a nonsmoker, ready for an unencumbered partnership, free to enjoy and grow and share. He has found his way to success. He shines with integrity and wholeness that is evident in his eyes and smile. He would thrive on my aliveness and be lovingly open to both my strength and my vulnerabilities. And our romance would flourish as a natural counterpoint to this creative means of introduction. 9489 ☒ ☎

Refined, Ivy-Educated Beauty—38, seeks chairman, partner, CFO. Bio. 9469 ☒

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You Were A Tomboy—Forever scaling walls, scraping knees, and finding it hard to wipe that smirk off your face when the boys couldn't keep up with you. Me? I'm a good-looking, well-built Connecticut writer/producer, 47, who enjoys running, lifting weights and driving race cars. You're 25-40, athletic, beautiful, funny and eager for the fast company of a regular guy with a premium outlook. Photo/note, please. 9481 ☒

Exotic Flavors Relished!—South Shore Romeo, 43, desires clever Jewish beauty with dangerous curves. 9461 ☒

Frankly Fabulous Female—Looks, brains, class, NY and Hamptons life style. Seeks home for her heart with qualified white male, 58-65. 9440 ☒ ☎

Lovely Lady—37, enjoys movies, museums, cooking, piano - seeks commitment-minded man. Picture/note. 9466 ☒

Beautiful, Brainy Blond—Green-eyed, slender, fit, 5'4", sweet, 26, Jewish, sophisticated, grad degree, professional. Loves the arts, travel, skiing, tennis. Seeks fit, good-looking, sensitive, educated, successful Jewish man, 26-33, for sharing similar interests. Photo/note please - will exchange. 9455 ☒

Don't Be Afraid Of Virginia Woolf—(Look-alike and admirer), 34, 5'3", slim, attractive, Jewish, brown hair/eyes. Loves hiking, camping, books (MA English lit), theater, movies, Scrabble. Independent thinker (Hampshire grad), offbeat sense of humor. Seeks bright, sensitive soul mate for lasting relationship. 9443 ☒

Gay Man—If you are looking for someone special, you have found him. Youthful 60, tall, handsome and young-looking, sincere, romantic, very fit, loving, sharing and caring. Let's try it! Life is for two people not one. Letter/photo. 9505 ☒

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Sweet Ivy Grad—Attractive computer professional, 31, 6', fit, white man - seeks nice, intelligent, attractive, slim, 24-33, over-5'3" woman for romance. I enjoy dining, movies, music. 9462 ☒

Head-Turner Looking For Same—Elegant, upbeat, good-looking white male, 50 years old, tall, slim, muscular, single, healthy, athletic. Homes in Village, Westhampton, Key West, Paris. Very wealthy, high-profile, Ivy-educated MD/JD - great cook, opera lover, intense, emotional, verbal. Seeks same in a young, warm, positive woman, for marriage/children. You are a nonsmoker, no drugs, have a flat stomach, great behind, are sweet, eye-catching, hopefully even breathtaking. Photo/phone/letter, please. 9485 ☒

Tall, Trim, Handsome—Caring exec seeks elegant, slender, classy lady, early 50s. NY/NJ. Note/photo. 9518 ☒

Spirited, Shapely Social Worker—Attractive, 37, Jewish, warm, communicative, seeks, tall, Jewish professional male, 35-45. 9445 ☒ ☎

Sweet Dreams Are Made Of This—45, divorced Jewish male, college-educated, central Jersey, weekend dad, financially and emotionally secure - seeks passionate, loving woman, late 30s, who will share intimate conversation, long walks, hugs in front of the fireplace, fine dining, stimulating interaction. Let's share "sweet dreams" together. Note/photo. 9472 ☒

Pretty Woman—Successful, fun-loving, young 38, seeks romance with sincere Jewish professional. 9495 ☒ ☎

Upper West Side—35, 6', 170, handsome professional, Jewish, athletic, adventurous, charming - loves tennis, film, R&B. Seeks sincere, aware, sexy, very pretty female to share fun, passions and future. Photo a must. 9436 ☒

Commitment-Minded, Nice Guy—Nice looks, hoping for happy ending. Single white male, 39, 5'10", MBA, smart, open, fair, honest, unpretentious, seeks compatible, slender, very attractive, single white or Asian female, 29-34. 9314 ☒ ☎

Quality Male—Successful, professional Jewish male, 34, 5'10", 182 lbs. I am handsome with a muscular, trim physique - promise! I am outgoing, funny and silly, yet deep and sensitive and sometimes shy. I love working out, movies, talking, and laughing. I'm looking for a very pretty, slim, single white female, 23-30, with similar qualities and interests. Please send note/photo. 9453 ☒

Chapter Two—52-year-old, successful, sane, easygoing Jewish businessman is seeking an attractive, slim, independent lady, 40-45, who likes Jeopardy, the Knicks and Giants, fine dining, theater, laughter, hugs and kisses, and is looking for an exciting, wonderful and caring relationship. Photo/phone, please. 9454 ☒

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Call, 212-779-7500.

Attractive, Single White Female—Seeks single male, 30-45. Must be athletic, intelligent, passionate about profession, and not intimidated by accomplished endurance athlete and published author who counsels troubled children. Nonsmokers in careers requiring caring and courage, please reply. 9468 ☒

Looking For Very Hot—Very beautiful, very smart? Joyful, caring, slim swimmer, artist, lawyer - loves people, NYC, travel, music - Jewish, 40s (looks 30s). Wants handsome, caring, smart, cultured Jewish guy, 40-55, for intimacy, friendship and desire for commitment... if there's magic. Note and photo please - will exchange. NY/CT. 9499 ☒

Quality Woman—Looking for a quality guy. I am beautiful, petite, very youthful at 43; sophisticated but unstuffy, with sense of humor; intellectual; strong on values but open-minded on political views; vaguely Jewish (you needn't be); professionally established. I hope you'll be about 40-50, emotionally stable, bright, expressive and interested in lifelong friendship. Note/phone number a must. 9448 ☒ ☎

Danger: Curves Ahead—Selective, striking brunette, white female, 31, seeks single white male, 35-45, 6' plus, physically and emotionally fit, for all life has to offer...and willing to sweep me off my feet. 9446 ☒ ☎

Ready For Fun—32, attractive, successful, warmhearted, genuine, fun woman. Enjoys keeping active...and relaxing quietly, too. Seeks sincere, athletic, successful, nonsmoking man, 28-38, who wants to have fun and see where life takes them. Note/photo. 9480 ☒

Attractive, Successful, Tall—Nurturing, mid 40s, blond, blue-eyed woman, gourmet cook, seeks romance with 40 or over man who is educated, genuine, sincere, with varied interests and a sense of humor. 9467 ☒

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ———
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Man Seeking One Woman—You are very bright, warm, affectionate, emotionally available and secure, healthy and attractive. I am 39, 6'2", Jewish (not practicing), strong, sensitive, financially and emotionally secure man with Ivy education, who enjoys frequent travel, entertaining dinner guests, starting new businesses, competing in sports and quiet times with good company. Nonsmoker. Letter/photo/phone. 9444 ☒

Left-Wing Wasp—Male/Unitarian, writer, seeks intellectually stimulating companion, 70s fine, for comfort and joy of doing things together. 9475 ☒

German-Born And Educated Lady—Seeks true gentleman, country lover, animals, 50-65 years. Note/call. 9438 ☒

Big, Beautiful Brunette—37, 5'4", 200-plus well-proportioned lbs, long hair, pretty, vegetarian secretary. Seeks energetic nonsmoker, 38-43. 9456 ☒

Tall Brunette—Early 50s, creative business consultant and former literature teacher, seeks man, late 40s-late 50s, with cultural interests and good humor. I'm as attractive as I hope you'll find me. 9504 ☒

Unique, 40ish, Pretty Lady Exec—Who loves fun, home, NYC, pets, country, art, music, antiques and fashion, looking for great guy. 9458 ☒ ☎

Vibrant, Voluptuous—Blond, mid 30s, pretty, divorced mother of one, Ivy-degreed, manager, Upper East Side, sweet, sexy and very together. Loves cooking, entertaining, the beach, antiquing, the arts. Seeks smart, refined, successful Manhattan gentleman, 40-55, to light my fire. Vital statistics/photo. 9482 ☒

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—I prefer gentlemen with Mercedes or limos. I am 42, intelligent, creative. Interests include the arts, stock market, travel. Looking for love and commitment. Note/photo. 9509 ☒

Spontaneous—Jewish male MD, 39, 6', handsome, fit, funny, adventurous, very cultured and very giving, seeks easygoing, special lady, 26-38, who doesn't mind eating dessert first. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 9487 ☒

Are You A Really Nice Guy?—And ready to settle down? I'm a pretty, 5'9", brown hair/eyes, 34, 134 lb, well-traveled BU alum, funny, classy, Catholic, and live 80s East Side. Are you happy, a family man, nonsmoker, easygoing, professional, 34-44? If so, please send note/photo. 9502 ☒

Straightforward Woman, 31—Slender, fit, attractive, active city resident, will appreciate a direct, kind man. 9449 ☒

Seeking Asian Or European—Woman, 25-38, of traditional values, for enduring relationship with never-married Manhattan professional, who enjoys travel, NYC cultural life and alternate country residence. Photo/note. 9492 ✉

Hamptons Man—43, 6' plus, blond, sharp-looking guy, very athletic, financially secure, good sense of humor, decisive yet gentle and kind, loves water skiing, animals, and a relationship with a beautiful woman, 30-40. Is it you? Reply with photo and short note. 9516 ✉

Gay Male, European—Very successful, 48, looking for a mate over 35. I love travel, opera, cultural events, country life. I am sincere, caring, romantic, not into the scene. Serious only please. 9506 ✉

Sleepless In LI—Want a good friend to share life (with possible marriage) with Mr. Wonderful. Attractive blond mother of one - enjoys humor, fun-loving. Photo replies only. 9493 ✉

High On Life!—Attractive, fun-loving, romantic, young 42, female exec - seeks warm, honest, caring professional guy who is ready to really start enjoying life to its fullest! 9439 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Successful Professional—Male, 49, likes the outdoors, reading and travel - seeks white, Christian female, 36-42. Note/photo. 9500 ✉

Gay Physician—50 years old, white, relationship-oriented, seeks same. 9451 ✉

Me:—Late 40s, tall, handsome, ex-lawyer turned successful visual artist, brainy, athletic, adventurous, honest, affectionate, gentle, funny and fun, emotionally aware and together. You: Assuredly extraordinary, holding out for same! Skeptical of personals? Me too. Low risk; we'll exchange photos/notes. 9514 ✉

Let's Meet Over An Espresso—And see what percolates! PR firm president, 40, handsome, humorous, seeks pretty, slim and active, professional, single white female, 30s. I enjoy cycling, dining, almost anything (and anyone) Italian, and, most of all, spontaneity! Photo/note. 9508✉☎

Luxury Living—For attractive man, 60ish, financially secure, who enjoys winters in FL, summers in LI, likes to travel, golf, art, theater, museums, bridge, etc...with this classy, pretty blond who will be your best friend and more. Photo and note necessary. 9473 ✉

Angel Sought, 18-25—Who believes her spitirual and physical beauty can only be preserved by adherence to Plato's Laws, book 8 verses, 839-841. By an articratic, chivalrous, warm-hearted, Old Testament believer and classically educated with deep ancient erudition who is 6'3" tall, thin, full forehead, deep blue eyes, fair Nordic features, dark hair, extremely handsome, wealthy with the visage of one of Plutarch's heroes. Note and photo. 9515 ✉

Professional Artist—5'6", smoker (wants to quit), long hair, sensitive, caring, Jewish (but you needn't be), looking to start family. Seeks small-framed, organized and motivated woman, a little wild, light-haired, 27-36, no children, looking for emotional commitment. PS: Likes to sail. Note/photo, please. 9494 ✉

Special Soul Mate Sought—Sexy, serene, by this 5'7", fit, secure, very young 43, divorced Jewish male. 9460 ✉ ☎

Morning Gentle Person—One, 46, psych grad from Reed - a spiritual, guitar-playing MD. He skis, camps and cooks, loves kids, good looks. Write for walk, concert or tea. Nonsmoking pacifist. 9512 ✉

Strong, Handsome Investment Banker—48, 5'6", looking to fall in love with female MD or warm, brainy, successful professional woman. Note/photo. 9437✉

Spicy Jewish Wench—Seeks savory Jewish mensch. Delicious, educated, hard-working, uncommon, sensuous, romantic, 27 - wants to travel, cook, dance, laugh, enjoy blues, rock, museums, baseball, movies, late dinners and growing old with you: an attractive, sensational man, 28-41. Note and photo, please. 9441 ✉

Dark And Lovely—Attractive woman of color, 5'6", 28, with very well-toned Rubenesque figure - works out daily. Interests include candlelit dinners, jazz, opera, boating, international travel, shopping trips. Is equally comfortable at black-tie affairs or casual weekends in the Hamptons. Seeks someone to spoil, who could also spoil me too. I am bubbly and fun and also a good conversationalist. Looking for a very accomplished, distinguished white male, 40 plus (must be kind and very generous), for romance and adventure. 9497 ✉ ☎

Good Greek Boy—Attorney, artist, awesome soccer player, sunny, truly attractive, 32. Seeks cultured, pretty, wholesome woman. Note/photo. 9507 ✉

Handsome, Creative—Intellectually curious, single white male, 46 - enjoys reading, working out, Japanese cuisine and walks in Soho. Seeks attractive, intelligent, refined woman, 36-46, with similar interests. Note/photo/phone. 9476✉

Unique Beauty Of Thai Descent—28, 5'5", sweet, down-to-earth, Ivy-educated MD who adores movies, travel and laughter, seeking tall (6' plus), fit, nonsmoking, attractive white man, 29-38, with compassion, sincerity, depth and ability to commit. Note/photo. 9484 ✉

Accomplished Professional Man—59, zest for life, communicating, wit, creativity. Love animals, nature, long drives, quiet evenings. Semi-retired, evolving. Need sensitive, trim lady to share love and joyfully grow old with. 9471 ✉☎

Handsome Consultant—Jewish, 26, 5'11", 175, equally comfortable snowboarding in Utah's back country, making kiddush on Shabbat, and watching Bergman films. Seeks spiritual, intelligent, athletic Jewish knockout, 22-27. Note/photo, please. 9477 ✉

Sexy, Special, Sassy!—Fiery, attractive, shapely Jewish CPA, who is a fit, green-eyed blond, 40, seeks energetic, alive, bright man who will creatively pursue me with humor, romance, tennis, dancing, candlelight dinners, intimate conversations and fun. Seek long-term match, commitment phobics need not reply. Nonsmoker. 9513 ✉ ☎

Something Special—Successful, wealthy, good-looking man in his 60s (but looks and acts much younger), appreciates a younger woman - must be very attractive, sophisticated, age 30-50. Note/phone/photo. 9450 ✉

Dance Through Married Life—With fun, loving, reliable, professional Jewish man. Seeks sweet female to 40. Photo. 9360 ✉

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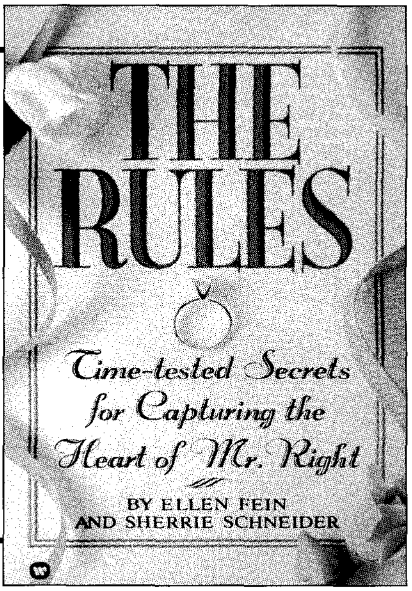
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BY ELLEN FEIN AND SHERRIE SCHNEIDER

Adorable, Sexy, Petite—Jewish female, with great smile, 45 - looks 35 (with teenage daughter), Westchester/NYC, seeks chemistry with man of substance. Tennis, skiing and sense of humor a plus. Note and phone. 9457 ✉

Nice-Looking, Down-To-Earth Man—Professional, warm, sincere, trim, 5'10, 5'4". Seeks a stimulating, slender woman for friendship and romance. Loves the arts, music, films, current events or just a good conversation. Nationality unimportant. Photo, please. 9486 ✉

Sexy, Slim Female—Beautiful face, warm heart, cool mind, would like to meet 50ish, attractive, intelligent Manhattan man for loving relationship. Phone/photo. 9478 ✉

A Female Model Dream Come True—A world-class, bicoastal entertainment producer, 45, 6'1", 175, very honest, very sensitive, very sincere, very giving, very handsome, very successful, is looking to meet just one female, 25-35, who is now a working high-fashion cover-girl model, whose inner characteristics are the same, and has the time to become a best friend, companion, is marriage-minded. Photo/note/phone a must to get a reply. 9465 ✉

Nice, Kind Guy—NJ Catholic professional, 32, 5'11", 167, enjoys skiing, golfing, rollerblading, museums, movies and Thai food. Seeks kindhearted, sweet, educated, attractive woman, 25-45. Note/photo. 9503 ✉

Professional Man—PhD, caring, good-looking, 5'10", slim, jogs, skis, 60s. Arts, theater, weekend place in Tanglewood. Seeks warmhearted, caring woman, slim, attractive, 45-52, for long-term relationship. Note/phone. 9490✉☎

Summer In NY—Can be fun, if you have someone to share it with. I'm a 39-year-old native New Yorker of Asian descent, petite, slim, smart, independent, funny and sexy. If you are 36-46, intelligent, kind, with the ability to laugh at life...and feel like taking a chance, please drop me a note. You never know... 9488 ✉

Mature, Handsome—Financially secure, warm and giving man, 38, seeks kind, individualistic, intelligent, playful woman. Photo a must; will send same. 9517 ✉

Melanie Griffith's Looks—NYU brains, tall, slim MA - seeks male, 36-46, who enjoys travel, horses, ocean. 9479 ✉

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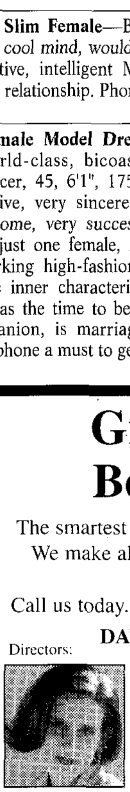
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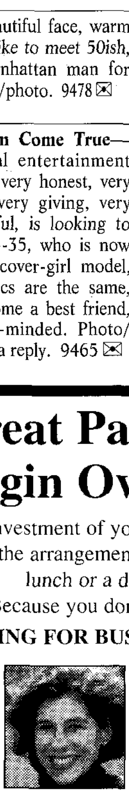
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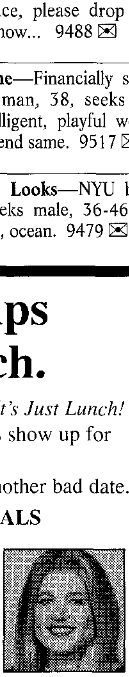
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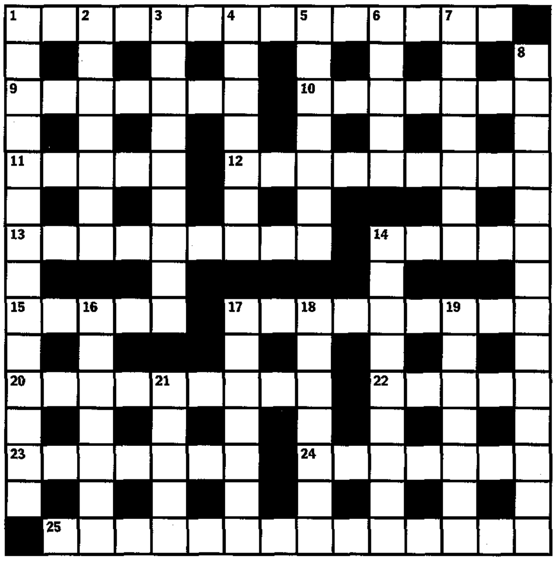
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Failing to win a single game and getting annoyed. (6,8)
9 Charge made by soldiers in battle. (7)
10 Resolute Old Testament character has a New Testament following. (7)
11 Part of flag, one shot to pieces. (5)
12 Chastise wanton whores with it. (9)
13 Everyone in support of high-level operation shows courage. (9)
14 Singers of low songs. (5)
15 A danger out east at this time of the year. (5)
17 Their guns will be broken, you can safely bet on it. (4,5)
20 Notice result of successful appeal. (9)
22 Sounds much to distribute. (5)
23 Meet and collide. (3,4)
24 Unusually thin I am getting Vitamin B. (7)
25 They may be seen racing o'er spire. (7,7)



DOWN

1 Stranded up a mountain without a drink. (4,4,3,3)
2 Though particular, the place is in a mess. (7)
3 Opposite of a day trip? (9)
4 Saucepan's ready for cooking a snipe. (3-4)
5 It may carry out a service on a summer afternoon. (3-4)
6 Girl needs two keys to escape. (5)
7 Buses—or trains. (7)
8 They help your way to the bank, providing you have a good balance. (8,6)
14 Giving away a salver in person. (9)
16 She's seen in an arson attack. (7)
17 It contracts to continue one's circulation. (7)
18 Sort of desk that heads the list? (4-3)
19 Up in the air amid the dance. (2,5)
21 Private lodging provided with little hesitation. (5)

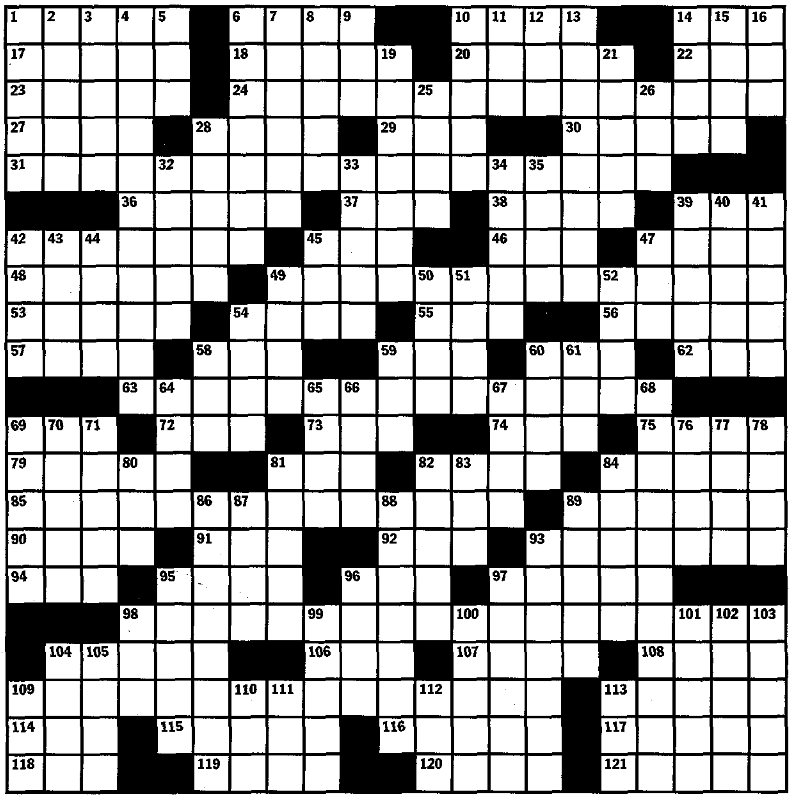
'Double Features': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

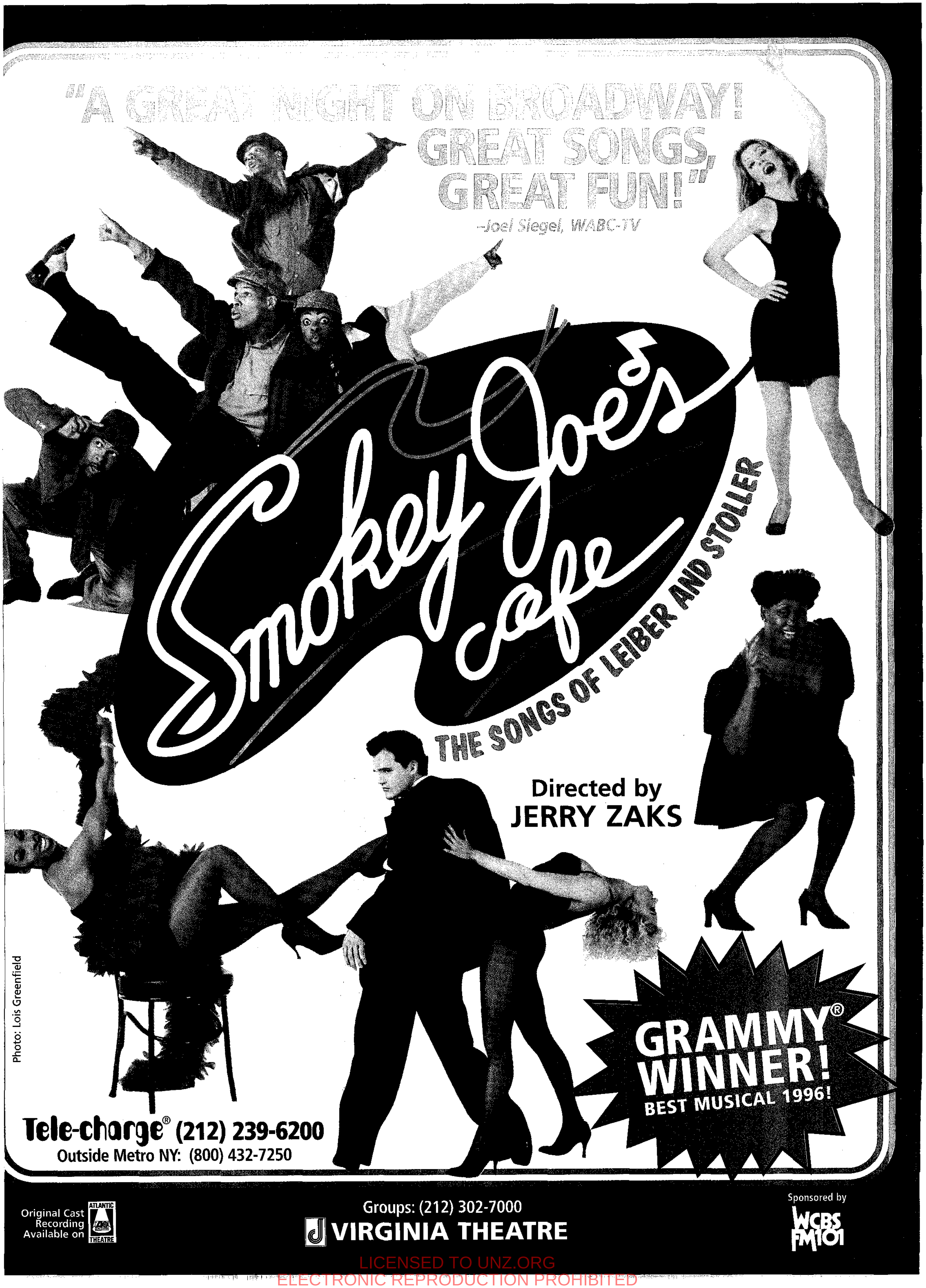
1 Outside pitches
6 Lump of earth
10 Alternative to suspenders
14 Kind of shooter
17 What Monty Hall made
18 Stitch over
20 Hilo hello
22 Promos
23 Annie's dog
24 "The Postman Always Rings Twice"
27 Division word
28 Soprano Ponselle
29 Tennis do-over
30 "Thereby hangs ——"
31 "My Darling Clementine"
36 Spelunkers' haunts
37 Knockout count
38 Smear with fat
39 Rainy-day rarity
42 Laid a bet
45 "Who —— seen the wind?"
46 Dwarf in "The Hobbit"
47 Humpty's disaster
48 Dickensian musical
49 "A Man and a Woman"
53 Kathie Lee's co-host
54 Scallion's kin
55 —— is me!
56 Fate of the Hesperus
57 Turnpike turnoff
58 Spy guys
59 Fetch
60 Luau food
62 Golfer's peg
63 "All the President's Men"
69 Second notes
72 Craving
73 Coll. at Tempe
74 Everybody
75 Poet Laureate Nahum
79 Berth place
81 Ring-ref's decision
82 TV attachments
84 Hidden hoard
85 "The Exterminator"
89 More cunning
90 Former spouses
91 Norma or Charlotte
92 Citrus drink
93 At an unknown future time
94 Hide the gray
95 Hal of Big Band fame
96 Summer tea additive
97 Realtors' units
98 "M*A*S*H"
104 Like a mad dog
106 Lover's Latin declaration
107 Savings-acct. entries
108 Way to Mandalay
109 "Earthquake"
113 Sancho Panza's beast
114 An avis lays them
115 Electronic correspondence
116 Greek mother of a 1985 film
117 Man in a cast
118 Woo successfully
119 Dines
120 Do lobbying
121 Go on Rollerblades

DOWN

1 Fundamental
2 Fictional bell town
3 —— hand (aided)
4 "The Life of Riley"
5 Stallone's nickname
6 Sang like Bing
7 Opticians' items
8 Hollywood honor
9 "Zip-A-——Doo-Dah"
10 African tribesman
11 "Xanadu" rock band, for short
12 Parking field
13 Melodramatic
14 Mira Sorvino's dad
15 Margin
16 Extinguished ember
19 Least tame
21 Prepaid the pot
25 Penn name
26 Rowlock holding
28 "Ol' Man" of song
32 Adult fillies
33 Hay pile
34 Mitt
35 Mata of spydom
39 Insert mark
40 "Honeymooners" wife
41 Eubie of jazz
42 Had on
43 Emcee Trebek
44 Leslie Caron role
45 Shake a leg
47 Start of a Hemingway title
49 Veal, at Maxim's
50 Was obligated to
51 Campus military org.
52 Same-age sibling
54 Columbia's mascot
58 Fidel's sidekick
59 Antelope that doesn't sound old
60 Ward heelers
61 It gives a hoot
64 Rookie
65 Tokyo wine
66 Dating from
67 Nobel chemist Onsager
68 "The Iron Curtain"
69 Governed
70 Strong adhesive
71 Spendthrift's outing
76 Etcher's need
77 "Take —— Train"
78 Macabre: var.
80 Asner and Ames
81 Bachelli's "The Mill on ——"
82 Audio's go-with
83 Second consonant
84 Sculpted gem
86 F.D.R.'s "Four"
87 Pack down
88 Sugar found in milk
89 Marines' group
93 Kind of terrier, familiarly
95 Mack's weapon
96 "Today —— man"
97 Exterior shade
98 Kimono cummerbund
99 Coin-toss call
100 Mosaic worker
101 Main artery
102 Fortune card
103 Aroma, in Rome
104 Sitarist Shankar
105 He is Thicke
109 Heifer
110 Author Santha Rama ——
111 Tuck's partner
112 Not sing.
113 ——relief



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 89.



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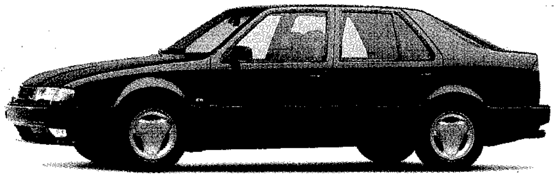

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